

TASSO'S  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED  
TRANSLATED BY FAIRFAX

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A Poem

BY

TORQUATO TASSO

TRANSLATED BY

EDWARD FAIRFAX

EDITED BY

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# TORQUATO TASSO.

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TORQUATO TASSO was born at Sorrento on the 11th of March 1544, and died in Rome on the 25th of April 1595, aged fifty one. He belonged to an old family of Bergamo, and was a poet's son. His father, Bernardo Tasso, full fifty years old at the time of his son's birth, had then been for thirteen years in the service of Ferrante Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno, and had married in 1536 the beautiful and spiritual Porzia de' Rossi, of the house of the Marquises of Calenzano. Their son Torquato was first educated at schools of the Jesuits in Naples, Rome, and Bergamo. They were the best schools of the time. At eight years old the boy read Greek and Latin and had begun to write Italian verse. Then he was in Pesaro for a time, sharing the education given to the son of the Duke of Urbino. After this he was for a year in Venice with his father, and then, at the age of thirteen, he was sent to study law at Padua.

Bernardo Tasso, the father, shared the troubles of his patron, the Prince of Salerno, who in 1550 incurred the displeasure of the Emperor Charles V for seeking support from the King of France while urging on the Emperor the pleadings of the Neapolitans against establishment of the Inquisition in Naples. Ferrante Sanseverino was in 1552 declared a rebel, his estates were forfeited, and he was exiled from Salerno. Bernardo Tasso lost at the same time his income of 900 scudi, and what little possessions he had, except the poem on Amadis that he had begun. He left Salerno and went to France, leaving his wife and children to the care of relatives. After two years in France, Bernardo Tasso joined his prince in Rome, and sent for his son Torquato, his wife and daughter then entering a convent at Naples.

Torquato Tasso wrote a little sonnet to his mother on their parting. Political feuds parted Bernardo Tasso from his wife's relations. He never could see his wife again—she died heart broken in 1556—and his daughter was denied to him. She was married at fifteen. Rome became an unsafe place for the father when Emperor and Pope fell out, but shelter was offered to him at Pesaro by a liberal patron of literature, the Duke of Urbino, Guidobaldo II, and it was thus that Torquato Tasso was taught with the Duke of Urbino's son, Francesco Maria della Rovere.

Bernardo Tasso's poem, *L'Amadigi di Francia*, founded on the first and best of the Spanish romances of chivalry, *Amadis of Gaul*, was begun with encouragement from his patron, Sunzerrino, and was planned in stanzas of octave rhyme on a scale as large as that of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* of which the first forty cantos had been published in 1515. Ariosto's death was in January 1533, eleven years before the birth of Torquato Tasso. Bernardo Tasso's *Amadigi* was first published at Bergamo in 1555, when his son Torquato was a boy of eleven. The *Amadigi* had been two years before the public when Torquato, poet born, went from a rhymers home to study law at Padua. This was a year after his mother's death. At Padua he studied little law, much Dante, and wrote verse. His father's long romance in verse told of the loves of Amadis and Oriana, with interwoven love stories of Floridante and Florinda, and of Aldoro and Minnada. It was followed by nineteen cantos of a separate poem of *Floridante*, worked out of the episode in the *Amadigi*, and including a repetition of eight of its cantos with little change. *Floridante* was left unfinished, and published by the son after the father's death.

It was of little use for such a father to dissuade his son from writing verse. Young Tasso, while a student at Padua, but eighteen years old, printed at Venice in 1562 an epic poem in twelve books on one of Ariosto's heroes, *Rinaldo*. The poem was written in ten months and prised throughout Italy, and found more readers than Bernardo's *Amadigi*. In the *Amadigi* musical verse and grace of expression, with abundant supply of battles, combats, and love passages could not atone for want of skill in twisting the threads of the fable. The success of his son's

Rinaldo satisfied Bernardo Lasso as a crowning argument against continuance of the law studies. Free way was made for literature and philosophy, and already while student at Padua, Torquato Lasso resolved upon the poem which became his masterpiece and of which this volume contains the best English translation.

Meanwhile Bernardo Tasso in the year of the publication of *L'Amadigi* at Bergamo, had published at Venice *I tre libri degli Amori*, and had published at Venice, also in 1560, *Inni, Ode e Salmi*, two years before the appearance of his son's *Rinaldo*.

Torquato Tasso left Padua to continue studies of philosophy and literature at Bologna. There he began to write the poem on the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders which had been resolved upon at Padua. At Bologna he was suspected of the authorship of satirical verses that attacked himself as well as others. They amused him and his goodwill to them caused his papers to be seized and searched. Nothing was found against him but his annoyance caused him to leave Bologna for Modena whence he was recalled to Padua by his kinsman and friend Scipione Gonzaga, who was there founding an academy. Tasso was then zealous in study of Plato's philosophy, and he afterwards himself wrote Dialogues in Plato's manner. By the time that he was two and twenty Torquato Tasso was formally attached to the service of the great Italian house of Este, whose history he glorified in his "Jerusalem Delivered" (canto xvii st 66-94) as shown in the shield given to Rinaldo, Rinaldo being represented as himself of the Este family.

The ancient stem of Este had divided in the eleventh century into a German branch and an Italian branch. A German Este Guelph—Welf IV—was invested in the year 1070 with the Duchy of Bavaria, from him the houses of Brunswick and Hanover and the present royal family of England are descended. The brother of that Guelph was Tulco I, who founded the Italian family of Este. Libert of Este was Marquis of Ferrara in the year 1400. The rule of the Este family extended along the Marches of Ancona and afterwards they added Modena and Reggio to their domains. Alfonso I of Este, who died in 1535, had been a friend to Ariosto. It was he who had for his second wife Lucrezia Borgia. His

successor, Ercole II, had married a daughter of King Louis XII of France, and the successor of Ercole II in Ferrara was Alfonso II, who has a large place in the story of Torquato Tasso

The Cardinal Luigi d'Este, brother of Alfonso II, invited the young poet to Ferrara, where he gave him the rank of noble as a Cavaliere of the court. That was in 1565. In the next year there was the marriage of the Duke Alfonso II with Barbara, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand I, who had taken in 1555 the throne resigned by his brother, Charles V. While the wedding festivities were afoot the Pope died—Pius IV, who had been a Cardinal de' Medici. The Cardinal Luigi d'Este went to Rome to take part in the election of another Pope, and Tasso, then twenty two years old, stayed behind, much liked by the Duke and his new Duchess, and by the Duke's sisters, Lucrezia—who afterwards became Duchess of Urbino—and Leonora d'Este. Young as he was, Tasso had won for himself the first place among Italian poets and he was the son of a poet who perhaps ranked first among the minor singers between Ariosto and Torquato Tasso. Young Tasso with religious earnestness, keen sensibility, and grace of song, won easy welcome at a court where literature was in high esteem. The Duke of Ferrara encouraged Tasso to go on with his epic. In September 1569 the elder Tasso died in his son's arms. In his last years he had found rest as chief secretary to the Duke of Mantua, and he was, at the end of his life, governor of Ostiglia.

In 1571 Torquato Tasso went to Paris with his patron the Cardinal Luigi d'Este. There he established friendship with the poet Ronsard twenty years his senior, and was presented to Charles IX as 'the poet of Godfrey and other French heroes who distinguished themselves at the siege of Jerusalem'. He had then written eight or nine cantos of his poem, and his age was twenty seven.

Upon his return, Tasso was separated by religious opinions from the service of the Cardinal d'Este, but was easily received into the patronage of the Duke, who gave him a yearly pension of 180 gold crowns, and required of him no personal service. In 1573 he produced at the ducal court in Ferrara his pas-

toral play of *Aminta*, the fame of which spread beyond Italy, and confirmed the reputation won by his *Rinaldo*. The lyric beauty of *Aminta* allied the literature of the day in Italy to the new development in Tasso's time of the art of music. Meanwhile, Tasso was steadily proceeding towards the close of his *Goffredo*, and had completed eighteen cantos in 1574, when he was struck down by fever. There was nothing in Torquato Tasso's life before this fever to indicate that his keen nervous sensibility had passed the bounds of health and grown into disease. With difficulty recovering the threads of his argument, Tasso finished his poem—which he then called *Goffredo*—at the age of thirty. Our English Spenser, about nine years younger than Tasso, was then a graduate still studying at Cambridge.

*While the great poem was being finished, and the poet's health was weak, Alfonso II increased his favours. He entertained Tasso as a guest in his villa at Belriguardo. The Duke's sister Lucrezia gave him change of air with friendliest welcome in the Castle of Durante, by Urbino. When separated from her husband and returned to her brother, she would have had the poet always of her household. And the time was come when he could be much aided by the friendship of women, for the troubled mind was growing restless with vain fears that came and went.*

At first he had much anxiety about the orthodoxy of his poem. It must be submitted to the Pope for strict examination. He must go to Rome, against the advice and wish of the Duke and the ladies, who sought to detain him. Leave was unwillingly given, and he went to Rome, where his kinsman, Scipione Gonzaga, introduced him to that Cardinal de' Medici who afterwards became Grand Duke of Tuscany. The Cardinal invited Tasso to enter his service, and Tasso went so far towards acceptance of the invitation that he fretted himself with fear lest he might be regarded as a traitor at Ferrara. He went back and was kindly received. But his distress of mind increased. He had been submitting his poem in manuscript to the criticism of friends, and paid minute attention to all the poor and positive suggestions made by men who were no poets for improvement of a poet's

work. This would have worried a sane man, if a sane man could have brought such trouble on himself. Then he suspected and thereby provoked, hostilities, he thought himself surrounded by enemies who plotted against him, he thought that the Inquisition would pronounce his poem to be heretical. This disease of mind raised active quarrels, by one of which Tasso made an enemy who set upon him in the market place, but the poet was a good swordsman, and put his attacker to flight. At last, his tendency to such delusions caused Tasso in the chamber of the Duchess of Urbino to draw his dagger against a servant whom he suspected of design to poison him. For this he was placed under arrest for a few days in his own chamber, and the excess was forgiven. Then he fancied himself an unpardonable heretic. The Duke introduced him to the chief of the Inquisition at Ferrara, who, after making show of strict examination satisfied the sick mind with a certificate of orthodoxy. But the need of direct ministration to a mind diseased had become so clear that Tasso was placed for medical treatment in the Franciscan convent at Ferrara.

Suspecting the monks of a design to poison him, he escaped from them next day, leaving all his papers behind, and having very little money with him. In shepherd's disguise he went to his sister Cornelia, then become a widow. She had not seen him since their childhood. He feigned to her that he was a messenger from her brother whose life was in danger from the enemies by whom he was beset. She fainted, and her emotion gave him truth in her. He stayed for some months under her care then pleaded for leave to go back into the Duke's service at Ferrara. He was received again in 1578, but was not satisfied. In calmer hours, with pen in hand, he still had the full use of his genius, but the sick fancies that had prompted once the drawing of a dagger, and the apparent impossibility of getting his assailant to friendly care over his health had so far altered his relations with his friends at Ferrara, that Tasso's next delusion was to look upon the Duke as an enemy who did him wrong.

He broke away again, went to Mantua, wandered from place to place in North Italy, and found rest for a short time in Turin

with Carlo Ingegnieri, who was afterwards the first publisher of his yet unpublished poem *The Archbishop and Duke* Carlo Emanuel also received Tasso hospitably at Turin.

Next year he went suddenly back to Ferrara. The Duke was occupied with preparations for his marriage to Margherita Gonzaga, his third wife. Tasso came to him full of the irritations of his sick mind, resented the neglect of his complaints, and his delusions turned them, as often happens in such cases, with all their force against his friend. Especially this happens where, as in Tasso's case, the insane delusions spring up in a mind still capable of work along the lines within which the disease has not yet crept. Again and again the cruel malady is found in such cases, to pervert some old love towards wife or friend. Who that has lived long has not known such cases? Tasso now poured out his wrath against the Duke as his chief enemy, detailed imagined injuries, and as he was reputed in Italy to be as valiant with the sword as with the pen—*Colla penna a colla spada nessun vil quanto Torquato* had been said of him—his insanity seemed dangerous to the Duke, who at last used his authority to place him in a lunatic asylum—St Anne's Hospital for Lunatics—where he would be under absolute restraint. To all Italy it was a grief that her chief poet should be in a lunatic asylum. He was not denied the use of his pen, and was still able to make good use of it when following lines of thought that were not crossed by his delusions. Still he believed himself to be in the hands of poisoners, sometimes he thought himself to be under magic spells. He wrote appeals for his deliverance from bondage to Pope Gregory VIII, to Cardinal Albornoz, to the Grand Duke of Tuscany to the Duchess of Urbino, to the Countess of Mantua, to the Emperor, and to the Inquisition. Intercessions were made by his native town of Bergamo that sent a deputation of its citizens. But the Duke of Ferrara remained firm in the belief that Tasso's insanity had made him dangerous. When after seven years in the asylum the poet was set at last free on the intercession of Accursio Lion, the Prince of Mantua he was given into the care of Accursio Lion, to whom his promise to be patient had been given at the Duke. If he should be ill no longer than a month he could return to his former home.

There has been a sentimental fancy, much discussed, that has taken, no doubt a firmer hold upon belief since the greatest of the German poets founded upon it his play of *Torquato Tasso*. It is that Tasso was shut up in the lunatic asylum because he had aspired to the hand of the Duke's sister Leonora. There is no solid evidence whatever upon which this fancy rests. It was in March 1579 that Tasso was placed in the asylum. Leonora died after a long illness in 1581 at the age of forty three, but Tasso was not released from Santa Anna until 1586.

It was a real vexation to Tasso to learn in his confinement that his *Goffredo*, as the poem was first called—whence Furfrix's title, “Godfrey of Bulloigne”—had been badly misprinted at Venice. The revised edition of it with its name changed to *Gerusalemme Liberata*, was published at Parma in 1581, and there were not fewer than six editions of it in that year. How could Italians read such a poem and not seek the deliverance of its writer from a lunatic asylum, while he still had, in many an hour his genius at command, and wrote wise thoughts in prose or verse within hearing of the cries of lunatics about him? In 1587 Tasso's lyrics were revised and reedited for him by the poet Battista Guarini, who was then at the court of Ferrara.

Set free in July 1586, Torquato Tasso was received with great honour in Mantua, where he finished for the press his father's *Floridante*, published it in 1587, and revised his own tragedy of *Torrismondo*. Next year he visited his native town, and went also to Rome, where Scipione Gonzaga—now become Patriarch of Jerusalem—and others received him so well that he had new hopes, of which nothing came. The disease was rooted in him, though less fierce in its attacks. In Santa Anna he had considered himself to be molested by a troublesome spirit who stole his money, hid his keys, and tossed his papers out of order. Now he received many visits from a courteous spirit with whom he was sometimes heard to talk. He thought also that his mental disease had been healed miraculously by a visit from the Virgin Mary. In 1588 he tried to recover property of his mother's, from which he had been shut out by her relations, and which was not obtained until the last year of his life. He found hospitality in Rome, in Florence,

Mantua, Naples, but was nowhere trusted with an office that would give him independent means, and was not the less restless and suspicious for being distressed by poverty and sickness.

When this was his condition, Tasso set to work upon a new revision of his *Gerusalemme Liberata*, which he completed, and marked by giving to the revised poem a distinct name as *Gerusalemme Conquistata*. He published this in 1593, and said in a letter that men would come to be thought fools who did not see how much better the poem was in its new form. But that last revision has been set aside, as giving evidence, even in work of his best genius, that Tasso's mind was losing its best powers. To the same time belongs also Tasso's poem on the Seven Days of Creation—*La Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato*.

At last a new patron was found in the Cardinal Cinzio Aldobrandini, nephew of Pope Clement VIII, who invited Tasso to come to Rome and be crowned Laureate in the Capitol. Tasso reached Rome in November 1594. Weather was then ill suited to an outdoor festival, and also the Cardinal was ill. The ceremony was therefore put off till the next April. Tasso recovered at this time enough of his mother's dowry, through the Pope's intervention, in a yearly rent charge from Prince Avellino, who held his mother's estate. The Pope also settled upon him a pension of two hundred crowns. But he was wrecked as he came into harbour. During that winter his health wholly failed, and on the 1st of April he went into the monastery of St Onofrio, that he might die with pious care about him. He died in the very month of April which was to have been the month of his coronation in the Capitol as the Italian Laureate. Cardinal Cinzio came to him in the hour of his death, on the 25th of April 1595, with the Pope's benediction. "Thus," said Tasso, "is the crown with which I hope to be crowned. It is not the glory of the poet's laurel, but the glory of the blessed in heaven." He died at the age of fifty one, twenty years after the completion of those works by which he won his place with the great poets of Italy. He was buried in the Church of the Convent of St. Onofrio, under a plain slab inscribed only:

HIC JACET TORQUATVS TASSO

Tasso's *Gernusalemme Liberata* is a more regular Epic than the great poem of Ariosto which preceded it. *Orlando Furioso* was, in forty six cantos a poet's dream. Its distinct fancies played through one another with a lively grace, in lines as delicate as might be traced by an enchanter for the moving figures on a magic shield. Ariosto's poem was begun as a continuation of Bojardo's *Orlando Innamorato*. Orlando—Roland—was enamoured of the fair heathen, Angelica, daughter of Galphron, King of Cathay. Where Bojardo broke off, Ariosto began, and although a new life stirred in his verse, that separated Ariosto's poem from his predecessors both in form and substance, yet the want of a beginning would be a defect in epic treatment of an action if the action otherwise were one. But there is want also of unity. The search for Angelica runs through some twenty cantos. Then follows the madness of Orlando caused by discovering that she is married to Medoro. This yields a romance of great deeds done by the mad Paladin. At last Orlando's reason is brought back to him in a bottle from the moon, and snuffed in through the nose. Ariosto did not aim at the production of an epic. With a fine spirit of merriment, that played with the theme in which he took and gave delight, Ariosto brought the freshness of a new life into contact with an older world of thought. He flashed into the old life a radiance of youth by the warmth of his hand grasp. Crude marvels of a romance of chivalry that had idealised the loves and wars and superstitions of the Middle Ages were touched by the new spirit that laughed at their absurdity, while it delighted in the opportunities they offered to the artist. In the higher literature of Europe, Ariosto's Romance begins a new epoch as with a farewell festival in which the young world has set all its lamps alight that it may cheerfully bid God speed to the old.

It was an absolute farewell. In the lower literature of Europe old forms were repeated by a herd of imitators but the men of genius who are the voice of life for their own time, kindle from height to height new beacon fires to stir successive generations to the war for truth. Spenser, inspired in his youth by Ariosto, planned a romance similar in outward form but wholly different

in spirit. He made it significant of all the conflicts of the time in which he lived, and of the struggle to achieve the highest hopes of man. He was not only an artist who delighted in the picturesque imaginations of the past, but an Englishman who battled for the future. Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* came to him at the beginning of his work as another of the great poems of Italy, then newly published, and might seem to him as a link between *Orlando Furioso* and his *Faerie Queene*. Tasso's poem was religious, the work of a good Catholic, Spenser's, the work of an active Protestant Reformer. How far the details of Tasso's after interpretation of the allegory of his poem—which will be found at the close of this volume, in Fairfax's translation—were in his mind while writing it, may be open to some question. But there can be no doubt that he had, while writing a broad sense of the Battle of Life, figured by the Holy War and all the difficulties that delayed the capture of Jerusalem. If it was, as I think no after invention that made Godfrey stand for the guiding power of Reason and Rinaldo for the Combatant Power in affairs of life, there was distinct approach of Tasso to the manner of the "sage and serious Spenser," whom Milton dared "be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas."

But Tasso's poem differed from Spenser's as from Ariosto's, in being a carefully planned Epic. It has one action, the Siege of Jerusalem, great in itself and in its consequences from the poet's point of view. This stood in Tasso's poem as, in the *Iliad*, the Siege of Troy. And this gave its name to the poem, rather than Godfrey, as it first designed. Jerusalem was Tasso's Ilion. To name the poem after Godfrey would be like naming the *Iliad* after Agamemnon. The chief hero of Tasso's action is not Godfrey but Rinaldo. His anger, like the anger of Achilles, for a time withdraws him from the siege. The temptations of Armida have so obvious a significance, that their main features were used by Spenser with little change to crown the allegory of his second book.

A charm that Tasso shares with Ariosto and with Spenser lies in the sweet music of his verse, and in his purity of style. In

Ariosto's time there was no widespread corruption of style by excess of ornament Tasso was more, and Spenser most, open to temptation of a fashion that required elaboration of speech with simile and metaphor, with classical allusions, and all figures of rhetoric. But Spenser set aside the fashion of his day, and looked back with reverence to the simplicity of Chaucer's English. He made that his model Tasso,—the pure music of whose *Anima* was, almost in his own day, neglected for the more ingeniously conceited *Pastor Fido* of Guarini,—told his story of *Jerusalem Delivered* in clear musical stanzas, free from all rhetorical exaggeration, and all labour for ingenious tricks of thought.

Fairfax, a good poet, but not a great one, could not reproduce this exquisite simplicity. He translated into English verse after the manner of his own vigorous time, adorning, as he went, with interwoven figures of speech, and bits of classical mythology. More than once he made Aurora rise with a blush out of the bed of Tithonus, as his neighbour poets did in England when they said that it was morning, but as Tasso never did. Sometimes he would seek to strengthen an image. When Tasso said that a hero was like Mars, Fairfax said Mars would have been afraid of him. But of Fairfax next.

## EDWARD FAIRFAX

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EDWARD FAIRFAX, of Newhall in the parish of Faiston, Yorkshire, was of a Yorkshire family and married to a Yorkshire woman. He was born at Leeds. His father was Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton and Nun Appleton and Bilborough, in Yorkshire, whose eldest son, born at Bilborough, was Thomas, first Lord Fairfax of Cameron in the Scottish peerage. Thomas was born in 1560 and lived to the age of eighty, but there is no record of the birth date of his brother Edward, who died five years before him. Edward was very serviceable to his eldest brother, for he lived a studious life upon his own little estate near by, as one of the family (though his legitimacy has been doubted), and had looked after the education of his brother's children. He had also the charge of his brother's affairs while his brother was much away on diplomatic and military service in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was not until after the accession of James I that Thomas, first Lord Fairfax, settled down at Denton, where he gave attention to the breeding of his horses and carefully defined the duties of his servants.

Edward Fairfax married a sister of Walter Lycock of Copmanthorpe in Yorkshire, and had several children of his own. His translation of *Iraso* was his chief work. It was first published in 1600 towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and dedicated to the Queen. It was valued greatly by King James, who gave it a first place in English poetry. It is said to have soothed Charles the First in his confinement, and Dryden records that he and others had heard Waller say that he 'derived the harmony of his numbers from *Goffrey of Bellême*'.

Edward Fairfax wrote also *Twelve Eclogues*, of which two or

three have been printed and the rest are lost. He died in 1635, and was buried at Faiston on the 27th of January. His wife survived him thirteen years.

Richard Carew, who had distinguished himself at Oxford in his student days and afterwards when Sheriff of Cornwall, published a valuable *Survey of Cornwall*, published in 1594 a translation of the first five cantos of Tasso's *Gerusalemme*. Carew printed his English version and the Italian original facing each other, page for page, and his translation was accurate. I take, for example the fourth stanza of the first book, where Fairfax has generalised into *Princes lassos* direct dedication to Alfonso II —

'Thou noble minded Alfonso, who dost save  
 From fortune's fury and to port dost steer  
 Me wunderg pilgram, wudst of many i wive  
 And many a rock betost and drenched well near,  
 My verse with friendly grace to accept vouchsafe,  
 Which, as in vow sacred to thee I bear  
 One day, perhaps, my pc i forchaisenting  
 Will dare what now of thee tis purposing

Fairfax in his translation of the first five cantos shows now and then that he has read Carew's translation, but on the whole, here as throughout, he takes his own way, and writes like an English poet of his day, according to the fashion of his day, but with addition of the clearest evidence of his delight in Spenser. Many a phrase and image used in the elaboration of his stanzas has been suggested to Fairfax by his study of the *Faerie Queen*, which was a new poem while he wrote, its first three books published in 1590, its next three in 1596. Fairfax's *Tasso* in 1600. He translates indeed, stanza for stanza, so that the numbering of his stanzas corresponds to that of the original. But he gives in his own way the sense of each stanza, or what he takes it to be, when, as is not seldom happens, he is doubtful or goes, unconscious of error more or less astray as to the meaning of a sentence. Spenser had planned his great poem early in life, to be a spiritual allegory with a poem of Knights, ladies, and

enchantments, that was to have outward resemblance to the *Orlando* of Amosto, only it was to be "in sage and solemn tunes" —

" Of turneys and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear

While Spenser was planning and beginning to write, Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* came, as a new poem, into his hands. His pleasure in it was declared by touches of paraphrase and imitation in his verse. Of a beautiful song in the garden of Armida, he gave a poet's translation in the last canto of his second book, where the description of the gardens of Acrasia owed many a touch to recollections of Tasso. In such passages Fairfax translated with Spenser in his mind.

Fairfax's worst blunders, or seeming blunders, in translation do little damage to the spirit of his text. Thus in canto iii stanza 32, the commonest inflexion of a familiar verb, *volger*, to turn, which of course he knew, and, here as elsewhere, has translated rightly, slips through his eye into his mind the name of a great river, and we have this version of the lines —

" Tal gran tauro talor ne l'ampio agone,  
 Si volge il corno ai cani ond è seguito,  
 S'arretran essi, e s'a fuggir si pone,  
 Ciascun ritorna a seguirlo ardito "

" As the swift ure, by *Volga's* rolling flood,  
 Chased through the plains the mastiff curs to form,  
 Thes to the succour of some neighbour wood,  
 And often turns against his dreadful horn  
 Against the dogs imbruied in sweat and blood,  
 That bite not till the beast to flight return '

Here there is no blunder at all. *Se volge il corno* is translated, the image is correctly given, although part is amplified and part condensed. We only find that the word *volge* suggested to Fairfax his addition of the river. In and after Elizabeth's time river names were much used as ornaments of verse.

The English of Fairfax's *Tasso* has, in pronunciation and

vocabulary, some ring of the North. The letter "r" is well sounded. When "Carlos" is translated "Charles" I have once or twice accented the "e" to remind the reader that the word is a dissyllable. But the pronunciation is not Charles, it is Char'els, the second syllable is made by the rolled "r" before the letter "l." In the same way we find "pearls" used as a word of two syllables—pearels—in the twenty third stanza of the seventeenth canto, and so in another place with the word "curls." A glance at the Glossary on the last pages of this volume, will show the use of Northern words, as "bush" and "bield." The reader may also now and then observe what looks like a false concord between noun and verb, caused by use, in a few places, of the northern plural in "s," or of the second person singular of the present indicative in "es" for "est."

Fairfax interspersed old words in his translation to grace an antique tale, for the same reason that caused Spenser to use them in *The Faerie Queene*, he had also, in this respect, by imitation and by likeness of experience,—for Spenser's family was also of the north of England,—a Spenserian vocabulary. He often uses the prefix "y" for the old "ge," in past participles, as "ycrept," "ypraised." Sometimes he adds the "n" of the infinitive where it had been dropped by the usage of his time,—"Two barons bold approachen gan the place," "Do thou permit the chosen ten to gone." He has old plurals in "n," "eyne," "fone," "treen." Sometimes he drops, sometimes retains, the "n" of a past participle, writing "know" for "nown," "bounden" for "bound." Very commonly he takes the old indicative present of the verb "to be," using "been" for "are." Now and then he drops the sign of the past in a weak verb ending in "t." In this edition, while the spelling has been modernised, archaic words and forms have been retained.

As translator, according to the fashion of his day in England, Fairfax turns many a direct and simple sentence of his original into metaphor or simile, interweaves mythological and scriptural allusions, or finds emphasis in a homely English proverb, as "A stuck to beat that dog he long had sought," or "Doubtless the county thought his bread well biken."

With all this, Fairfax found that the vowel endings of Italian add many syllables that lengthen the expression of a thought while making it more musical. Chaucer's seven lined stanza perhaps originated in his experience as a translator from the octave rhyme as it was used by Boccaccio. It is formed by striking out the fifth line, and so producing a new measure with a system of its own. Thus Chaucer translated eight lines into seven. Fairfax, by the compactness of his style, was led to devices of expansion as well as of addition. He set up triplets of words where Tasso had but one, and sometimes gave an air of condensed energy to a line that was in fact one bold expansion by a string of words.

When Tasso simply wrote (xiv. 1)—

“E i venticelli dibattendo l'ah  
Lusingavano il sonno de' mortali,”

Fairfax translated—

“And sweet breathed Zephyr on his spreading wings,  
Sleep, ease, repose, rest, peace, and quiet brings”

When Tasso wrote—

“Ch'una poi, disse, e gli addito la terra,  
Gli occhi a ciò che quel globo ultimo serra,”

Fairfax, having used up the rest of the matter of the stanza in five lines, and having three to fill, translated—

“Then bend thine eyes on yonder earth and mould,  
All in that mass, that globe and compass see,  
Land, sea, spring, fountain, man, beast, grass, and tree”

And as an example of the frequent triplets in Fairfax, which became a favourite device, we may take the translation of Tasso's—

Ben sono in parte altr' uom da quel ch'io fui,  
Ch' or da lui pendo, e mi rivolgo a lui”

“Thus hath he changed my thoughts, my heart my will,  
And rules mine art, my knowledge, and my skill”

Iteration is part of a speaker's art, because the spoken word has wings, and may not always be caught as it is uttered. In our Church Service its use is recognised by frequent doublings of nouns and verbs, as when we "acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and iniquities," and the form of writing is not ill suited to a poem that one may imagine planned for recitation. Fairfax uses it to excess, but there is so much robust vigour in his way of suiting to his own time and country the contents of each successive stanza, and his own music is so clear and tuneful, that his translation still holds high place in our literature, among the books "that so did please Eliza and our James," and have not lost their pleasantness by lapse of time.

## GODFREY IN HISTORY.

---

THE story of *Jerusalem Delivered* is a romantic treatment of the First Crusade, which followed upon the preaching of Peter the Hermit, supported by Pope Urban II, who, from a high scaffold at the Council of Clermont, bade the Christians go on their errand of love, to die and possess mansions in heaven, or to live and pay their vows before the Holy Sepulchre. The Crusaders were to set out on the Feast of the Assumption, August 15th, 1096. They were a throng gathered from all Christendom, of which the chief among many leaders was Godfrey son of Eustace II, Count of Bouillon in the Ardennes, who through his mother claimed descent from Charlemagne. At the age of about four and twenty he was with the Emperor's force at the siege of Rome in 1084, and was the first to scale the walls. For this service he was made Marquis of Antwerp and Duke of Lorraine. When the Crusade was being preached, he rose from a fever, shook off his disease, pawned his lordship of Bouillon for the loan of 1300 marks from the Church of Liege, and led a force of 80,000 foot soldiers and 10,000 horse to Constantinople, where he rescued a fellow Crusader, Hugh of Vermandois, who was detained by the Greek Emperor Alexius. Then Godfrey took Antioch, achieved a victory over a great host of the Saracens at Dorylaeum, reached Jerusalem in 1099, and captured the city after a five weeks' siege. In the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem then founded, Godfrey ruled for 1 year, but refused to be crowned with gold where his Saviour had been crowned with thorns. He rebelled against attacks of the Saracens, caused to be drawn up a system of jurisprudence known as the Assizes of Jerusalem, and died in

the year 1100, honoured even by his enemies. His exploits, said Geoffrey of Vinsauf, "were as food in the mouth of their narrators." His brother Baldwin was made his successor as King of Jerusalem.

Other leaders of this Crusade were Hugh, Count of Vermandois, brother to the King of France, and Robert, Duke of Normandy, brother to the King of England. Duke Robert had raised money by the pawning of his dukedom. Tancred was son of the Marquis Odo the Good and Emma, sister of Robert Guiscard. Bohemond was Robert Guiscard's son, who inherited Tarentum and Apulia. Raymond, Count of Toulouse, is fabled to have led to the Crusades 160,000 horse and foot.

# GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

OR

THE RECOVERIE OF IERUSALEM,

DONE INTO ENGLISH HEROICALL VERSE

BY

EDW. FAIREFAX, GENT

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LONDON

A HATFIELD FOR J JAGGARD

1600

[The Edition of 1600 is in folio]

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## CONTENTS

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BOOK	AGE	BOOK	AGE
I	33	XI	233
" II	57	XII	257
" III	72	" XIII	273
" IV	88	" XIV	290
" V	103	" XV	307
" VI	127	" XVI	321
" VII	151	" XVII	337
" VIII	177	" XVIII	357
IX	193	" XIX	379
X	216	" XX	396
TWO'S ACCOUNT OF THE ALLEGORY OF THE FORM			136
GLOSSARY			444

The First Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

*THE ARGUMENT*

God sends his angel to Tortosa down  
Godfrey unites the Christian Peers and Knights,  
And all the Lords and Princes of renown  
Choose him their Duke, to rule the wars and fights,  
He musterath all his host whose number known,  
He sends them to the fort that Sion hights,  
The aged tyrant Judas land that guides,  
In fear and trouble to resist provides

THE sacred armies, and the godly knight,  
That the great sepulchre of Christ did free,  
I sing, much wrought his valour and foresight,  
And in that glorious war much suffered he,  
In vain 'gainst him did Hell oppose her might,  
In vain the Turks and Morians armed be  
His soldiers wild, to brawls and mutines prest,  
Reduced he to peace, so Heaven him blest.

O heavenly Muse, that not with fading bays  
Deckest thy brow by the Heliconian spring,  
But sittest crowned with stars' immortal rays  
In Heaven, where legions of bright angels sing,  
Inspire lise in my wit, my thoughts upraise,  
My verse enoble, and forgive the thing,  
If fictions light I mix with truth divine,  
And till these lines with other prais than thine

Tu other thou I now'st the world is best inclined  
 Where luring Parnass most his sweet imputs,  
 And truth conveyed in verse of gentle kind  
 To read perhaps will move the dullest hearts  
 So we, if children young diseased we find,  
 Anoint with sweets the vessel's foremost parts  
 To make them taste the potions sharp we give,  
 They drink deceived, and so deceived, they live

3

Ye noble Prince, that protect and save  
 The Pilgrim Muses, and their ship defend  
 From rock of Ignorance and Error's wave,  
 Your gracious eyes upon this labour bend  
 To you these tales of love and conquest br we  
 I dedicate to you this work I send  
 My Muse hereafter shall perhaps unfold  
 Your fights, your battles, and your combats bold.

4

For if the Christian Princes ever strive  
 To win fair Greece out of the tyrants' bands,  
 And those usurping Ismaelites deprive  
 Of woeful Thrace, which now captived stands,  
 You must from realms and seas the Turks forth drive,  
 As Godfrey driv'd them from Juda's land,  
 And in this legend all that glorious deed,  
 Read, whilst you arm you, arm you, whilst you read

5

Six years were run since first a martial guise  
 The Christian Lords warred the eastern land,  
 Nice by assault, and Antioch by surprise,  
 Both fur, both rich, both won both conquered stand,  
 And this defended they in noblest wise  
 'Gainst Persian Knights and many a valiant band  
 Tortosa won least winter might them shend  
 They drew to holds, and coming spring attend

6

The sullen season now was come and gone,  
 That forced them late cease from their noble war  
 When God Almighty from his lofty throne,  
 Set in those parts of Heaven that purest are,  
 (As far above the clear stars every one,  
 As it is hence up to the highest star)  
 Looked down, and all at once this world beheld,  
 Each land, each city, country, town and held

7

All things he viewed at last in Syria stayed  
Upon the Christian Lords his gracious eve,  
That wondrous look wherewith he oft surveyed  
Men's secret thoughts that most concerned lie  
He cast on puissant Godfrey that issed  
To drive the Turks from Sion's bulwarks high,  
And, full of zeal and faith, esteemed light  
All worldly honour, empire, treasure, might

In Baldwin next he spied another thought,  
Whom spirits proud to vnu ambition move  
Taured he saw his life's joy set at nought,  
So woe begone was he with pangs of love  
Boemond the conquered folk of Antioch brought,  
The gentle yoke of Christ an rule to prove  
He taught them laws, statutes and customs new,  
Arts, crafts, obedience, and religion true

And with such care his busy work he plied,  
That to nought else his acting thoughts he beat  
In young Rinaldo fierce desues he spied,  
And noole heart of rest impatient,  
To wealth or sovereign power he nought applied  
His wits but all to virtue excellent,  
Patterns and rules of skill and courage bold,  
He took from Guelpho, and his fathers old.

Thus when the Lord discovered had, and seen  
The hidden secrets of each worthy's breast,  
Out of the hierarchies of angels sheen  
The gentle Gabriel called he from the rest,  
Twix God and souls of men that righteous been  
Ambassador is he, for ever blest,  
The just commands of Heaven's Eternal King,  
Twix skies and earth, he up and down do bring

To whom the Lord thus spake "Godredo find,  
And in my name ask him, why doth he res'  
Why he has arms to use and praeceasanted?  
W is free he not Jerusalem his rest?  
He goes to coun I call each biter mind  
Let him ween, for, a certain of the rest  
I know neither the earth shill hum allow,  
He who law will be his subjeas man"

This said the angel swift himself prepared  
 To execute the charge imposed right  
 In form of very members fair unbared,  
 His spirits pure were subject to our sight,  
 Like to a man in show and shape he fared,  
 But full of heavenly majesty and might,  
 A stripling seemed he thrice five winters old,  
 And radiant beams adorned his locks of gold.

13

Of silver wings he took a shining pair,  
 Tinged with gold uncarved, nimble, swift,  
 With these he parts the winds, the clouds, the air,  
 And over seas and earth himself doth list,  
 Thus clad he cut the soberes and circles fair,  
 And the pure skies with sacred feathers clift,  
 On Lebanon at first his foot he set,  
 And shook his wings with rory May dews wet.

14

Then to Tortosis confines swiftly sped  
 The sacred messenger, with headlong flight,  
 Above the eastern wave appeared red  
 The rising sun, yet scantily half in sight,  
 Godfrey even then his morn devotions said  
 As was his custom, when with Titan bright  
 Appeared the angel in his shape divine  
 Whose glory far obscured Phœbus' shine

15

"Godfrey" quoth he, "behold the season fit  
 To war for which thou waited hast so long,  
 Now serves the time, if thou overslip not it,  
 To free Jerusalem from thrall and wrong  
 Thou with thy Lords in council quickly sit,  
 Comfort the feeble and confirm the strong  
 The Lord of Hosts then general doth make thee  
 And for their chieftain they shall gladly take thee

16

"I messenger from everlasting Jove,  
 In his great name thus his brests do tell,  
 Oh, what sure hope of conquest ought thee move,  
 What zeal, what love should in thy bosom dwell!  
 This said, he vanished to those seats above  
 In height and clearness which the rest excel  
 Down fell the Duke, his joints dissolved asunder  
 Blent with the light, and strucken dead with wonder

17

But when recovered he considered more,  
The man, his manner, and his message said,  
If erst he wished, now he long'd sore  
To end that war, whereof he Lord was made,  
Nor swelled his breast with uncouth pride therefore  
That Heaven on him above this charge had laid  
But, for his great Creator would the same,  
His will increased so fire augmenteth flame.

The captains called forthwith from every tent,  
Unto the rendezvous he them invites,  
Letter on litter, post on post he sent,  
Entreatance fair with counsel he unites,  
All, what a noble courage could augment,  
The sleeping spark of valour what incites,  
He used, that all their thoughts to honour rased,  
Some praised, some paid, some counselled, all pleased

The captains, soldiers, all, save Boemond, came,  
And pitched their tents, some in the fields without,  
Some of green boughs their slender cabins frame,  
Some lodg'd were Tortos's streets about,  
Of all the host the chief of worth and name  
Assembled been, a semire grave and stout,  
Then Godfrey, after silence kept a space,  
Lift up his voice, and spake with princely grace

"Warriors, whom God himself elected hath  
His worship true in Sion to restore,  
And still preserved from anger, harm and scath,  
By many a sea and many an unknown shore,  
You have subjected lately to his futh  
Some provinces rebellious long before  
And after conquests great, here in the same  
Erected trophies to his cause and name

"But not for this our homes we first forsook  
A. d from our native soil have march'd so far  
Nor to a foreign land have we betak  
Lured by lust of so far sought war,  
Or cry'd in to gain a wild and ill,  
And like unto the world an habitation  
It is for our country we're here in it pres't,  
To helme the poor to save us, its known

‘ But this the scope was of our former thought,—  
 Of Sion’s fort to scale the noble wall,  
 The Christian folk from bondage to have brought,  
 Wherem, also, they long have livéd thrall,  
 In Palestine an empire to have wrought,  
 Where godliness might reign perpetual,  
 And none be left, that pilgrims might deny  
 To see Christ’s tomb, and promised vows to pay

“ What to this hour successively is done  
 Was full of peril, to our honour small,  
 Nought to our first designation, if we shun  
 The purposed end, or here lie fixed all.  
 What boots it us these wars to have begun,  
 Or Europe raised to make proud Asia thrall,  
 If our beginnings have this ending known,  
 Not kingdoms raised, but armies overthrown ?

“ Not as we list erect we empires new  
 On frul found iotions laid in earthly mould,  
 Where of our faith und country be but few  
 Among the thousands stout of Pagans bold,  
 Where nought behoves us trust to Greece untrue,  
 And Western aid we far removed behold  
 Who buildeth thus, methinks, so buildeth he,  
 As if his work should his sepulchre be

“ Turks, Persians conquered, Antiochia won,  
 Be glorious acts, and full of glorious praise,  
 By Heaven’s mere grace, not by our prowess done  
 Those conquests were achieved by wondrous ways  
 If now from that directed course we run  
 The God of Battles thus before us lays,  
 His loving kindness shrill we lose, I doubt,  
 And be a byword to the lands about

“ Let not these blessings then sent from above  
 Abused be or spilt in profane wise,  
 But let the issue correspondent prove  
 To good beginnings of each enterprise,  
 The gentle season might our courage move,  
 Now evry passage plain and open lies  
 What lets us then the great Jerusalem  
 With valiant squadrons round about to hem ?

"Lords, I protest, and hearken all to it,  
 Ye times and ages, future, present, past,  
 Hear all ye blessed in the heavens that sit,  
 The time for this achievement hasteneth fast  
 The longer rest worse will the season fit,  
 Our sureties shall with doubts be overcast

If we forslow the siege I well foresee  
 From Egypt will the Pagans succoured be"

This said, the hermit Peter rose and spoke,  
 Who sate in counsel those great Lords among,—  
 "At my request thus will was undertake,  
 In private cell, who erst hved closed long,  
 What Godfrey wills, of that no question make,  
 There cast no doubts where truth is plain and strong  
 Your acts, I trust, will correspond his speech,  
 Yet one thing more I would you gladly teach

"These strifes, unless I far mistake the thing,  
 And discords raised oft in disordered soit,  
 Your disobedience and ill managing  
 Of actions lost, for want of due support,  
 Refer I justly to a further sprung,  
 Spring of sedition, strife, oppression, tort,  
 I mean commanding power to sundry given,  
 In thought, opinion, worth, estate, uneven

"Where divers Lords divided empire hold,  
 Where causes be by gifts, not justice tried,  
 Where offices be falsely bought and sold,  
 Needs must the lordship there from virtue slide  
 Of friendly parts one body then uphold,  
 Create one head, the rest to rule and guide  
 To one the regal power and sceptre gne,  
 That henceforth may your King and Sovereign live"

And therewith stayed his speech O gracious Muse,  
 What I finding motions in their breasts do spy?  
 With grace divine the hermit's talk infuse,  
 That in their hearts his words may fructify;  
 In this a virtuous concord they did chooset,  
 And all contentions then began to die,  
 The Prince with the multitude agree,  
 That Godfrey ruler of the earth should be

This power they ; we hum, by his princely art,  
 All to command to jud & all good and ill,  
 Laws to impose to lands subdued by might,  
 To maken war both when and where he will,  
 To hold in due subjection every man,  
 Their valours to be guided by his will,  
 Thus done, report dispays her tell tale win ,  
 And to each & ir the news and tidings brin ,

She told the soldiers, who allowed him meet  
 And well deserving of thir sovereign place,  
 Their first tribute, and recompence sweet  
 Received he, with love and entie grace  
 After their reverence done with I and the rest  
 Requested wms, with mild and cheerful face,  
 He bids his armes should the following day  
 On those fur plains their standarts proud dispay

The golden sun rose from the silver wye,  
 And with his beams charmed every green  
 When up rose each warrior bold and bray,  
 Glistening in filed steel and armour sheen,  
 With jolly plumes their crests adorne they have,  
 And all before their chieftain ministered been  
 He from a mountan crast his curious sight  
 On every footman and on every knight

My mind Time's enemy, Oblivion's foe,  
 Disposer true of each noteworthy thing,  
 Oh, let thy virtuous might mail me so,  
 That I each troop and captayn great may sing,  
 That in this glorious war did famous grow,  
 Forgot till now by Time's evil handling

This work, derived from thy treasures deur,  
 Let all times hear en, never age outworn

The French come foremost battalions and bold  
 Late led by Hugo, brother to their King,  
 From France the isle that rivers four infold  
 With rolling streams descending from their spring,  
 But Hugo deid the hly fair of gold,  
 Their wanted ensign they before them bring  
 Under Clotharius great a captain good,  
 And hardy I night isprong of princes blood

32

33

34

35

36

37

A thousand were they in strong armours clad,  
Next whom there march'd forth another band,  
That number, nature, and instruction had,  
Like them to fight far off or charge at hand,  
All valiant Normans by Lord Robert lad,  
The native Duke of that renowned land,  
Two bishops next their standards proud upbare,  
Called Reverend William, and Good Adenure

Their jolly notes they chanted loud and clear  
On merry mornings at the mass divine,  
And horrid helms high on their heads they bear  
When their fierce courage they to war incline  
The first four hundred horsemen gathered near  
To Orange town, and lands that it confine  
But Ademare the Poggian youth brought out,  
In number like, in hard assays as stout

Baldwin, his ensign fur, did next disspread  
Among his Bulloigners of noble fame,  
His brother gave him all his troops to lead,  
When he commander of the field became,  
The Count Carmito did him straight succeed,  
Gave in advice, well skilled in Mars his game,  
Four hundred brought he, but so many thrice  
Led Baldwin, clad in gilden arms of price

Guelpho next them the land and place possest,  
Whose fortunes good with his great acts agree,  
By his Italian sire, fro the house of Est,  
Well could he bring his noble pedigree,  
A German born with rich possessions blest,  
A worthy branch sprung from the Guelphian tree  
Twixt Rhene and Danubie the land contained  
He ruled, where Swive, and Rhetians whilom reigned

His mother's heritage was this and right,  
To which he added more by conquest got,  
From thence approved men of passing might  
He brought, that death or danger feareld not  
It was their wont in feasts to spend the night,  
And pass cold daws in baths and houses hot  
Five thousand men, of which now scanty are  
The third part left, such is the chancet of war

The nation then with crisped locks and fur,  
That dwell between the seas and Arden Wood  
Where Mosel streams and Rhine the meadows wew,  
A battel soil for rain for pasture good,  
Their islanders with them, who oft repair  
The earthen bulwarks gunst the ocean flood,  
The flood elsewhere that ships and barks devour  
But there drowns cities towns and towers

43

Both in one troop, and but a thousand all,  
Under another Robert fierce they ru  
Then the English squadron, soldiers stout and tall  
By William led the r sovereign's younger son  
These archers be, and with them come withal  
A people neir the Northern Pole that wone  
Whom Ireland sent from loughs and forests hor  
Divided far by sea from Europe's shore

44

Tancredi next, nor 'mongst them all was one,  
Rinald except, a prince of greater might  
With majesty his noble countenace shone,  
High were his thoughts, his heart was bold in fight,  
No shameful vice his worth had overgone,  
His fault was love by unadvised sight,  
Bred in the dangers of adventurous arms,  
And nursed with griefs, with sorrows, woes, and harms

45

Fame tells, that on that eve blessed day,  
When Christian swords with Persian blood were dyed  
The furious Prince Tancredi from that fray  
His coward foes chased through forests wide,  
Till tried with the fight the heat, the day  
He sought some place to rest his wearied side,  
And dress him near a silver stream that played  
Among wild herbs under the greenwood shade

46

A Pagan damsel there unwares he met,  
In shining steel all save her visage fair,  
Her hair unbound she made a wanton net,  
To catch sweet breathing from the coolin, air  
On her at gaze his longing looks he set  
Sight wonder wonder love love bred his care  
O love, O wonder love new born new bred  
Now grown, now armed, this champion captive led

47

Her helm the virgin donned, and but some wight  
She feared might come to aid him as they fought,  
Her courge earned to have assuiled the knight,  
Yet thence she fled, unaccompanied, unsought,  
And left her image in his heart upright  
Her sweet idea wandered through his thought,  
    Her shape, her gesture, and her place in mind  
He kept, and blew love's fire with that wind.

Well might you read his sickness in his eyes,  
Their banks were full, their tide was at the flow,  
His help far off, his hurt within him lies,  
His hopes unstrung, his cares were fit to mow,  
Eight hundred horse (from Champain came) he gues,  
Chumpain a land where wealth, ease, pleasure gow  
Rich Nature's pomp and pride, the Turhene main  
There woos the hills, hills woo the valleys plain

Two hundred Greeks came next in fight well tried,  
Not surely armed in steel or iron strong,  
But each a glove had pendant by his side,  
I hear bows and quivers at their shoulders hung,  
Their horses well inured to chase and ride,  
In diet spare, untired with labour long,  
Ready to charge, and to retire at will,  
Though broken, scattered, fled, they still furnish still,

Tatine then guide, and except Tatine, none  
Of all the Greeks went with the Christian host,  
O sun, O shrine, O Greece accurst alone!  
Did not this fatal war rifront thy coast?  
Yet sittest thou in idle locker on,  
And glad attendest which side won or lost  
Now if thou be a bondslave vile become,  
No wrong is that, but God's most righteous doom

In order list, but first in worth and fame,  
Unscared in fight, untired with hurt or wound,  
The noble squadron of adventures came,  
Terrors to all that tread on Asl in glo and  
Clase Orpheus of thy Minors, Arthur shamed  
To boast of Lincolot or thy table round  
For the e whom i lithe times with laurel dre a  
These far exceed them, tooe, and all the res

Dudon of Consa was their guide and lord,  
 And for of worth and birth alike they been,  
 They chose him captain, by their free accord,  
 For he most acts had done, most battles seen,  
 Grave was the man in years, in looks, in word,  
 His locks were grey, yet was his courage green,  
 Of worth and might the noble badge he bore,  
 Old scars of grievous wounds received of yore.

53

After came Eustace, well esteeméd man  
 For Godfrey's sake his brother, and his own ;  
 The King of Norway's heir Gernando than,  
 Proud of his father's title, sceptre, crown,  
 Roger of Balnavill, and Engerlan,  
 For hudy knights approvéd were and known ;  
 Besides were numbered in that warlike train  
 Rambald, Gentonio, and the Gerrards twain

54

Ubaldo then, and puissant Rosimond,  
 Of Lancaster the heir, in rank succeed ,  
 Let none forget Obizo of Tuscan land,  
 Well worthy praise for many a worthy deed ,  
 Nor those three brethren, Lombards fierce and yond,  
 Achilles, Sforza, and stern Palamede ,  
 Nor Otton's shield he conquered in those stowres,  
 In which a snake a naked child devours

55

Guascher and Ruphe in valour like there was,  
 The one and other Guido, famous both,  
 Germer and Eberard to overpass,  
 In foul oblivion would my Muse be loth,  
 With his Gilaopes dear, Edward alas,  
 A loving pair, to war among them go'th  
 In bond of virtuous love together tied,  
 Together served they, and together died.

56

In school of love are all things taught we see,  
 There learned the maid of arms the inful guise,  
 Still by his side a faithful guard went she,  
 One true love knot their lives together ties,  
 No wound to one alone could dangerous be,  
 But each the smart of other's anguish tries,  
 If one were hurt, the other felt the sore,  
 She lost her blood, he spent his life therefore

57

But these and all, Rinaldo far exceeds,  
Star of his sphere, the diamond of this ring.  
The nest where courage with sweet mercy breeds.  
A comet worthy each eye's wondering,  
His years are fewer than his noble deeds,  
His fruit is ripe soon as his blossoms spring,  
Arm'd, a Mars, might coyest Venus move,  
And if disarmed, then God himself of Love

Sophia by Adige' flowery bank him bore,  
Sophia the fair, spouse to Bertoldo great,  
Fit mother for that pearl, and before  
The tender imp was wean'd from the teat,  
The Princess Maud him took, in Virtue's lore  
She brought him up fit for each worthyfeat.  
Till of these wars the golden trump he bears,  
That soundeth glory, fame, praise in his ears

And then, though scantily three times five years old,  
He fled alone, by many in unknown coast  
O'er Ægean Seas by many a Greekish hold,  
Till he arrived at the Christian host,  
A noble flight, adventurous, brave, and bold,  
Wheron a valiant prince might justly boast,  
Three years he served in field, when scant begin  
Few golden hairs to deck his ivory chin.

The horsemen past, their void left stations fill  
The bands on foot, and Reymond them beforne,  
Of Thoulouse lord, from lands near Pirane Hill  
By Garound streams and salt sea billows worn,  
Four thousand foot he brought, well armed, and skill  
Had they all pains and travel to have borne,  
Stout men of arms and with their guide of power  
Like Troy's old town defenced with Ilion's tower

Next Stephen of Amboise did five thousand lead,  
The men be prest from Tours and Blois but late,  
To hard assays unfit, unsure at need,  
Yet armed to point in well attempted plate,  
The land did like itself the people breed,  
The soil is gentle, smooth, soft, delicate,  
Boldly they charge, but soon retire for doubt,  
Like fire of straw, soon kindled, soon burnt out

The third Alcato marched, and with him  
 The boister brought six thousand Switzers bold,  
 Audacious were their looks, their faces grim,  
 Strong castles on the Alpine cliffs they hold,  
 Their shares and coulter broke, to armours trim  
 They change that metal, cast in wrinkle mould,  
 And with this hand late herds and flocks that guide,  
 Now kings and realms he threatened and dealed

63

The glorious standard last to Heaven they sprad,  
 With Peter's keys ennobled and his crown,  
 With it seven thousand stout Camillo had,  
 Embattailed in walls of iron brown  
 In this adventure and occasion, glad  
 So to revive the Romans' old renown,  
 Or prove at least to all of wiser thought  
 Their hearts were fertile land although unwrought.

64

But now was passed every regiment,  
 Each band, each troop, each per on worth regard  
 When Godfrey with his lords to counsel went  
 And thus the Duke his princely will declard —  
 'I will when day next clears the firmament,  
 Our ready host in haste be all prepared,  
 Closely to march to Sion's noble wall,  
 Unseen, unheard, or undescried at all.

65

" Prepare you then for travel strong and light,  
 Fierce to the combat, glad to victory "  
 And with that word and warning soon was dight,  
 Each soldier, longing for near coming glory,  
 Impatient be they of the morn ng bright,  
 Of honour so them pricked the memory  
 But yet their chieftain had conceived a fear  
 Within his heart, but kept it secret there

66

For he by faithful spial was assured,  
 That Eg'pt's King was forward on his way,  
 And to arrive at Gaza old procured,  
 A son that on the Syrian frontier lay,  
 Nor thinks he that a man to wars inured  
 Will aught forslow, or in his journey stay,  
 For well he knew him for a dangerous foe  
 An herald called he then, and spake him so —

67

"A pinnace take thee swift as shaft from bow,  
And speed thee, Henry, to the Greekish main,  
There should arrive, as I by letters know  
From one that never aught reportis in vain,  
A valiant youth in whom all virtues flow,  
To help us this great conquest to obtain,

The Prince of Danes he is, and brings to war  
A troop with him from under the Arctic stir

"And for I doubt the Greekish monarch sly  
Will use with him some of his wonted craft,  
To stay his passage, or divert awry  
Elsewhere his forces, his first journey last,  
My herald good and messenger well try,  
See that these succours be not us bereft,

But send him thence with such convenient speed  
As with his honour stands and with our need

"Return not thou, but Legier stay behind,  
And move the Greekish Prince to send us aid,  
Tell him his kingly promise doth him bind  
To give us succours, by his covenant made  
Thus said, and thus instruct, his letters signed  
The trusty herald took, nor longer stayed,

But sped him thence to done his Lord's behest,  
And thus the Duke reduced his thoughts to rest

Aurora bright her crystal gates unbarred,  
And bridegroom like forth stept the glorious sun,  
When trumpets loud and clarions shrill were heard,  
And every one to rouse him fierce begun  
Sweet music to each heart for war prepared,  
The soldiers glad by heaps to horses run,  
So if with drought endangereid be their grave,  
Poor ploughmen joy when thunders promise rain

Some shuls of mail, some coats of white put on,  
Some donned a cuirass, some a corslet bright,  
And helbert some, and some a helbereson,  
So ever, one in arms was quickly dight,  
His wond'rd guide each soldier tends upon,  
Loe in the wind waved their banners light  
Their stand now all towards Hierusalem spread,  
The cross remenant on the Puglio dell.

Meanwhile the car that bears the lightning brand  
Upon the eastern hill was mounted high,  
And smote the glistening armies as they stand,  
With quivering bluns which dazed the wondering eye,  
That Phaeton like it fired sea and land,  
The sparkles seemed up to the skies to fly,  
The horses' neigh and clattering armours' sound  
Pursue the echo over dale and down

73

Their general did with due care provide  
To save his men from ambush and from train,  
Some troops of horse that lightly arm'd ride  
He sent to scour the woods and forests main,  
His pioneers their busy work applied  
To even the paths and make the highways plain,  
They filled the pits, and smoothed the tougher ground,  
And opened every strait they closed found

74

They meet no forces gathered by their foe,  
No towers defenced with rampire, moat or wall,  
No stream, no wood, no mount'un could forslow  
Their hasty pace, or stop their march at all  
So when his banks the prince of rivers, Po,  
Doth overswell, he breaks with hideous fall  
The mossy rocl's and trees o'ergrown with age,  
Nor aught withstands his fury and his rage

75

The King of Tripoli in every hold  
Shat up his men, munition and his treasure,  
The straggling troops sometimes assail he would,  
Save that he durst not move them to displeasure,  
He stayd their rage with presents, gifts and gold,  
And led them through his land at ease and leisure,  
To keep his realm in peace and rest he chose,  
With what conditions Godfrey list impose

76

Those of Mount Seir, that neighboureth by east  
The Holy City, faithful folk each one,  
Down from the hill descended most and least,  
And to the Christian Duke by heaps they gone,  
And welcome him and his with joy and feast,  
On him they smile, on him they gaze alone,  
And were his guides, is futhful from that day  
As Hesperus, tht leads the sun his wa'

77

- Along the sands his armies safe they guide  
By ways secure, to them well known before,  
Upon the tumbling billows fraughted ride  
The arm'd ships, coasting along the shore,  
Which for the camp might every day provide  
To bring munition good and victuals store  
The isles of Greece sent in provision meet,  
And store of wine from Scios came and Crete

Great Neptune grieved underneath the load  
Of ships, hulks, galleys, barks and brigantines,  
In all the mid earth seas was left no road  
Wherein the Pagan his bold sails untwines,  
Spread was the huge Armado, wide and broad,  
From Venice, Genes, and towns which them confines,  
From Holland, England, France and Sicil sent,  
And all for Juda ready bound and bent

All these together were combined, and knit  
With surest bonds of love and friendship strong,  
Together sailed they fraught with all things fit  
To service done by land that might belong,  
And when occasion served disbarke'd it,  
Then sailed the Asian coasts and isles along,  
Thither with speed their hasty course they plied,  
Where Christ the Lord for our offences died.

The brazen trumpet of iron winged fame,  
That minglèth futhful troth with forged lies,  
Foretold the heathen how the Christians came,  
How thitherward the conquering army lies,  
Of every knight it sounds the worth and name,  
Each troop, each band, each squadion it descries,  
And threateneth death to those, fire, sword, and slaughter  
Who held captiv'd Israel's fairest daughter

The fear of ill exceeds the evil we fear,  
For so our present harms still most annoy us,  
Each mind is prest and open every ear  
To hear new tidings though they no way joy us,  
This secret rumour whispered everywhere  
About the town, these Christians will destroy us  
The red King his coming evil that I knew,  
Did cursed thoughts in his false heart renew

This agéd prince yclepéd Aladine,  
 Ruléd in care, new sovereign of this state,  
 A tyrant erst, but now his fell engine  
 His graver age did somewhat mutgate,  
 He heard the western lords would undermine  
 His city's wall, and lay his towers prostrate,  
 To former fear he adds a new come doubt,  
 Treason he fears within, and force without.

For nations twain inhabit there and dwell  
 Of sundry faith together in that town  
 The lesser part on Christ believéd well,  
 On Termigant the more and on Mahown,  
 But when this king had made this conquest fell,  
 And brought that region subject to his crown,  
 Of burdens all he set the Paynims lugt,  
 And on poor Christians laid the double charge

His native wrath revived with this new thought,  
 With age and years that weakened was of vore,  
 Such madness in his cruel bosom wrought,  
 That now than ever blood he thirsteth more?  
 So stings a snake that to the fire is brought,  
 Which harmless lay benumbed with cold before,  
 A lion so his rage renewed hath,  
 Though tame before, if he be moved to wrath

"I see," quoth he, "some expectation vain,  
 In these false Christians, and some new content,  
 Our common loss they trust will be their gain  
 They laugh, we weep, they joy while we lament,  
 And more, perchance, by treason or by train,  
 To murder us they secretly consent,  
 Or otherwise to work us harm and woe,  
 To ope the gates, and so let in our foe

"But lest they should effect their curs'd will,  
 Let us destroy this serpent on his nest,  
 Both young and old, let us this people kill,  
 The tender infants at their mothers' breast,  
 Their houses burn, their holy temples fill  
 With bodies slain of those that loved them best,  
 And on that tomb they hold so much in price,  
 Let's offer up their priests in sacrifice"

Thus thought the tyrant in his traitorous mind,  
But durst not follow what he had decreed,  
Yet if the innocents some mercy find,  
From cowardice, not truth, did that proceed.  
His noble foes durst not his craven kind  
Exasperate by such a bloody deed.

For if he need, what grace could then be got,  
If thus of peace he broke or loosed the knot?

His villain heart his curs'd rage restrained,  
To other thoughts he bent his fierce desire,  
The suburbs first flat with the earth he plained,  
And burnt their buildings with devouring fire,  
Loth was the wretch the Frenchman should have gained  
Or help or ease by finding aught entire,  
Cedron, Bethsaida, and each watering else  
Empoisoned he, both fountains, springs, and wells

So wary wise this child of darkness was,  
The city's self he strongly fortifies,  
Three sides by site it well defenc'd has,  
That's only weak that to the northward lies;  
With mighty bars of long enduring brass,  
The steel-bound doors and iron gates he ties,  
And, lastly, legions armed well provides  
Of subjects born, and hir'd and besides.

The Second Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

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*THE ARGUMENT*

Ismeno conjures, but his charms are vain  
Alrdine will kill the Christians in his ire  
Sophronia and Olindo would be slain  
To save the rest the King grants their desire,  
Clorinda hears their fact and fortunes plun,  
Their pardon gets and keeps them from the fire.  
Argantes when Aletes speeches are  
Despised, defies the Duke to mortal wr

---

WHILE thus the tyrant bends his thoughts to arms, 1  
Ismeno gan tofore his sight appear,  
Ismen dead bones laid in cold graves that warms  
And makes them speak, smell, taste, touch, see, and hear,  
Ismen with terror of his mighty charms,  
That makes great Dis in deepest Hell to fear,  
That binds and looses souls condemned to woe,  
And sends the devils on errands to and fro

A Christian once, Macon he now adores,  
Nor could he quite his wonded fith forsake,  
But in his wicked arts both oft implores  
Help from the Lord, and aid from Pluto black,  
He, from deep caves by Acheron's dark shores,  
Where circles vain and spells he used to make,  
To advise his King in these extremes is come,  
Achitophel so counselled Absalom

"My liege," he says, "the camp fast hither moves,  
 'The axe is laid unto this cedar's root,  
 But let us work as valiant men behoves,  
 For boldest hearts good fortune helpeth out  
 Your princely care your kingly wisdom proves,  
 Well have you laboured, well foreseen about,  
 If each perform his charge and duty so  
 Nought but his grave here conquer shall your foe

"From surest castle of my secret cell  
 I come, partaker of your good and ill,  
 What counsel sage, or magic's sacred spell  
 May profit us all that perform I will  
 The sprites impure from bliss that whilom fell  
 Shall to your service bow, constrained by skill,  
 But how we must begin this enterprise,  
 I will your Highness thus in brief advise

"Within the Christian's church from light of skies,  
 An hidden altar stands, far out of sight,  
 On which the image consecrated lies  
 Of Christ's dear mother, called a virgin bright,  
 An hundred lamps aye burn before her eyes,  
 She in a slender veil of tinsel dight,  
 On every side great plenty doth behold  
 Of offerings brought, myrrh, frankincense and gold.

"This idol would I have removed awny  
 From thence, and by your princely hand transport,  
 In Macon's sacred temple safe it lay  
 Which then I will enchant in wondrous sort,  
 That while the image in that church doth stay,  
 No strength of arms shall win this noble fort,  
 Or shake this puissant wall, such passing might  
 Have spells and charms, if they be said aright"

Advis'd thus, the king unpatient  
 Flew in his fury to the house of God,  
 The image took, with words unreverent  
 Abused the prelates, who that deed forbode,  
 Swift with his prey, away the tyrant went,  
 Of God's sharp justice nought he feared the rod,  
 But in his chapel vile the image laid,  
 On which the enchanter charms and witchcraft said.

When Phoebus next unclosed his wilful eye,  
 Up rose the sexton of that place profane,  
 And missed the image, where it used to lie,  
 Each where he sought in grief, in tear, in vain,  
*Then to the king his loss he gan descry,*  
 Who sore enraged killed him for his pain,  
 And straight conceived in his malicious wit,  
 Some Christian bade this great offence commit

But whether this were act of mortal hand,  
 Or else the Prince of Heaven's eternal pleasure,  
 That of his mercy would this wretch withstand,  
 Nor let so vile a chest hold such a treasure,  
 As yet conjecture hath not fully scanned,  
 By godliness let us this action measure,  
 And truth of purest truth will fitly prove  
 That this rare grace came down from Heaven above

With busy search the tyrant gan to invade  
 Each house, each hold, each temple and each tent  
 To them the fault or faulty one bewrayed  
 Or hid, he promised gifts or punishment,  
 His idle charms the false enchanter said,  
 But in this maze still wandered and miswent,  
 For Heaven decreed to conceal the same,  
 To make the miscreant more to feel his shame

But when the angry king discovered not  
 What guilty hand this sacrilege had wrought,  
 His ireful courage boiled in vengeance hot  
 Against the Christians, whom he faulters thought;  
 All ruth, compassion mercy he forgot,  
 A staff to beat that dog he long had sough,  
 "Let them all die," quoth he, "kill great and small,  
 So shall the offender perish sure withal

"To spill the wine with poison mixed who spares?  
 Slay then the righteous with the faulty one,  
 Destroy this field that yieldeth nought but threes,  
 With thorns this vineyard all is over gone,  
 Among these wretches is not one, that cares  
 For us, our laws, or our religion,  
 Up, up, dear subjects fire and weapon take,  
 Burn, murder, kill these traitors for my sake"

This Herod thus would Bethlehem's infants kill,  
The Christians soon this direful news receive,  
The trump of death sounds in their hearing shrill,  
*I�ur weapon, faith, their fortress, was the grave,*  
They had no courage, time, device, or will,  
To fight to fly, excuse, or pardon crave,  
But stood prepared to die, yet help they find,  
Whence least they hope, such knots can Heaven unbind.

Among them dwelt, her parents' joy and pleasure,  
A maid, whose fruit was ripe not over-reared,  
Her beauty was her not esteemed treasure,  
The field of love with plough of virtue eared,  
Her labour goodness, godliness her leisure,  
Her house the heaven by this full moon aye cleared,  
For there, from lovers' eyes withdrawn, alone  
With virgin beams this spotless Cynthia shone.

But what availed her resolution chaste,  
Whose soberest looks were whereto desir'd?  
Nor love consents that beauty's field he waste,  
Her visage set Olindo's heart on fire,  
O subtle love, a thousand wiles thou hast,  
By humble suit, by service, or by hire,  
To win a maiden's hold, a thing soon done,  
For nature framed all women to be won.

Sophronia she, Olindo hight the youth,  
Both of one town, both in one faith were taught,  
She fair, he full of bashfulness and truth,  
Loved much, hoped little, and desired nought,  
He durst not speak by suit to purchase ruth,  
She saw not, marked not, wist not what he sought,  
Thus loved, thus served he long, but not regarded,  
Unseen, unmarked, unpitied, unrewarded.

To her came message of the murderment,  
Wherein her guiltless friends should hopeless starve,  
She that was noble wise, as fair and gent,  
Cast how she might their harmless lives preserve,  
Zeal was the spring whence flowed her hardiment,  
From maiden shame yet was she loth to snerve  
Yet bid her courage ta'en so sure a hold,  
That boldness, shamed-faced, shame had made her bold.

And forth she went, a shop for merchandise  
 Full of rich stuff, but none for sale exposed,  
 A veil obscured the sunshine of her eyes,  
 The rose within herself her sweetness closed,  
 Each ornament about her seemly lies,  
 By curious chance, or careless art, composed,  
 For what the most neglects, most curious prove,  
 So Beauty's helped by Nature, Heaven, and Love

Admired of all, on went this noble maid,  
 Until the presence of the king she gained,  
 Nor for he swelled with ire was she afraid,  
 But his fierce wrath with fearless grace sustained,  
 "I come," quoth she, "but be thine anger stayed,  
 And causeless rage 'gainst faultless souls restrained—  
 I come to show thee, and to bring thee both,  
 'The wight whose fact hath made thy heart so wroth'

Her modest boldness, and that lightning ray  
 Which her sweet beauty streamed on his face,  
 Had struck the prince with wonder and dismay,  
 Changed his cheer, and cleared his moody grace,  
 That had her eyes disposed their looks to play,  
 The king had snared been in love's strong lace,  
 But wayward beauty doth not fancy move,  
 A frown forbids, a smile engendreth love

It was amazement, wonder and delight,  
 Although not love, that moved his cruel sense,  
 "Tell on," quoth he, "unfold the chance aright,  
 Thy people's lives I grant for recompense"  
 Then she "Behold the faulter here in sight,  
 This hand committed that supposed offence,  
 I took the image, mine that fault, that fact,  
 Mine be the glory of that virtuous act"

This spotless lamb thus ofered up her blood,  
 To save the rest of Christ's selected fold,  
 O noble lie! was ever truth so good?  
 Blest be the lips that such a leasing told  
 Through which he remained the tyrant wood,  
 His native wrath he gin a space withhold,  
 And said, "That thou discover soon I will,  
 What aid? what counsel had'st thou in that ill?"

"My lofty thoughts," she answered him, "envied  
Another's hand should work my high desire,  
The thirst of glory can no partner bide,  
With mine own self I did alone conspire."  
"On thee alone," the tyrant then replied,  
"Shall fall the vengeance of my wrath and ire."  
"'Tis just and right," quoth she, "I yield consent,  
Mine be the honour, mine the punishment."

The wretch of new enraged at the same,  
Asked where she hid the image so conveyed  
" Not hid," quoth she, " but quite consumed with flume,  
The idol is of that eternal maid,  
For so at least I have preserved the same,  
With hands profane from being eft betrayed  
My Lord, the thing thus stolen demand no more,  
Here see the thief that scorneth death therefor

"And yet no theft was this, yours was the sin,  
I brought again what you unjustly took."  
This heard, the tyrant did for rage begin  
To whet his teeth, and bend his frowning look,  
No pity, youth, fairness, no grace could win,  
Joy, comfort, hope the virgin all forsook,  
Wrath killed remorse, vengeance stopped mercy's breath  
Love's thrall to hate, and beauty's slave to death

Ta'en was the damsel, and without remorse,  
The king condemned her guiltless to the fire,  
Her veil and mantle plucked they off by force,  
And bound her tender arms in twisted wire  
Dumb was this silver dove, while from her corse  
These hungry kites plucked off her rich attire,  
And for some deal perplexed was her sprite,  
Her damask late, now changed to purest white

The news of this mishap spread far and near,  
The people ran, both young and old, to gaze,  
Ohudo also ran, and g<sub>w</sub> to fear  
His lady was some partner in this case,  
But when he found her bound, stript from her gear,  
And vile tormentors ready saw in place,  
He broke the duong, and into presence brast,  
And thus bespake the Ling in rage and haste.

"Not so, not so the girl shall bear away  
 From me the honour of so noblefeat,  
 She durst not did not, could not so convey  
 The messy substance of that idol great  
 What slight had she the wardens to betray?  
 What strength to heave the goddess from her seat?  
 No, no, my Lord, she sails but with my wind"  
 Ah, thus he loved, yet was his love unkind!"

He added further "Where the shining glass,  
 Lets in the light amid your temple's side,  
 By broken by ways did I inward pass,  
 And in that window made a postern wide,  
 Nor shall therefore this ill advised lass  
 Usurp the glory should this fact betide,  
 Mine be these bonds mine be these flames so pure,  
 O glorious death, more glorious sepulture"

Sophronia raised her modest looks from ground,  
 And on her lover bent her eyesight mild,  
 "Tell me, what fury? what conceit unsound  
 Presenteth here to death so sweet a child?  
 Is not in me sufficient courage found,  
 To bear the anger of this tyrant wild?  
 Or hath fond love thy heart so over gone?  
 Wouldst thou not live, nor let me die alone?"

Thus spake the nymph, yet spake but to the wind,  
 She could not alter his well settled thought,  
 O miracle! O state of wondrous kind!  
 Where love and virtue such contention wrought,  
 Where death the victor had for meed assigned,  
 Their own neglect, each other's strife sought,  
 But thus the king was more provoked to ire  
 Their strife for bellowes served to anger's fire

He thinks such thoughts self guiltiness finds out  
 They scorned his power, and therefore scorned the pun,  
 "Now nay," quoth he, 'let be your strife and doubt,  
 You both shall win, and fit reward obtain'  
 With that the sergents hem the young man stout,  
 And bound him likewise in a worthless chain,  
 Then back to back fast to a stake both tie,  
 Two harmless turtles dight for sacrifice

About the pile of faggots, sticks and hay,  
The bellow, roused the newly kindled flame,  
When thus Olinde, in a doleful lay,  
Begun too late his bootless plaints to frame  
‘ Be these the bonds ? Is this the hoped for day,  
Should join me to this long desired dame ?  
Is this the fire whie should burn our hearts ?  
Ah, hard reward for lovers’ kind deserts !

“ Far other flames and bonds kind lovers prove,  
But thus our fortune casts the hapless die,  
Death hath exchanged agan his shafts with love,  
And Cupid thus lets borrowed arrows fly  
O Hymen, say, what fury doth thine move  
To lend thy flamps to light & tragedy ?  
Yet this contents me that I die for thee,  
Thy flames, not mine, my death and torment be

“ Yet happy were my death, mine ending blest,  
My torments easy, full of sweet delight,  
If this I could obtain, that breast to be ist  
Thy bosom might receive my yielded spr'e  
And thine with it in heuen's pure clothing diest,  
Through clearest skies, might take united flight ”  
Thus he complained, whom gently she reproved,  
And sweetly spake him thus, that so her loved —

“ Far other plaints, dear friend, tears and laments  
The time, the place, and our estates requir ,  
Think on thy sins, which man’s old foe presents  
Before that judge that quits each soul his hue,  
For his name sutor, for no pain torments  
Him whose just prayers to his throne aspire  
Behold the heavens, thither thine eyesight bend,  
Thy looks, sighs, tears, for intercessors send ”

The Pagans loud cried out to God and man,  
The Christians mourned in silent lamentation,  
The tyrant’s self, a thing unusd, began  
To feel his heart relent, with mere compassion,  
But not disposed to ruth or mercy than  
He sped him thence home to his habitation  
Sophronia stood not grieved nor discontented,  
By all that saw her, but herself lamented.

The lovers standing in this doleful wise,  
 A warrior bold unwares approached neir,  
 In uncouth arms yclad and strange disguise,  
 From countries far, but new arrived there,  
 A savage tigress on her helmet lies,  
 The famous badge Clorinda used to bear,  
 That wents in every warlike stowre to win,  
 By which bright sign well known was that fair inn

38

She scorned the arts these silly women use,  
 Another thought her nobler humour fed,  
 Her lofty hand would of itself refuse  
 To touch the dainty needle or nice thred,  
 She hated chambers, closets, secret mews,  
 And in broad fields preserved her maidenhead  
 Proud were her looks, yet sweet, though stern and stout  
 Her dam a dove, thus brought in eagle out.

39

While she was young, she used with tender hand  
 The foaming steed with froary bit to steer,  
 To tilt and tourney, wrestle in the sand,  
 To leave with speed Atlanta swift arear,  
 Through forests wild, und unfrequented land  
 To chase the lion boar, or rugged bear,  
 The satyrs rough, the fauns and fairies wild,  
 She chased oft, oft took, and oft beguiled.

40

This lusty lady came from Persia late,  
 She with the Christians had encountered est,  
 And in their flesh had opened many a gate,  
 By which their faithful souls their bodies left,  
 Her eye at first presented her the state  
 Of these poor souls, of hope and help bereft,  
 Greedy to know as is the mind of man,  
 Their cause of death, swift to the fire she ran

The people made her room, and on them twain  
 Her piercing eyes their fiery weapons dart,  
 Silent she saw the one, the other 'plun,  
 The weaker body lodged the nobler heart  
 Yet him she saw lament, as if his pain  
 Were grief and sorrow for another smart,  
 And her keep silence so, as if her eyes  
 Dumb orators were to entreat the skies

42

Clorinda changed to Ruth her warlike mood,  
Few silver drops her vermeil cheeks depunkt;  
Her sorrow was for her that speechless stood,  
Her silence more prevailed than his complaint.  
She asked an aged man, seemed grave and good,  
"Come say me, sir," quoth she, "what hard constraint  
Would murder here love's queen and beauty's king?  
What fault or fare doth to this death them bring?"

Thus she inquired, and answer short he gave,  
But such as 'ill the chance at large disclosed,  
She wondered at the case the virgin brave  
That both were guiltless of the fault supposed,  
Her noble thought cast how she might them save  
The means on suit or battle she repos'd,  
Quick to the fire she ran, and quenched it out  
And thus bespake the sergeants and the rout

"Be there not one among you all that dare  
In this your hateful office aught proceed,  
Till I return from court, nor take you care  
To reap displeasure for not making speed."  
To do her will the men themselves prepare,  
In their frunt hearts her looks such terror breed,  
To court she went, their pardon would she get,  
But on the way the courteous king she met

"Sir King," quoth she, "my name Clorinda hight,  
My fame perchance has pierced your ears ere now  
I come to try my wooted power and might,  
And will defend this land, this town, and you,  
All hard assays esteem I eath and light,  
Great acts I reach to, to small things I bow,  
To fight in field, or to defend this wall,  
Point what you list, I nought refuse at all."

To whom the king, "What land so far remote  
From Asia's coasts, or Phoebus' glistering rays,  
O glorious virgin that recordeth not  
Thy fame, thine honour, worth renown, and pruse?  
Since on my side I have thy succours got,  
I need not fear in these my aged days,  
For in thine and more hope, more trust I have,  
Than in whole armes of these soldiers brave

43

44

45

46

47

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44

45

46

47

" Now, Godfrey stays too long , he fears I ween  
 Thy courage , rent keeps all our foes in awe ,  
 For thee all actions far unworthy been ,  
 But such as greatest danger with them draw  
 Be you commandress therefore, Princess, Queen  
 Of all our forces by thy word a law

48

This said the virgin gan her beaver vail,  
 And thanked him first, and thus begin her tale

"A thing unused, great monarch, may it seem  
 To ask reward for service yet to come ,  
 But so your virtuous, bountv I esteem  
 That I presume to to intreat this room  
 And silly maid from danger to redeem  
 Condemned to burn by your unpartial doom ,  
 I not excuse, but pity much their youth  
 And come to you for mercy and for ruth

49

"Yet give me leave to tell your Highness this ,  
 You blame the Christians them my thoughts require  
 Nor be displeas'd, I say you judge unwise  
 At every shot look not to hit the white ,  
 All what the enchanter did per,unde you, is  
 Agunst the lore of Macon's sacred rite ,  
 For us commandeth mighty Mihomet  
 No idols in his temple pure to set

50

"To hum therefore this wonder done refar ,  
 Give hum the praise and honour of the thing  
 Of us the gods benign so careful are  
 Lest customs strange into their church we bring  
 Let Ismen with his squares and trigons war  
 His weapons be the staff the glass the ring  
 But let us manage war with blows like knights ,  
 Our praise in arms, our honour lies in fights

51

The virgin held her peace when this was said ,  
 And though to pity he never framed his thought ,  
 Yet for the king admired the noble maid  
 His purpose was not to deny her right  
 I grant them life, quota i.e your promised aid  
 Against these Frenchmen hath their pardon bought  
 Nor further seek what their offences be ,  
 Guiltless, I quit , guilty, I set them free '

52

Thus were they loosed, happy t of humankind  
Ohnd, blessed be this act of thine,  
True witness of thy great and heavenly mind,  
Where sun, moon, stars, of love, faith, virtue, shine.  
So forth they went and left pale death behind,  
To joy the bliss of unimage rues divine,  
With her he would have died with him content  
Was she to live that would with her have brent

The king, as wicked thoughts are most suspicious,  
Supposed too fast this tree of virtue grew,  
O blessed Lord! why should this Pharaoh vicious,  
Thus tyrannise upon thy Hebrews true?  
Who to perform his will, vile and malicious,  
Exiled these, and all the faithful crew.  
All that were strong of body, stout of mind,  
But leapt their wives and children pledge behind

A hard division, when the harmless sheep  
Must leave their lambs to hungry wolves in charge,  
But labour's virtues watching, ease her sleep,  
Trouble best wind that drives salvation's barge,  
The Christians fled, whither they took no keep,  
Some strayed wild among the forests large,  
Some to Emmaus to the Christian host,  
And conquer wold again their houses lost.

Emmaus is a city small, that lies  
From Sion's walls distant a little way,  
A man that early on the morn doth use,  
Miy thither walk ere third hour of the day  
Oh, when the Christian lord this town espies  
How merry were their hearts? How fresh? How gay?  
But for the sun inclined fist to west,  
That night there would their chieftain take his rest

Their canas castles up they quickly rear,  
And build a cit in an hour's space  
When lo, disguised in unusual gear,  
Two barons bold approachen gon the place,  
Their semblance kind, and mild their gestures were,  
Peace in their hands, and friendship in their face,  
From Egypt's king ambassadors they come,  
Them many a squire attends, and many a groom

The first Aletes, born in lowly shed,  
Of parents base, a rose sprung from a brier,  
That now his branches over Egypt spread,  
No plant in Pharaoh's garden prospered higher;  
With pleasing tiles his lord's vain ears he fed,  
A flatterer, a pick thank, and a liar  
Cursed be estate got with so many a crime,  
Yet this is oft the stair by which men climb

58

Argantes called is that other knight,  
A stranger came he late to Egypt land,  
And there advanced was to honour's height,  
For he was stout of courage, strong of hand,  
Bold was his heart, and restless was his sprite,  
Fierce, stern, outrageous, keen as sharpened brand,  
Scorner of God, scant to himself a friend  
And pricked his reason on his weapon's end

59

These two entrance made they might be heard,  
Nor was their just petition long denied,  
The gallants quickly ride their court of guard,  
And brought them in where sate their famous guide,  
Whose kingly look his princely mind declared,  
Where noblesse, virtue, troth, and valour bide  
A slender courtesy made Argantes bold,  
So as one prince salute another wold,

60

Aletes laid his right hand on his heart,  
Bent down his head, and cast his eyes full low,  
And reverence made with courtly grace and wit,  
For all that humble lore to him was known,  
His sober lips then did he softly part,  
Whence of pure rhetoric, whole streams outflow,  
And thus he said, while on the Christian lords  
Down fell the mildew of his sugared words

61

"O only worthy, whom the earth all fears,  
High God defend thee with his heavenly shield,  
And humble so the hearts of all thy peers  
That their stiff necks to thy sweet yoke may yield  
These be the sheaves that honour's harvest bears,  
The seed thy valiant acts, the world the field,  
Egypt the herdland is, where herded lies  
Thy fame, worth, justice, wisdom, victories

62

"These altogether doth our sovereign hide  
In secret store house of his princely thought,  
And prays he may in long accordance bide,  
With that great worthy which such wonders wrought,  
Nor that oppose against the coming tide  
Of proffered love, for that he is not taught  
Your Christian faith, for though of divers kind,  
The loving vine about her elm is twined

"Receive therefore in that unconquered hand  
The precious handle of this cup of love,  
If not religion, virtue be the band  
Twixt you to fasten friendship not to move  
But for our mighty King doth understand,  
You mean your power 'gainst Judah had to prove,  
He would, before this threatened tempest fell,  
I should his mind and princely will first tell

"His mind is thus, he prays thee be contented  
To joy in peace the conquests thou hast got,  
Be not thy death, or Sion's fall lamented,  
Forbear this land, Judea trouble not,  
Things done in haste at leisure be repented  
Withdraw thine arms, trust not uncertain lot,  
For oft we see what least we think betide,  
He is thy friend 'gainst all the world beside

"True labourer in the vineyard of thy Lord,  
Ere prime thou hast the imposed dry work done,  
What armies conquered, perished with thy sword?  
What cities sacked? what kingdoms hast thou won?  
All ears are mazed while tongues thine acts record,  
Hands quiver for fear, all feet for dread do run,  
And though no realms you may to thraldom bring,  
No higher can your praise, your glory spring

"Thy sign is in his Apogeon placed,  
And when it moveth next must needs descend,  
Chance is uncertain, fortune double faced,  
Smiling at first, she frowneth in the end  
Beware thine honour be not then disgraced,  
Take heed thou mar not when thou thinkst to mend,  
For this the folly is of Fortune's play,  
'Gainst doubtful, certain, much, 'gainst small to lay

68

" Yet still we sail whilst prosperous blows the wind,  
 Till on some secret rock unwares we light,  
 The sea of glory hath no banks assigned,  
 They who are wont to win in every fight  
 Still feed the fire that so inflames thy mind  
 To bring more nations subject to thy might,  
 This makes thee blessed peace so light to hold,  
 Like summer's flies that fear not winter's cold

69

" They bid thee follow on the path, now made  
 So plain and easy, enter Fortune's gate,  
 Nor in thy scabbard sheathe that famous blade,  
 Till settled be thy kingdom, and estate,  
 Till Macon's sacred doctrine fall and fade,  
 Till woeful Asia all lie desolate  
 Sweet words I grant, baits and allurements sweet,  
 But greatest hopes oft greatest crosses meet

70

" For, if thy courage do not blind thine eyes,  
 If clouds of fury hide not reason's beams,  
 Then mayst thou see this desperate enterprise,  
 The field of death, watered with danger's streams,  
 High state, the bed is where misfortune lies,  
 Man's most unfriendly when most kind he seems,  
 Who climbeth high, on earth he hiddest lights,  
 And lowest falls attend the highest flights.

71

" Tell me if, great in counsel, arms and gold,  
 The Prince of Egypt war 'ginst you prepare,  
 What if the valiant Turks and Persians bold,  
 Unite their forces with Cassanoe's heir?  
 Oh then, what marble pillar shall uphold  
 The falling trophies of your conquest fair?  
 Trust you the monarch of the Greekish land?  
 That reed will break, and breaking, wound your hand

72

" The Greekish faith is like that half cut tree  
 By which men take wild elephants in Inde,  
 A thousand times it hath beguiled thee,  
 As firm as waves in seas, or leaves in wind  
 Will they, who erst denied you passage free,  
 Passage to all men free, by use and kind,  
 Fight for your sake? Or on them do you trust  
 To spend their blood, that could scarce spare their dust?

" But all your hope and trust perchance is had  
 In these strong troops, which thee environ round,  
 Yet foes unite are not so soon dismayed  
 As when their strength you erst divided found  
 Besides each hour thy bands are weaker made  
 With hunger, slaughter, lodging on cold ground,  
 Meanwhile the Turks seek succours from our kin,  
 Thus fade thy helps, and thus thy cumbers spring.

" Suppose no weapon can thy valour's pride  
 Subdue, that by no force thou mayst be won,  
 Admit no steel can hurt or wound thy side,  
 And be it Heaven hath thee such favour done  
 'Gainst Famine yet what shield canst thou provide?  
 What strength resist? What sleight her wrath can shun?  
 Go, shake the spear, and draw thy flaming blade,  
 And try if hunger so be weaker made

" The inhabitants each pasture and each plain  
 Destroyed have, each field to waste is laid,  
 In fenced towers bestow'd is their grun  
 Before thou camst this kingdom to invade,  
 These horse and foot, how canst thou them sustain?  
 Whence comes thy store? whence thy provision made?  
 Thy ships to bring it are, perchance, assu'ned,  
 Oh, that you live so long 's please the wind!

" Perhaps thy fortune doth control the wind,  
 Doth loose or bind their blasts in secret cave,  
 The sea pardin' cruel and deaf by kind  
 Will hear thy call, and still her raging wave  
 But if our arm'd galleys be assigned  
 To aid those ships which Turks and Persians have,  
 Say then, what hope is left thy slender fleet?  
 Dare flocks of crows, a flight of eagles meet?

" My lord a double conquest must you make,  
 If you achieve renown by this emprise  
 For if our fleet your navy chase or take,  
 For want of victuals 'll your camp then dies,  
 Or if by land the field you once forsook,  
 Then vain by sea were hope of victories  
 Nor could your ships restore your lost estate  
 For steed once stolen, we shut the door too late

74

75

76

77

"In this estate if thou esteemest light  
 The proffered kindness of the Egyptian king,  
 Then give me leave to say, this oversight  
 Beseems thee not in whom such virtues spring  
 But heavens vouchsafe to guide thy mind aright,  
 To gentle thoughts, that peace and quiet bring,  
 So that poor Asia her complaints may cease,  
 And you enjoy your conquests got, in peace.

"Nor ye that part in these adventures have,  
 Part in his glory, partners in his harms,  
 Let not blind Fortune so your minds deceive,  
 To stir him more to try these fierce thums,  
 But like the sailor 'scaped from the wave  
 From further peril that his person arms  
 By staying safe at home so stay you all  
 Better sit still, men say, than rise to fall."

This said Aletes and a murmur rose  
 That showed dislike among the Christian peers,  
 Their angry gestures with mislike disclose  
 How much his speech offends their noble ears  
 Lord Godfrey's eye three times environ goes  
 To view what countenance every warrior bears,  
 And lastly on the Egyptian baron stayed,  
 To whom the duke thus for his answer said

"Ambassador full both of threats and praise,  
 Thy doubtful message hast thou wisely told,  
 And if thy sovereign love us as he says,  
 Tell him he sows to reap in hundred fold,  
 But where thy talk the coming storm displays  
 Of threatened warfare from the Pagans bold  
 To that I answer, as my custom is,  
 In plainest phrase, lest my intent thou miss

"Know, that till now we suffered have much pun,  
 By lands and seas where storms and tempests fall,  
 To make the passage easy, safe, and plain  
 That leads us to this venerable wall,  
 That so we might reward from Heaven obtain,  
 And free this town from being longer thrall,  
 Nor is it grievous to so good an end  
 Our honours, kingdoms, lives and goods to spend.

"Nor hope of praise, nor thirst of worldly good,  
Enticed us to follow this emprise,  
The Heavenly Father keep his sacred brood  
From foul infection of so great a vice  
But by our zeal aye be that plague withstood,  
Let not those pleasures us to sin entice  
His grace, his mercy, and his powerful hand  
Will keep us safe from hurt by sea and land.

"This is the spur that makes our coursers run,  
This is our harbour, safe from danger's floods,  
This is our bield, the blustering winds to shun  
This is our guide, through forests, deserts, woods  
This is our summer's shade, our winter's sun  
This is our wealth, our treasure, and our goods  
This is our engine, towers that overthrow,  
Our spear that hurts, our sword that wounds our foes

"Our courage hence, our hope, our valour springs,  
Not from the trust we have in shield or spear,  
Not from the succours France or Greece brings,  
On such weak posts we list no buildings rear  
He can defend us from the power of kings,  
From chance of war that makes weak hearts to fear,  
He can these hungry troops with manna feed,  
And make the scurvy land, if we passage need

"But if our sins us of his help deprive,  
Or his high justice let no mercy fall,  
Yet should our deaths us some contentment give,  
To die, where Christ received his burial,  
So might we die not envying them that live  
So would we die, not unrevenged ill  
Nor Turks nor Christians, if we perish such,  
Have cause to joy, or to complain too much

"Think not that wars we love, and strife affect,  
Or that we hate sweet peace or rest deny,  
Think not your sovereign's friendship we reject,  
Because we list not in our conquests stay  
But for it seems he would the Jews protect,  
Pry him from us that thought aside to lay,  
Nor us forbid this town and realm to gain,  
And he in peace, rest joy long more may reign."

This answer given, Araneus wild drew out,  
Trembling for ire, and wring pale for rage,  
Nor could he hold, his wrath increased so far,  
But thus inflamed bespake the captain said,  
"Who scorneth peace shall have his fill of war,  
I thought thy wisdom should thy fury baffle,  
But well you show what joy you take in fight,  
Which makes you prize our love and friendship little."

This said, he too, his mantle's forepart part,  
And gan the same together fold and wrap,  
Then spake he unto him self and spiteful heart,  
So lions roar enclosed in trumpet of trumpet,  
"Thou proud despiser of inconstant man,  
I bring thee war and peace closed in this hand,  
Take quickly one, thou hast no time to muse;  
If peace, we rest, we fight, if war thou choose."

His semblant fierce and speeches proud, provoke  
The soldiers all, "War, war," at once to cry,  
Nor could they tarry till their christen spoils,  
But for the knight was more influenced hereby,  
His lap he opened and spread forth his cloak.  
"To mortal wars," he says, "I you defy,"  
And this he uttered with full rage and hate,  
And seemed of Jamus' church to undo the gate.

It seemed fury, discord, madness fell  
Flew from his lap, when he unfolds the same,  
His glaring eyes with anger's venom swell,  
And like the brand of foul Alecto flame,  
He looked like huge Siphonus loosed from hell  
Again to shake heaven's everlasting frame,  
Or him that built the tower of Shinar,  
Which threatneth battle 'gainst the morning star.

Godfredo then "Depart, and bid your King  
Haste hitherward, or else within short while,—  
For gladly we accept the war you bring,—  
Let him expect us on the banks of Nile."  
He entertained them then with banqueting,  
And gifts presented to those Pagans vile,  
Aletea had a helmet, rich and gay,  
Late found at Nice among the conquered prey.

73

79

80

91

92

Argent a sword, whereof the web was steel,  
 Pommel, rich stone hilts gold, approved by touch  
 With rarest workmanship all forged well,  
 The curious art excelled the substance much  
 Thus fair, rich, sharp to see, to have, to feel,  
 Glad was the Pilgrim to enjoy it such,  
 And said, "How I this gift can use and wield,  
 Soon shall you see, when first we meet in field."

93

Thus took they congee, and the angry knight  
 Thus to his fellow parleyed on the way,  
 "Go thou by day, but let me walk by night,  
 Go thou to Egypt, I at Sion stay,  
 The answer given thou canst unfold aright,  
 No need of me, what I can do or say,  
 Among these arms I will go wreak my spite,  
 Let Paris court it, Hector loved to fight"

94

Thus he who late arrived a messenger  
 Departs a foe, in act, in word, in thought,  
 The law of nations or the lore of war,  
 If he transgress or no, he recketh nought  
 Thus parted they, and ere he wandered far  
 The friendly star light to the walls him brought  
 Yet his fell heart thought long that little way,  
 Grieved with each stop tormented with each stay

95

Now spread the night her spangled canopy,  
 And summoned every restless eye to sleep,  
 On beds of tender grass the beasts down lie,  
 The fishes slumbered in the silent deep,  
 Unheard was serpent's hiss, and dragon's cry,  
 Birds left to sing, and Philemon to weep,  
 Only that noise heaven's rolling circles lest,  
 Sung lullaby to bring the world to rest

96

Yet neither sleep, nor ease, nor shadows dark,  
 Could make the futhful camp or captain rest,  
 They longed to see the day, to hear the lark  
 Record her hymns and chant her circls blest  
 They yearned to view the walls, the wished mark,  
 To which their journeys long they had addressed,  
 Each heart attends each longing eve beholds  
 What beam the eastern window first unfolds

97

The Third Book  
of  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

---

*THE ARGUMENT.*

The camp at great Jerusalem arrives  
Through fire, then battle in the forest  
Of fair Lorraine I entered a lone review  
His joints, with her and now's home he loved best  
Among th' adventures of their guide d' armes  
With stately pomp they lay their Lord in bier  
Godfrey commands to cut the forest down  
And make strong engines to assault the town

---

THE purple morning left her crimson bed,  
1 And donned her robes of pure vermillion hue,  
Her amber locks she crowned with roses red,  
In Eden's flowery gardens gathered new  
When through the camp a mournful shrill was spread,  
Arm, arm, they cried, arm, arm, the trumpets blew,  
Their merry noise prevents the joyful blast,  
So hum small bees, before their swarms they cast

2 Their captain rules their courage, guides their heat,  
Their forwardness he stayed with gentle rein,  
And yet more easy, haply, were thefeat  
To stop the current near Charybdis main,  
Or calm the blustering winds on mountuns great,  
Than fierce desires of warlike hearts restrain,  
He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,  
For well he knows disordered speed makes waste

Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight  
Swiftly they marched, yet were not tired thereby,  
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light  
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,  
Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight,  
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy,  
    Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,  
    With joyful shouts, and acclimations sweet

As when a troop of jolly sailors row  
Some new found land and country to descry,  
Through dangerous seas and under stars unknown,  
Thrall to the faithless waves and treacherous sky,  
If once the wished shore begin to show,  
They all salute it with a joyful cry,  
    And each to other show the land in haste,  
    Forgetting quite their pains and perils past

To that delight which their first sight did breed,  
That please'd so the secret of their thought  
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed  
That reverend fear and trembling with it brought  
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispreed  
Upon that town, where Christ was sold and bought,  
    Where for our sins he faultless suffered pain,  
    There where he died and where he lived again

Soft words, low speech, deep sobs, sweet sighs, salt tears  
Rose from their breasts, with joy and pleasure mixed  
For thus fares he the Lord right that fears,  
Fear on devotion, joy on faith is fixed  
Such noise the passions make as when one hears  
The hoarse sea waves roar, hollow rocks betwixt  
    Or as the wind in holts and shady groves,  
    A murmur makes among the boughs and leaves

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,  
Following the example of their anxious guide,  
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes and feathers gone,  
They quickly doffed and willing laid aside,  
Their molten hearts their wonted pride alloy,  
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide,  
    And then such secret speech as this, they used,  
    While to himself each one himself accused

8

"Flower of goodness root of lasting bliss,  
 Thou well of life, whose streams were purple blood  
 That flowed here to cleanse the soul amiss  
 Of sinful man behold this burnish flood,  
 That from my melting heart distilled is,  
 Receive in <sup>ace</sup> these tears, O Lord so good,  
 For never wretch with sin so overdone  
 Had latter time or <sup>re</sup>nter cause to mourn"

9

This while the war watchmen look o'er,  
 From tops of Sion's towers the hills and dales,  
 And saw the dust the fields and pastures cover,  
 As when thick mists arise from moory vales  
 At last the sun bright shields he gan discover,  
 And <sup>h</sup>listening helms for violence none that fails,  
 The metal shone like lightning bright in skies,  
 And man and horse amid the dust descrees

10

Then loud he cries, "O what a dust riseth?  
 O how it shines with shields and targets clear?  
 Up, up to arms for valiant heart despiseth  
 The threatened storm of death and danger near.  
 Behold your foes' then further thus deviseth,  
 ' Haste, haste, for vain delay increaseth fear,  
 These horrid clouds of dust that yonder fly,  
 Your coming foes does hide, and hide the sky'"

11

The tender children, and the fathers old,  
 The aged matrons, and the virgin chaste,  
 That durst not shake the spear, nor target hold  
 Themselves devoutly in their temples placed,  
 The rest of members strong and courage bold,  
 On hardy breasts their harness donned in haste,  
 Some to the walls, some to the gates them dight,  
 Their King meanwhile directs them all aright

12

All things well ordered, he withdrew with speed  
 Up to a turret high two ports between,  
 That so he might be near at every need,  
 And overlook the linds and furrows green  
 Thither he did the sweet Erminia lead,  
 That in his court had entertained been  
 Since Christians Antioch did to bondage bring  
 And slew her father who thereof was king

Against their foes Clorinda salld out,  
And many a biron bold ws by her side,  
Within the postern stood Argantes stout  
To rescue her, if ill mote her betide  
With speeches brue she cheered her warlike rout,  
And with bold words them heartened as they ride,  
"Let us by some brave act," quoth she, "this day  
Of Assa's hopes the groundwork sound and lay"

While to her folk thus spake the virgin brave,  
Thereby behold forth passed a Christian band  
Towards the camp, that herds of cattle drove,  
For they that morrow had foray'd all the land,  
The fierce virago would that booty save,  
Whom their commander singled hand for hand,  
A mighty man at arms, who Gurdio hight,  
But far too weak to match with her in fight

They met, and low in dust was Gurdio laid,  
Twixt either army, from his sell down kest,  
The Pagans shout for joy, and hopeful said,  
These good beginnings would have endings blest  
Against the rest on went the noble maid,  
She broke the helm, and pierced the arm'd breast,  
Her men the paths rode through made by her sword,  
They pass the stream where she had found the ford

Soon was the prey out of their hands recovered,  
By step and step the Frenchmen gan retire,  
Till on a little hill at last they hoveid,  
Whose strenght preserved them from Clorinda's ire  
When, as a tempest that hath long been covered  
In watery clouds breaks out with sparkling fire  
With his strong squardon Lord Tancredi came,  
His heart with rage, his eyes with courage flame

Mast great the spear was which the gallant bore  
That in his warlike pride he made to shake,  
As winds tall cedars toss on mountuns hoar  
The King, that wondered at his bravery, spake  
To her that near him seated was before,  
Who felt her heart with love's hot fever quake,  
"Well shouldst thoul now," quoth he "each Christian knight,  
By long acquaintance, though in armour dight,

"Say, who is he shows so great worthiness,  
That rides so rank, and bends his lance so fell?"  
To this the princess said nor more nor less,  
Her heart with sighs, her eyes with tears, did swell,  
But sighs and tears she wisely could suppress,  
Her love and passion she dissembled well,  
And strove her love and hot desire to cover,  
Till heart with sighs, and eyes with tears ran over."

At last she spake, and with a crafty sleight  
Her secret love disguised in clothes of hate  
"Alas, too well," she says, "I know that knight,  
I saw his force and courage provéd late,  
Too late I viewed him, when his power and might  
Shook down the pillar of Cassanoes state,  
Alas what wounds he gives! how fierce, how fell!  
No physic helps them cure, nor magic's spell.

"Tuncer'd he hight, O Macon would he wear  
My thrall, ere fates him of this life deprive,  
For to his hateful head such spite I bear,  
I would him reave his cruel heart on live"  
Thus said she, they that her complainings hear  
In other sensc her wishes credit give  
She sighed withal, they construed all amiss,  
And thought she wished to kill, who longed to kiss

This while forth pricked Clorinda from the throng  
And 'ganst Farcredi set her spear in rest,  
Upon their helms they cracked their lances long,  
And from her head her gilden casque he lest,  
For every lace he broke and every thong,  
And in the dust threw down her plumed crest,  
About her shoulder shone her golden locks,  
Like sunny beams, on alabaster rocks

Her looks with fire, her eyes with lightning blaze,  
Sweet was her wrath what then would be her smile?  
Tancred, whereon think'st thou? what dost thou gaze?  
Hast thou forgot her in so short a while?  
The same is she, the shape of whose sweet face  
The God of Love did in thy heart compile,  
The same that left thee by the cooling stream,  
Safe from sun's heat, but scorched with beauty's beam

The prince well knew her, though her painted shield  
 And golden helm he had not marked before,  
 She saved her head, and with her axe well steeled  
 Assailed the knight, but her the knight forbore,  
 'Gainst other foes he proved him through the field,  
 Yet she for that refrained ne'er the more,  
 But following, "Turn thee," cried, in ireful wise,  
 And so at once she threats to kill him twice.

Not once the baron lift his arm'd hand  
 To strike the maid, but gazing on her eyes,  
 Where lordly Cupid seemed in arms to stand,  
 No way to ward or shun her blows he tries,  
 But softly says, "No stroke of thy strong hand  
 Can vanquish Tancred, but thy conquest lies  
 In those fair eyes, which fiery weapons dart,  
 That find no lighting place except this heart."

At last resolved, although he hoped small grace,  
 Yet ere he did to tell how much he loved,  
 For pleasing words in women's ears find place,  
 And gentle hearts with humble suit are moved  
 "O thou," quoth he, "withhold thy wrath a space,  
 For if thou long to see my valour proved,  
 Were it not better from this warlike rout  
 Withdrawn, somewhere, alone to fight it out?

"So singled, may we both our courage try"

26

Clorinda to that motion yielded glad,  
 And helmeless to the forestward gan lie,  
 Whither the prince right pensive went and sad,  
 And there the virgin gan him soon defy  
 One blow she stricken, and he warded had,  
 When he cried, "Hold, and ere we prove our might,  
 First hear thou some conditions of the fight

She stayed, and desperate love had made him bold,  
 "Since from the fight thou wilt no respite give,  
 The covenants be," he said, "that thou unfold  
 This wretched bosom and my heart out rive,  
 Given thee long since, and if thou, cruel, would  
 I should be dead, let me no longer live,  
 But pierce this breast, that all the world may say,  
 The arm'd made the turtle down her pit

"Save with thy grace, or let thine anger kill,  
 Love hath disarmed my life of all defence,  
 An easy labour harmless blood to spill,  
 Strike then and punish where is none offence"  
 This said the prince, and more perchance had will  
 To have declared to move her cruel sense  
 But in ill time of Pagins thither came  
 1 troop, and Christians that pursued the same.

The Pagins fled before their valiant foes, 29  
 If of dread or craft, it skills not that we know,  
 A soldier wild, careless to win or lose,  
 Saw where her locks about the damsel flew,  
 And at her back he proffereth as he goes  
 To strike where her he did disarm'd view  
 But Tancred cried, "Oh stay thy cursed hand,"  
 And for to ward the blow lift up his brand

But yet the cuttin<sub>a</sub> steel arrived there, 30  
 Where her fair neck adjoined her noble head,  
 Light v is the wound, but through her amber hair  
 The purple drops down railed bloody red,  
 So rabies set in flaming bold appear  
 But Lord Tancredi, pale with rage as lead,  
 I lew on the villan, who to flight him bound,  
 The smart was his, though she received the wound.

The villan flies he, full of rage and ire, 31  
 Pursues, she stood and wonder'd on them both,  
 But yet to follow them showed no desire,  
 To strive so far she would perchance be loth,  
 But quickly turn'd her, fierce as flaming fire,  
 And on her foes wroth'd her in her wroth,  
 On every side she kills them down amain,  
 And now she flies, and now she turns again.

As the swift ure b. Vol<sub>g</sub> 1's rolling flood 32  
 Chi ad you h th<sub>g</sub> plu is the mastin cars to form,  
 Flees to h account of some neighbour wood,  
 And often turns her at the drum and horn  
 A, until the day a untried man a ston'd blood,  
 That he set, till he h cast to the ground,  
 Or is the Moor at their trair a tenace sun,  
 Lest v<sub>g</sub>, 't v<sub>g</sub> lass u' set to slay

So ran Clorinda, so her foes pursued,  
Until they both approached the city's wall,  
When lo ! the Pagans their fierce wrath renewed,  
Cast in a ring about they wheeled all,  
And 'gainst the Christians' backs and sides they showed  
Their courage fierce, and to new combat fall,  
When down the hill Argantes came to fight,  
Like angry Mars to aid the Trojan knight

Furious, tofore the foremost of his rank,  
In sturdy steel forth stept the warrior bold,  
The first he smote down from his saddle sank,  
The next under his steed lay on the mould,  
Under the Saracen's spear the worthies shrank,  
No breastplate could that cursed tree uphold,  
When that was broke his precious sword he drew,  
And whom he hit, he feild, hurt, or slew

Clorinda slew Ardelio, aged knight,  
Whose graver years would for no labour yield,  
His age was full of puissance and might  
Two sons he had to guard his noble eild,  
The first, far from his father's care and sight,  
Called Alicandro wounded lay in field,  
And Poliphern the younger, by his side,  
Had he not nobly fought had surely died

Tancred by this, that strove to overtake  
The villain that had hurt his only dear,  
From vain pursuit at last returned back,  
And his brave troop discomfit saw well ne'er,  
Thither he spurred, and gan huge slaughter make,  
His shock no steed, his blow no knight could bear,  
For dead he strikes him whom he hights upon,  
So thunders break high trees on Lebanon

Dudon his squadron of adventurers brings,  
To aid the worthy and his徒 crew,  
Before the residue young Rinaldo brings  
As swift s fiery lightning kindled new,  
His argent eagle with her silver wings  
In field of laure fair Eremite knew,  
'See the , sir king ' he says, a knight as bold  
And brave, as was the son of Iulus old

38

" He wins the prize in joust and tournament,  
 His acts are numberless, though few his years,  
 If Europe six like him to war had sent  
 Among these thousand strong of Christen peers,  
 Syria were lost, lost were the Orient,  
 And all the lands the Southern Ocean wears,  
 Conquered were all hot Afric's twyny kings  
 And all that dwells by Nilus' unknown springs

39

" Rinaldo is his name, his arm'd fist  
 Breaks down stone walls, when iams and engines fail  
 But turn your eyes because I would you wist  
 What lord that is in green and golden mail,  
 Dudon he hight who guideth as him list  
 The adventurers' troop whose prowess sold doth fail,  
 High birth, grave years, and practice long in war,  
 And fearless heart, make him renown'd far

40

" See that big man thrt all in brown is bound,  
 Gernando called, the King of Norway's son  
 A prouder knight treads not on grass or ground,  
 His pride hath lost the praise his prowess won ,  
 And that kind pur in white ill arm'd round,  
 Is Edward and Gildipes, who begun  
 Through love the hazard of fierce war to prove,  
 Famous for arms, but famous more for love "

41

While thus they tell their foemen's worthiness,  
 The slaughter rageth in the plain at large  
 Tancred and young Rinaldo break the press,  
 They bruise the helm, and press the sevenfold targe,  
 The troop by Dudon led performed no less,  
 But in they come and give a furious charge  
 Argantes' self fell at one single blow,  
 Inglorious, bleeding lay, on earth full low

42

Nor had the boster ever risen more,  
 But thrt Rinaldo's horse even then down fell,  
 And with the fall his leg opprest so sore  
 That for a space ther must ne aigates dwell  
 Meanwhile the Pagan troops were nigh forlore,  
 Swiftly they fled, glad they escaped so well,  
 Argantes and with him Clorinda stout,  
 For brnk and bulwark served to save the rout

These fled the last, and with their force sustained  
 The Christians' rage, that followed them so near,  
 Their scattered troops to safety well they trained,  
 And while the residue fled, the brunt these bear,  
 Dudon pursued the victory he gained,  
 And on Tigranes nobly broke his spear,

43

Then with his sword headless to ground him cast,  
 So gardeners branches lop that spring too fast

Algazar's breastplate, of fine temper made,  
 Nor Corban's helmet, forged by magic art,  
 Could save their owners, for Lord Dudon's blade  
 Cleft Corban's head, and pierced Algazar's heart  
 And their proud souls down to the infernal shade,  
 From Amurath and Mahomet depart,

44

Not strong Argantes thought his life was sure,  
 He could not safely fly, nor fight secure

The angry Pagan bit his lips for teen,  
 He run, he stayed, he fled, he turned again,  
 Until at last unmarked, unviewed, unseen,  
 When Dudon had Almansor newly slain,  
 Within his side he sheathed his weapon keen,  
 Down fell the worthy on the dusty plain,  
 And lifted up his feeble eyes beneath,  
 Opprest with leaden sleep, of iron death

45

Three times he strove to view Heaven's golden ray,  
 And raised him on his feeble elbow thrice,  
 And thrice he tumbled on the lowly lay,  
 And three times closed again his dying eyes,  
 He speaks no word, yet makes his signs to pray,  
 He sighs, he funts, he groans, and then he dies,  
 Argantes proud to spoil the corpse disdained,  
 But shook his sword with blood of Dudon stained,

46

And turning to the Christian knights, he cried  
 "Lordlings, behold, this bloody reeking blade  
 Last night was given me by your noble guide,  
 Tell him what proof thereof this day is made,  
 Needs must this pierce him well that is betide,  
 That I so well can use this martial trade,  
 To whom so rare a gift he did present,  
 Tell him the workman fits the instrument

47

" If further proof thereof he long to see,  
 Say it still thirsts, and would his heart blood drink,  
 And if he haste not to encounter me,  
 Say I will find him when he leſt doth think  
 The Christians at his words enraged be,  
 But he to shun their ire doth safely shrink.  
 Under the shelter of the neighbour wall,  
 Well gaſeſed with his troops and ſoldiers all

48

Like storms of huſt the ſtones fell down from high,  
 Caſt from the bulwarks, flankers, ports and towers,  
 The ſhifts and quarries from their engines fly,  
 As thick as falling drops in April showers  
 The French withdrew, they liſt not press too nigh,  
 The Saracens escaped all the powers,  
 But now Rinaldo from the earth upleapt,  
 Where by the leg h's ſteed had long him kept;

49

He came and breathēd vengeance from his breast  
 Caſt him that noble Dudon late had ſluſh  
 And being come thus ſpake he to the rest,  
 " Warriors, why ſtand you gazing here in vain?  
 Pale death our valiant leader had oppreſt,  
 Come wreak his loss, whom bootless you complain  
 These walls are weak, they keep but cowards out  
 No rampier can withstand a courage stout

50

" Of double iron, brass or adamant,  
 Or if this wall were built of flaming fire,  
 Yet ſhould the Pagan vile a fortress wint  
 To ſhroud his coward head ſafe from mine ire,  
 Come follow then, and bid base fear avunt  
 The harder work deserves the greater hire  
 And with that word close to the walls he ſtruts,  
 Nor fears he arrows, quarries ſtones or darts

51

Above the waves is Neptune lit his eyes  
 To chide the winds that Trojan ſhips oppreſt,  
 And with his countenance calmed ſeas, winds and ſlues,  
 So looked Rinaldo, when he shook his crest  
 Before those walls each Pagan fears and flues  
 His dreidful ſight, or trembling stayed at least  
 Such dreid his awfull viſage on them cast  
 So ſeem poor doves at goshawls' ſight aghast.

52

The herald Lig ere now from Godfrey came,  
To will them stay and calm their courage hot,  
"Retire," quoth he, ' Godfrey commands the same,  
To wreak your ire this season fitteth not  
Though loth, Rinaldo staycd, and stopped the flume,  
That boiled in his hardy stomach hot,  
His bridled fury grew thereby more fell,  
So rivers, stopped, above their banks do swell

The bands retire, not dangered by their foes  
In their retreat, so wise were they and war,  
Ta murdered Dudon each lamenting goes,  
From wontd use of ruth they list not vary  
Upon their friendly arms they soft impose  
The noble burden of his corpse to carry  
Meanwhile Godfredo from a mountain great  
Beheld the sacred city and her seat

Hierusalem is seated on two hills  
Of height unlike, and turn'd side to side,  
The space between, a gentle valley fills,  
From mount to mount expans'd fair and wide  
Three sides are sure imbarred with crags and hills,  
The rest is easy, scant to rise espi'd  
But mighty bulwarks fence that plun'ry part,  
So art helps nature, nature strengtheneth art

The town is stored of troughs and cisterns, made  
To keep fresh water, but the country seems  
Devoid of grass, unfit for ploughmen's trade,  
Not fertile, moist with rivers, wells and streams,  
There grow few trees to make the summer's shade,  
To shield the parch'd land from scorching beams,  
Save that a wood stand, six miles from the town,  
With aged cedars dark, and shadows brown

By east, among the dusty valleys, glide  
The silver streams of Jordun's crystal flood,  
By west, the Midland Sea, with bounders tied  
Of sandy shores where Joppa whilom stood,  
In south Samaria stands, and on that side,  
The gold n e're w is reared in bethel wood,  
Beth' m by outa, where Christ incarnate w is,  
A pearl in a cell, a diamond set in brass,

54

55

56

57

While thus the Duke on every side descried  
 The city's strength, the walls and gates about,  
 And saw where least the same was fortified,  
 Where weakest seemed the walls to keep him out,  
 Erminia as he arm'd rode, him spied,  
 And thus bespake the heathen tyrant stout,

58

"See Godfrey there, in purple clad and gold,  
 His stately port, and princely look behold

"Well seems he born to be with honour crowned,  
 So well the loue he knows of regiment,  
 Peerless in fight, in counsel grave and sound,  
 The double gift of glory excellent,  
 Among these armies is no warrior found  
 Graver in speech, bolder in tournament

59

Raymond pardie in counsel wricht him might,  
 Tancred and young Rinaldo like in fight"

To whom the king "He likes me well therefore,  
 I knew him whilom in the court of France  
 When I from Egypt went ambassador,  
 I saw him there break many a sturdy lance,  
 And yet his chin no sign of manhood bore,  
 His youth was forward, but with governance,  
 His words his actions, and his portance brave,  
 Of future virtue, timely tokenes gave

60

"Presages, ah too true" with that a space  
 He sighed for grief, then said, "Fain would I know  
 The man in red, with such a knightly grace,  
 A worthy lord he seemeth by his show,  
 How like to Godfrey looks he in the face,  
 How like in person! but some deal more low"  
 "Baldwin, quoth she, "that noble baron hight,  
 By birth his brother, and his match in might

61

"Next look on him that seems for counsel fit,  
 Whose silver locks betray his store of days,  
 Raymond he hight, a man of wondrous wit,  
 Of Toulouse lord, his wisdom is his pruse,  
 What he forethinks doth, as he looks for, hit,  
 His stratagems have good success always  
 With gilded helm beyond him rides the mild  
 And good Prince William England's king's dear child

62

"With him is Guelpho, as his noble mate,  
 In birth, in acts, in arms alike the rest,  
 I know him well, since I beheld him late,  
 By his broad shoulder, and his squared breast  
 But my proud foe that quite hath ruin'd  
 My high estate, and Antioch opprest,  
 I see not, Boemond, that to death did bring  
 Mine aged lord, my father, and my king"

63

Thus talk'd they, meanwhile Godfredo went  
 Down to the troops that in the valley staid,  
 And for in vain he thought the labour spent,  
 To assail those parts that to the mountains laid,  
 Against the northern gate his force he bent,  
 Unst it he camped against it his engines played,  
 All felt the fury of his angry power,  
 That from those gates lies to the corner tower:

64

The town's third part was this, or little less,  
 Forc which the duke his glorious ensigns spread,  
 For so great compass had that fortress,  
 That round it could not be environed  
 With narrow siege—nor Babel's king I guess  
 That whilom took it, such an army led—  
 But all the ways he kept, by which his foe  
 Might to or from the city come or go

65

His care was next to cast the trenches deep,  
 So to preserve his resting camp by night,  
 Lest from the city while his soldiers sleep  
 They might assail them with untimely fight  
 This done he went where lords and princes weep  
 With dire complaints about the murdered knight,  
 Where Dudon dead lay slaughtered on the ground  
 And all the soldiers sat lamenting round

66

His weeping friends adorned the mournful bier  
 With woeful pomp, whereto his corpse they laid  
 And when they saw the Bullogne prince drew near,  
 His face wet, grief and each new sorrow made,  
 But he, withouten show or chance of cheer,  
 His weeping tears within their fountains stayed,  
 His rueful looks upon the corpse he cast  
 Awhile and then I esp'ke the same at last

67

"We need not mourn for thee, here laid to rest,  
 Earth is thy bed, and not the grave the skies  
 Are for thy soul the cradle and the nest,  
 There live, for here thy glory never dies  
 For like a Christian knight and champion blest  
 Thou didst both live and die now feed thine eyes  
 With thy Redeemer's sight, where crowned with bliss  
 Thy faith, zeal, merit, well deserving is

68

"Our loss, not thine, provokes these plaints and tears  
 For when we lost thee, then our ship her mast,  
 Our chariot lost her wheels, their points our spears,  
 The bird of conquest her chief feather cast  
 But though thy death far from our army bears  
 Her chiefest earthly aid, in heaven yet placed  
 Thou wilt procure us help Divine, so reaps  
 He that sows godly sorrow, joy by heaps.

69

"For if our God the Lord Almighty  
 Those arm'd angels in our aid down send  
 That were at Dothun to his prophet sent,  
 Thou wilt come down with them, and well defend  
 Our host, and with thy sacred weapons bent  
 Against Sion's fort, these gates and bulwarks read,  
 That so thy hand may win this hold, and we  
 May in these temples praise our Christ for thee."

70

Thus he complained, but now the sable shade  
 Ycleped night, had thick enveloped  
 The sun in veil of double darkness made,  
 Sleep, eas'd care, rest, brought complaint to bed,  
 All night the wary duke devising lud  
 How that high wall should best be battered,  
 How his strong engines he might aptly flame,  
 And whence get timber fit to build the same

71

Up with the lark the sorrowful duke arose,  
 A mourner chief at Dudon's burial,  
 Of cypress sad a pile his friends compose  
 Under a hill o'ergrown with cedars tall,  
 Beside the hearse a fruitful palm tree grows,  
 Unnobled since by this great funeral,  
 Where Dudon's corpse they softly laid in ground,  
 The priest sung hymns, the soldiers wept around.

72

Among the boughs, they here and there bestow  
 Ensigns and arms as witness of his praise,  
 Which he from Pagan lords, that did them owe,  
 Had won in prosperous fights and happy frays.  
 His shield they fixed on the bale below,  
 And there this distich under wnt, which says,

" This palm with stretchéd arms, doth overspread  
 The champion Dudon's glorious carcase dead "

This work performed with advisement good,      74  
 Goatfrey his carpenter, and men of skill  
 In all the camp, sent to an agéd wood,  
 With convoy meet to guard them safe from ill  
 Within a valley deep this forest stood,  
 To Christian eyes unseen, unknown, until  
     A Syman told the duke, who thither sent  
     Those chosen workmen that for timber wént

And now the axe raged in the forest wild,      75  
 The echo sighed in the groves unseen,  
 The weeping nymphs fled from the r bowers exiled,  
 Down fell the shady tops of shaking tress,  
 Down came the sacred palms, the ashes wild  
 The funeral cypress, holly ever green,  
     The weeping fir, thick beech, and sailing pine,  
     The married elm fell with his fruitful vine

The shooter yew, the broad leaved sycamore  
 The burten plantain, and the walnut sound  
 The myrrh, that her foul sin doth still deplore,  
 The alder owner of all waterish ground,  
 Sweet juniper, whose shadow hurteth sore,  
 Proua cedar oíl, the king of forests crowned  
     Thus fell the trees with noise the deserts roar  
     The beasts, their caves, the birds, their nests forlore

## The Fourth Book

of

# GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

### THE ARGUMENT

Satan his fiends and spirits assemblieh all,  
And sends them forth to work the Christians woe.  
False Hidraent their aid from hell doth call,  
And sends Arimunda to entrap his foe.  
She tells her birth, her fortune and her fall,  
Asks aid, allure and wins the worthies so  
That they consent her enterprise to prove,  
She wins them with deceit, craft, beauty, love.

WHILE thus their work went on with lucky speed,  
And rear'd rams their horned fronts advance,  
The Ancient Foe to man, and mortal seed,  
His wanish eyes upon them bent askance,  
And when he saw their labours well succeed,  
He wept for rage, and threatened dire mischance,  
He choked his curses, to himself he spake,  
Such noise wild bulls that softly bellow make

I

2

At last resolving in his damned thought  
To find some let to stop their warlikefeat,  
He gave command his Princes should be brought  
Before the throne of his infernal seat.  
O fool! as if it were a thing of nought  
God to resist, or change his purpose great,  
Who on his foes doth thunder in his ire,  
Whose arrows hailstones be and coals of fire

The dreary trumpet blew a dreadful blast,  
And rumbled through the lands and kingdoms under,  
Through wasteness wide it roared, and hollows vast,  
And filled the deep with horror, fear and wonder,  
Not half so dreadful noise the tempests cast,  
That fall from skies with storms of hail and thunder,  
Not half so loud the whistling winds do sing,  
Broke from the earthen prisons of their King.

The peers of Pluto's realm assembled been  
Amid the palace of their angry King,  
In hideous forms and shapes, tofore unseen,  
That fear, death, terror and amazement bring,  
With ugly paws some trample on the green,  
Some gnaw the snakes that on their shoulders hang,  
And some their forked tails stretch forth on high,  
And tear the twinkling stars from trembling sky

There were Silenus' foul and loathsome route,  
There Sphinges, Centaurs, there were Gorgons fell,  
There howling Scillas, yawning round about,  
There serpents hiss, there seven-mouthed Hydras yell,  
Chimera there spues fire and brunstone out,  
And Polyphemus blind supporteth hell,  
Besides ten thousand monsters therem dwells  
Misshaped, unlike themselves, and like nought else.

About their prince each took his wonted seat  
On thrones red hot, ybuilt of burning brass,  
Pluto in middest heaved his trident great,  
Of rusty iron huge that forged was,  
The rocks on which the salt sea billows beat,  
And Atlas' tops, the clouds in height that pass,  
Compared to his huge person mole-hills be,  
So his rough front, his horns so lifted be

The tyrant proud frowned from his lofty cell,  
And with his looks made all his monsters tremble,  
His eyes, that full of rage and venom swell,  
Two beacons seem, that men to arms assemble,  
His festered locks, that on his bosom fell,  
On rugged mountains briars and thorns resemble,  
His yawning mouth, that foamed clotted blood,  
Gaped like a whirlpool wide in Stygian flood,

And as Mount Etna vomits sulphur out,  
 With clifts of burning crags, and fire and smoke,  
 So from his mouth flew kindled coals about,  
 Hot sparks and smells that man and beast would choke,  
 The gnairing porter durst not whine for doubt,  
 Still were the Furies, while their sovereign spoke,  
 And swift Cocytus stayed his murmur shrill,  
 While thus the murderer thundered out his will

Ye powers infernal, worthier far to sit  
 About the sun, where ye your offspring take,  
 Witl me that whilom, through the welkin fit,  
 Down tumbled headlong to this empty lake,  
 Our former glory still remember it,  
 Our bold attempts and war we once did make  
 Gunst him, that rules above the starry sphere,  
 For which like traitors we lie damned here

" And now instead of clear and gladsome sky,  
 Of Titan's brightness, that so glorious is,  
 In this deep darkness lo we helpless lie,  
 Hopeless again to joy our former bliss,  
 And more, which makes my griefs to multiply,  
 That sinful creature man elected is,  
 And in our place the heavens possess he must,  
 Vile man, begot of clay, and born of dust.

" Nor this sufficed, but that he also gave  
 His only Son, his darling to be slain,  
 To conquer so hell, death, sin and the grave,  
 And man condemned to restore again,  
 He brake our prisons and would algates save  
 The souls that here should dwell in woe and pain,  
 And now in heaven with him they live always  
 With endless glory crowned, and lasting praise

" But why recount I thus our passed harms ?  
 Remembrance fresh makes weakened sorrows strong,  
 Expulsd were we with injurious arms  
 From those due honours, us of right belong  
 But let us leave to speak of these alarms,  
 And bend our forces against our present wrong  
 Ah ! see you not how he attempted hath  
 To bring all lands, all nations to his faith ?

"Then, let us careless spend the day and night,  
Without regard what hap, what comes or goes  
Let Asia subject be to Christians' might,  
A prey be Sion to her conquering foes,  
Let her adore again her Christ aright,  
Who her before all nations whilom chose,  
In brazen tables be his lone ywrit,  
And let all tongues and lands acknowledge it

13

"So shall our sacred altars 'll be his,  
Our holy idols tumbled in the mould,  
To him the wretched man that sinful is  
Shall pray, and offer incense, myrrh and gold,  
Our temples shall their costly deckings miss,  
With naked walls and pillars freezing cold,  
Tribute of souls shall end, and our estate,  
Or Pluto reign in Kingdoms desolate

14

"Oh, be not then the courage perished clean,  
That whilom dwelt within your hu\_mity thought,  
When, armed with shining fire and weapons keen,  
Against the angels of proud Heaven we fough\_t,  
I grint we fell on the Phlegrian green,  
Yet good our cause was, though our fortune nought,  
For chance assisteth oft the ignoblest part,  
We lost the field, yet lost we not our heart

15

"Go then, my strength, my hope, my Spurts go  
These western rebels with your power withstand,  
Pluck up these weeds, before they overgrow  
The gentle garden of the Hebrews' land,  
Quench out this spark before it kindle so  
That Asia burn, consumed with the baird  
Use open force or secret guile unsp ed,  
For craft is virtue gainst a foe defied

16

"Among the knights and worthies of their train,  
Let some like outlaws wander uncouth ways,  
Let some be slain in field, let some again  
Make oracles of women's yeas and nays,  
And pine in foolish love, let some complain  
On Godfrey's rule, and mutinies gainst him raise  
Turn each one's sword ag'inst his fellow's heart,  
Thus kill them all or spoil the greatest part'

17

Before his words the tyrant ended had,  
 The lesser devils arose with ghastly roar,  
 And thronged forth about the world to gad,  
 Each land they filled, river, stream and shore,  
 Till goblins, faires, fiends and furies mad,  
 Ranged in flowery dales, and mountains hoar,  
 And under every trembling leaf they sit,  
 Between the solid earth and welkin fit

About the world they spread forth far and wide,  
 Filling the thoughts of each ungodly heart  
 With secret mischief, anger, hate and pride,  
 Wounding lost souls with sin's empoisoned dart.  
 But say, my Muse, recount whence first they tried  
 To hurt the Christian lords, and from what part,  
 Thou knowest of things performed so long agone,  
 Thus latter age hears little truth or none

The town Damascus and the lards about  
 Ruled Hidraort, a wizard grave and sage,  
 Acquainted well with all the damned rout  
 Of Pluto's reign, even from his tender age,  
 Yet of this war he could not figure out  
 The wished ending, or success presage,  
 For neither stars above, nor powers of hell,  
 Nor skill, nor art, nor charm, nor devil could tell.

And yet he thought,—O vain conceit of man,  
 Which as thou wishest judgest things to come!—  
 That the French host to sure destruction ran,  
 Condemned quite by Heaven's eternal doom  
 He thinks no force withstand or vanquish can  
 The Egyptian strength, and therefore would that some  
 Both of the prey and glory of the fight  
 Upon this Syrian folk would haply light

But for he held the Frenchmen's worth in prize,  
 And feared the doubtful gain of bloody war,  
 He, that was closely false and shily wise,  
 Cast how he might annoy them most from far  
 And as he gan upon this point devise,—  
 As counsellors in ill still ne'erest are,—  
 At hand was Satan, ready ere men need,  
 If once they think, to make them do, the deed

He counselled him how best to hunt his game,  
What dart to cast, what net, what toil to pitch.  
A niece he had, a nice and tender dame,  
Peerless in wit, in nature's blessings rich,  
To all deceit she could her beauty frame,  
False, fair and young, a virgin and a witch;  
To her he told the sum of this enterprise,  
And praised her thus, for she was fair and wise.

"My dear, who underneath these locks of gold,  
And native brightness of thy lovely hue,  
Hidest grave thoughts, ripe wit, and wisdom old,  
More skill than I, in all mine arts untrue,  
To thee my purpose great I must unfold,  
This enterprise thy cunning must pursue,  
Weave thou to end this web which I begin,  
I will the distaff hold, come thou and spin

"Go to the Christians' host, and there assay  
All subtle sleights that women use in love,  
Shed brinish tears, sob, sigh, entreat and pray,  
Wring thy fair hands, cast up thine eyes above,  
For mourning beauty hath much power, men say,  
The stubborn hearts with pity frail to move,  
Look pale for dread, and blush sometime for shame,  
In seeming truth thy lies will soonest frame.

"Take with the bait Lord Godfrey, if thou may'st,  
Frame snares of look, strains of alluring speech,  
For if he love, the conquest then thou hast,  
Thus purposed war thou may'st with ease impeach,  
Else lead the other Lords to deserts waste,  
And hold them slaves far from their leader's reach  
Thus taught he her, and for conclusion, saith,  
"All things are lawful for our lands and faith"

The sweet Armida took this charge on hand,  
A tender piece for beauty, sex and age  
The sun was sunken underneath the land,  
When she began her wanton pilgrimage,  
In silken weeds she trusteth to withstand,  
And conquer knights in warlike equipage,  
Of their night umbling drome the Saracins prated,  
Some good, some bad, as they her loved or hated

With a few days the nymph arrived there  
 Where puissant Godfrey hid his tents upright;  
 Upon her strange nature and visage clear,  
 Cried each soldier, grieved every knight  
 As when a comet doth in skies appear,  
 The people stand amazed at the sight,  
 So wondered they, and each at other sought,  
 What mister wight she was, and whence brought

~8

Yet never eve to Cupid's service vowed  
 Beheld a face of such a lovely pride  
 A tinsel veil her amber locks did shroud,  
 That strove to cover what it could not hide,  
 The golden sun behind a silver cloud,  
 So streameth out his beams on every side,  
 The marble goddess, set at Cnidos, naked  
 She seemed, were she unclothed, or that awaked

29

The gamesome wind among her tresses plays,  
 And curleth up those glowing riches short,  
 Her spareful eye to spread his beams denays,  
 But keeps his shot where Cupid keeps his fort,  
 The rose and lily on her cheek assays  
 To punt true farness out in bravest sort,  
 Her lips, where blooms nought but the single rose,  
 Still blush for still they kiss while still they close

30

Her breasts, two hills o'erspread with purest snow,  
 Sweet smooth and sapple, soft and gently swelling,  
 Between them lies a milken dale below,  
 Where love, youth, gladness, whiteness make their dwelling,  
 Her breasts half hid, and half were laid to show,  
 Her envious vesture greedy sight repelling,  
 So was the wanton clad, as if this much  
 Should please the eye the rest unseen, the touch

31

As when the sunbeams dive through Tagus' wave  
 To spy the store house of his springing gold,  
 Love piercing thought so through her mantle drove,  
 And in her gentle bosom wandered bold,  
 It viewed the wondrous beauty virgins have,  
 And all to fond desire with vantage told  
 Alas! what hope is left, to quench his fire  
 That kindled is by sight, blown by desire

32

Thus prisséd she, praised, wished, and wondered at, 33  
 Among the troops who there encampéd lay,  
 She smiled for joy, but well dissembled that,  
 Her greedy eye chose out her wished prey,  
 On all her gestures seeming virtue sat,  
 Towards the imperial tent she asked the way.

With that she met a bold and lovesome knight,  
 Lord Godfrey's youngest brother, Eustace hight.

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare, 34  
 He saw her fair, and hoped to find her kind,  
 The throne of Cupid had an easy stair.  
 His barque is fit to sail with every wind,  
 The breach he makes no wisdom can repair  
 With reverence meet the baron low inclined,  
 And thus his purpose to the virgin told  
 For youth, use, nature, all had made him bold

"Lady, if thee beseem a stile so low,  
 In whose sweet looks such sacred beauty shine,—  
 For never yet did Heaven such grace bestow  
 On any daughter born of Adam's line—  
 Thy name let us, though far unworthy, know,  
 Unfold thy will, and whence thou art in fine,  
 Lest my audacious boldness learn too late  
 What honours due become thy high estate"

"Sir Knight," quoth she, "your praises reach too high 36  
 Above her merit you commenden so,  
 A hapless mud I am, both born to die  
 And dead to joy, that live in care and woe,  
 A virgin helpless, fugitive pardie,  
 My native soil and kingdom thus forego  
 To seek Duke Godfrey's aid, such store men tell  
 Of virtuous ruth doth in his bosom dwell

"Conduct me then that mighty duke before,  
 If you be courteous, sir, as well you seem"  
 "Content," quoth he, "since of one womb ybore,  
 We brothers are, our fortune good esteem  
 To encounter me whose word prevailth moe  
 In Godfrey's hearing than von hapy deem  
 Mine aid I grant, and his I promise too,  
 All that his sceptre, or my sword can do'

He led her easily forth when this was said,  
 Where Godfrey sat among his lords and peers,  
 She reverence did then blushed, as one dismayed  
 To speak, for secret wanis and inward fears,  
 It seemed a bashful shame her speeches stayed,  
 At last the courteous duke her gently cheers,  
 Silence was made, and she began her tale,  
 They sit to hear, thus sung this nightingale

38

"Victorious prince, whose honourable name  
 Is held so great among our Pagan kings,  
 That to those lands thou dost by conquest tame  
 That thou hast won them some content it brings,  
 Well known to all is thy immortal fame,  
 The earth, thy worth thy foe, thy praises sings,  
 And Pagans wronged come to seek thine aid,  
 So doth thy virtue, so thy power persuade.

39

"And I though bred in Macon's heathenish lot,  
 Which thou opprestest with thy puissant might,  
 Yet trust thou wilt in helpless maid restore,  
 And reposess her in her father's right  
 Others in their distress do aid implore  
 Of him and friends, but I in this sad plight  
 Invoke thy help, my kingdom to invade,  
 So doth thy virtue, so my need persuade.

40

"In thee I hope, thy succours I invoke,  
 To win the crown whence I am dispossess'd,  
 For like renown awaiteh on the stroke  
 To cast the haughty down or raise the opprest,  
 Nor greater glory brings a sceptre bore,  
 Than doth deliverance of a maid distrest,  
 And since thou canst at will perform the thing,  
 More is thy praise to make, than kill a king

41

"But if thou wouldest thy succours due excuse,  
 Because in Christ I have no hope nor trust,  
 Ah yet for virtue's sake thy virtue use !  
 Who scorneth gold because it lies in dust ?  
 Be witness Heaven, if thou to grant refuse,  
 Thou dost forsake a maid in cause most just,  
 And for thou shalt it large my fortunes know,  
 I will my wrongs and their great treasons show

42

"Prince Arbilan that reigned in his life  
On fair Damascus, was my noble sire,  
Born of mean race he was, yet got to wife  
The Queen Charicia, such was the fire  
Of her hot love, but soon the fatal knife  
Had cut the thread that kept them joys entire,  
For so mishap her cruel lot had cast,  
My birth, her death, my first day, was her last

43

"And ere five years were fully come and gone  
Since his dear spouse to hasty death did yield,  
My father also died, consumed with moan,  
And sought his love amid the Elysian field,  
His crown and me poor orphan, left alone,  
Mine uncle governed in my tender eild  
For well he thought, if mortal men have faith,  
In brother's breast true love his mansion hath

44

"He took the charge of me and of the crown,  
And with kind shows of love so brought to pass  
That through Damascus greet report was blown  
How good, how just, how kind mine uncle was,  
Whether he kept his wicked hate unknown  
And hid the serpent in the flowering grass,  
Or that true faith did in his bosom won,  
Because he meant to match me with his son

45

"Which son, within short while, did undertake  
Degree of knighthood, as beseemed him well,  
Yet never durst he for his lady's sake  
Break sword or lance, advance in lofty sell,  
As fair he was, as Citherea's make,  
As proud as he that signoriseth hell,  
In fashions wayward, and in love unkind  
For Cupid deigns not wound a curvish mind

46

"This paragon should Queen Annida wed,  
A goodly swain to be a princess' fere,  
A lovely partner of a lady's bed,  
A noble head a golden crown to wear  
His glosing stro his errand duly said,  
And sugared speeches whispered in mine ear  
To make me take this darlin, in mine arms  
But still the riddar stood her ears from chunnas

47

38

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 A lovely partner of a lady's bed,  
 A noble head a golden crown to wear  
 His glozing sire his errand duly said,  
 And sweet speeches whispered in mine ear  
 To make me take this doting in mine arms  
 But still the adder stot her ears from charm,

48

At last he left me with a troubled grace,  
 Through which transparent was his inward spite,  
 Methought I read the story in his face  
 Of these mishaps that on me since have light,  
 Since that foul spirits haunt my resting place,  
 And ghastly visions break my sleep by night,  
 Grief horror fear my fainting soul did kill,  
 For so my mind foreshadowed my comin<sub>g</sub> ill

49

Three times the shape of my dear mother came,  
 Pale, sad, & smayed, to warn me in my dream,  
 Alas, how far transformed from the same  
 Whose eyes shone erst like Titan's glorious beam  
 'Daughter,' she says 'fly, fly, behold thy dame  
 Foreshows the treasons of thy wretched emme,  
 Who poison gaunt thy harmless life provides'  
 This said, to shapeless air unseen she glides.

50

"But what avail high walls or bulwarks strong,  
 Where fainting cowards have the piece to guard?  
 My sex too weak mine age was all too young,  
 To undertake alone a work so hard,  
 To wander wild the desert woods among,  
 A banished maid, of wonted ease debarred,  
 So grievous seemed, that liefer we e my death,  
 And there to expire where first I diew my breath

51

I feared deadly evil if long I stayed,  
 And yet to fly had neither will nor power,  
 Nor durst my heart declare it waxed afraid,  
 Lest so I hasten might my dying hour  
 Thus restless waited I unhappy maid,  
 What hand should first pluck up my springing flower,  
 Even as the wretch condemned to lose his life  
 Awaits the falling of the murdering knife

52

\* In these extremes, for so my fortune would  
 Perchance preserve me to my further ill,  
 One of my noble father's servants old  
 That for his goodness bore his child good will,  
 With store of tears this treason gan unfold  
 And sud my guardian would his pupil kill,  
 And that himself, if promise made be kept  
 Should give me poison dire ere next I slept

" And further told me, if I wished to live,  
 I must convey myself by secret flight,  
 And offered then all succours he could give  
 To aid his mistress, banished from her right  
 His words of comfort, few to chuse drive,  
 The dread of death made lesser dangers light  
 So we concluded, when the shadows dim  
 Obscured the earth I should depart with him

53

" Of close escapes the aged patroness,  
 Blacker than erst, her sable mantle spread,  
 When with two trusty muids, in great distress,  
 Both from mine uncle and my realm I fled,  
 Oft looked I back, but hardly could suppress  
 Thos strewns of tears, mine eyes unceasant shed,  
 For when I looked on my kingdom lost,  
 It was a grief, a death, an hell almost

54

" My steeds drew on the burden of my limbs,  
 But still my looks, my thoughts, drew back as fast,  
 So fare the men, that from the heaven's brim,  
 Far out to sea, by sudden storm are cast,  
 Swift o'er the grass the rolling chariot swims,  
 Through ways unknown, all night, all day we haste  
 At last, nigh tired, a castle strong we find,  
 The utmost border of my native land

55

" The fort Arontes was, for so the knight  
 Was calld, that my deliverance thus had wrought,  
 But when the tyrant saw, by untrue flight  
 I had escaped the treasons of his thought,  
 The rage increased in the curséd wight  
 Gaint me, and him, that me to safety brought,  
 And us accused, we would have poisoned  
 Him, but desir'd, to save our lives we fled

56

" And that in lieu of his approved truth,  
 To poison him I hired had my guide,  
 That he dispatch'd, mine unbridled youth  
 Milt range at will, in no subjection tied  
 And that each night I slept—O foul untruth!—  
 Mine honour lost by this Arontes' side  
 But Heaven I pray send down revenging fire,  
 When so base love shall change my chaste desire

57

" Not that he sitteth on my regal throne  
 Nor that he thirst to drink my lukewarm blood,  
 So grieve me, as this despite alone,  
 That my renown which ever blameless stood,  
 Hath lost the light wherewith it always shone  
 With forged lies he makes his tale so good,  
 And holds my subjects hearts in such suspense,  
 That none takes armour for their queen's defence

" And though he do my regal throne possess,  
 Clothéd in purple crowned with burnished gold,  
 Yet is his hate, his rancour, ne'er the less,  
 Since nought assuageth malice when 'tis old  
 He threatens to burn Arontes' fortress,  
 And murder him unless he yield the hold,  
 And me and mine threats not with war, but death,  
 Thus causeless hatred, endless is beneath

" And so he trusts to wish away the stain,  
 And hide his shameful fact with mine offence,  
 And saith he will restore the throne again  
 To his late honour and due excellence,  
 And therefore would I should be algates slain,  
 For while I live, his right is in suspense  
 This is the cause my guiltless life is sought,  
 For on my ruin is his safety wrought

" And let the tyrant have his heart's desire,  
 Let him perform the cruelty he meant,  
 My guiltless blood must quench the ceaseless fire  
 On which my endless tears were bootless spent,  
 Unless thou help, to thee, renowned Sire,  
 I fly, a virgin, orphan, innocent,  
 And let these tears that on thy feet distil,  
 Redecm the drops of blood, he thirsts to spill.

" By these thy glorious feet, that tread secure  
 On necks of tyrants, by thy conquests brave,  
 By that right hand and by those temples pure  
 Thou seek st to free from Micon's lore, I crave  
 Help for this sickness none but thou canst cure,  
 My life and kingdom let thy mercy save  
 From death and ruin but in vain I prove thee,  
 If right, if truth, if justice cannot move thee

"Thou who dost all thou wishest, at thy will,  
And never willest aught but what is right,  
Preserve this guiltless blood they seek to spill,  
Thine be my kingdom, save it with thy might  
Among these captains, lords, and knights of skill,  
Appoint me ten, approved most in fight,  
Who with assistance of my friends and kin,  
May serve my kingdom lost again to win

"For lo a knight, that had a gate to ward,  
A man of chiefest trust about his king,  
Hath promised so to beguile the guard  
That me and mine he undertakes to bring  
Safe, where the tyrant haply sleepeth hard  
He counselled me to undertake this thing,  
Of thee some little succour to intent,  
Whose name alone accomplish can thefeat"

This said, his answer did the nymph attend,  
Her looks, her sighs, her gestures all did pray him  
But Godfrey wisely did his grunt suspend,  
He doubts the worst, and that awhile did stay him,  
He knows, who fears no God, he loves no friend,  
He fears the heathen false would thus betray him  
But yet such ruth dwelt in his princely mind,  
That against his wisdom, pity made him kind

Besides the kindness of his gentle thought,  
Ready to comfort each distressed wight,  
The maiden's offer profit with it brought,  
For if the Syrian kingdom were her right,  
That won, the way were easy, which he sought,  
To bring all Asia subject to his might  
There might he reuse munition, arms and treasure,  
To work the Egyptian King and his displeasure

Thus was his noble heart long time betwixt  
Fear and remorse, not granting nor denying,  
Upon his eyes the dame her lookings tried,  
As if her life and death lay on his swing  
Some tears she shed, with sighs and sobbings moved  
As if her hopes were dead through his delay.  
At last her earnest suit the duke denied  
But with sweet words thus would content the mind

"If not in service of our God we fought,  
 In meaner quarrel if this sword were shaken,  
 Well might thou gather in thy gentle thought,  
 So far a p' ince ss should not be forsaken,  
 But since these armies, from the world's end brought,  
 To free this sacred town have undertaken,  
 It were unfit we turned our strength awry,  
 And victory, even in her coming, stay

"I promise thee, and on my princely word  
 The burden of thy wish and hope repose,  
 That when this chosen temple of the Lord,  
 Her holy doors shall to his saints unclose  
 In rest and peace, then this victorious sword  
 Shall execute due vengeance on thy foes,  
 But if for pity of a worldly dame  
 I left this work, such pity were my shame"

At this the princess bent her eyes to ground  
 And stood unmoved, though not unmoved, a space,  
 The secret bleeding of her inward wound  
 Shed heavenly dew upon her angel's face  
 "Poor wretch" quoth she, "in tears and sorrows drowned  
 Death be thy peace, the grave thy resting-place,  
 Since such thy hap that lest thou mercy find  
 The gentlest heart on earth is proved unkind

"Where none attends what boots it to complain?  
 Men's foward hearts are moved with women's tears  
 As marble stones are pierced with drops of rain,  
 No plaints find passage through unwilling ears  
 The tyrant, h'pily would his wrath restrain  
 Heard he these pryers ruthless Godfrey heus,  
 Yet not thy fault is this, my chnce, I see  
 Hath made even pity, pitiless in thee

"So both thy goodness, and good hap denayed me,  
 Grief, sorrow, misclief care, hath overthrown me  
 The star that ruled my birthdy hath betrayed me,  
 My genius sees his charge, but dires not own me,  
 Of queen like state, my flight hath disaraved me  
 My father died, ere he five years had known me,  
 My kingdom lost, and lastly resteth now,  
 Down with the tree sith brol e is every bough

" And for the modest lore of maidenhood,  
 Bids me not sojourn with these armed men,  
 O whither shall I fly what secret wood  
 Shall hide me from the tyrant? or what den  
 What rock, what vault what cave can do me good?  
 No, no, where death is sure, it resteth then  
 To scorn his power and be it therefore seen,  
 Armida lived, and died both like a queen '

73

With that she looked as if a proud disdain  
 Kindled displeasure in her noble mind,  
 The way she came she turned her steps again,  
 With gesture sad but in disdainful kind,  
 A tempest railed down her cheeks a main,  
 With tears of woe, and sighs of anger's wind,  
 The drops her footsteps wash, wherein she treads  
 And seems to step on pearls, or crystal beads

74

Her cheeks on which this streaming nectar fell,  
 Stilled through the limbeck of her diamond eyes,  
 The roses white and red resembled well,  
 When the rory May dew sprinkled lies  
 When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell  
 And breatheth balm from opened paradise  
 Thus sighed thus mourned, thus wept this lovely Queen  
 And in each drop bathed a grace unseen

75

Thrice twenty Cupids unperceived flew  
 To gather up this liquor ere it fill  
 And of each drop an arrow forged new,  
 Else, as it can, snatched up the crystal ball,  
 And at rebellious hearts for wildfire threw  
 O wondrous love! thou makest gun of all,  
 For if she weeping sit or smiling stand,  
 She bends thy bow, or kindleth else thy brand

76

This forged plumb drew forth unfeigned tears,  
 From many eyes, and pierced each worthy's heart,  
 Each one condoleth with her that her hours  
 And of her grief would help her bear the smart  
 If Godfrey aid her no, not one but swears  
 Some tigress gave him such a roughest part  
 Midst the side crags, on Alpine cliff aloft  
 Hard is that art which bears in the not soft

77

But jolly Eustace, in whose breast the brand  
 Of love and pity kindled had the flame,  
 While others softly whispered underhand,  
 Before the duke with comely boldness came  
 ' Brother and lord, quoth he, " too long you stand  
 In your first purpose, yet vouchsafe to frame  
 Your thoughts to ours, and lend this virgin aid  
 Thanks we half lost when good turns are delayed

78

" And think not that Eustace's talk assays  
 To turn these forces from this present war,  
 Or that I wish you should your armies ruse  
 From Sion's walls, my speech tends not so far  
 But we that venture all for fame and praise,  
 That to no charge nor service bounden we,  
 Forth of our troop may ten well spared be  
 To succour her, which nought can weaken thee

79

" And know, they shall in God's high service fight,  
 That virgins innocent save and defend  
 Dear will the spoils be in the Heaven's sight,  
 That from a tyrant's hateful head we rend  
 Nor seemed I forwud in this lady's right,  
 With hope of gain or profit in the end,  
 But for I know he arms unworthy bears,  
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80

" Ah ! be it not pardie declared in France,  
 Or elsewhere told where courtesy is in prize,  
 That we forsook so fair a chevisance,  
 For doubt or fear that might from fight arise,  
 Else here surrender I both sword and lance,  
 And swear no more to use this martial guise,  
 For ill deserves he to be termed a knight,  
 That bears a blunt sword in a lady's right "

81

Thus parleyed he, and with confuséd sound,  
 The rest approv'd what the gallant said,  
 Their general their knights encompassed round,  
 With humble grice, and earnest suit they prayed  
 " I yield, " quoth he, " and it be happy found,  
 What I have granted, let her have your aid  
 Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger is,  
 If aught succeed, as much I fear, amiss

82

" But if with you my words may credit find,  
 O tempeſt then this heat misguides you ſo ! "  
 Thus much he ſaid, but they with fancy blind,  
 Accept his grant, and let his counſel go  
 What worl's not beautv, man's relenting mind  
 Is euen to move with plaints and ſhows of woe  
 Her lips cast forth a chain of ſugared words,  
 That captive led moſt of the Christian lords

83

Eustace recalled her, and bespake her thus  
 " Beauſty's chief darling, let these ſorrows be,  
 For ſuch assistance ſhall you find in us  
 As with your need, or will, my best agree "  
 With that ſhe cheered her forehead dolorous,  
 And ſmiled for joy, that Phœbus bluſhed to ſee,  
 And had ſhe deigned her veiſ to remove,  
 The god himſelf once more had fallen in love

84

With that ſhe broke the ſilence once again,  
 And gave the knight great thanks in little ſpeech,  
 She ſaid ſhe would his handmud poor remun,  
 So far as honour's laws received no breach  
 Her humble gestures made the residue plain,  
 Dumb eloquence, persuading more than ſpeech  
 Thus women know, and thus they uſe the guife  
 To enchant the valiant, and beguile the wiſe

85

And when ſhe ſaw her enterprize had got  
 Some wiſh'd mean of quick and good proceeding,  
 She thought to ſtrike the iron that was hot,  
 For every action with his hour of ſpeeding  
 Never or fulſe Circe chnged not  
 So far the ſhapes of men, as her eyes spreading  
 Altered their hearts, and with her syren's ſound  
 In lust, their minds, their hearts, in love ſhe drowned

86

All wiſh ſlights that subtle women know,  
 How to be uſed to catch ſome lover new  
 Now keſt ed the ben of her maſterfull bow  
 For all the time her to ou her looks ſenew  
 From ſomſteads her moſter ly ſick on,  
 A ſomeſte ſet her to ſtorm flew,  
 If wiſh thus perelle ſhadowes,  
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 Nor seemed I forward in this lady's right,  
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 She thought to strike the iron that was hot,  
 For every action hath his hour of speeding  
 Medea or false Circe chunged not  
 So far the shapes of men, as her eyes spreading  
 Altered their hearts, and with her syren's sound  
 In lust, their minds, their hearts, in love she drowned

All wily sleights that subtle women know,  
 Hourly she used, to catch some lover new  
 None kenned the bent of her unsteadfast bow,  
 For with the time her thoughts her looks renew,  
 From some she cast her modest eyes below,  
 At some her gazing glances roving flew,  
 And while she thus pursued her wanton sport,  
 She spurred the slow and reined the forward short

84

85

86

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 From some she cast her modest eyes below,  
 At some her gazing glances roving flew  
 And while she thus pursued her wanton sport,  
 She spurned the slow, and reined the forward short

87

If some, as hopeless that she would be won,  
For bore to love because they durst not move her,  
On them her gentle looks to smile begun,  
As who say she is kind if you dare prove her  
On every heart thus shone this lustful sun,  
All strove to serve to please, to woo, to love her,  
And in their hearts that chaste and brisly were,  
Her eye's hot glance dissolved the frost of fear

88

On them who durst with fingering bold assay  
To touch the softness of her tender skin,  
She looked as coy, as if she list not play,  
And made as things of worth were hard to win,  
Yet tempered so her deignful looks alway,  
That outward scorn showed store of grace within  
Thus with false hope their longing hearts she fired,  
The hardest gotten things are most desired

89

"Ah, sometimes she walked in secret where,  
That vi<sup>n</sup>gate upon her discontent,  
Dear wile eyclids sate the swelling tear,  
That frowed forth, though sprung from hid lament,  
Nor seem'd this craft a thousand souls well near  
With ho<sup>s</sup> of foolish ruth and love she hem'd,  
But for it as clover by which we fitly prove  
To help a muden's eveloth fruitless love

90

"Ah! be it not pardie declas'd had  
Or elsewher told where courtier thoughts hiv settered,  
That we forsook so fair a chev' lithe and glad,  
For doubt or fear that might frow lettered,  
Else here surrender I both sword as clar,  
And swear no more to use this martettered  
For ill deserves he to be termed a w<sup>e</sup> so,  
That bears a blunt sword in a lady's hand woe

91

Thus pitleyed he, and with confused soun' words,  
The rest approved what the gallant said,  
Their general thair knyghts encompassed ro<sup>s</sup>ds,  
With humble grace, and earnest suit they p<sup>i</sup>cs,  
"I yeld," quoth he, "and it be happy foun'  
What I have granted, let her have your hand ses  
Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger, am  
If aught succeed, as much I fear, amiss un

92

While thus she them torments twixt frost and fire,  
Twixt joy and grief, twixt hope and restless sleep,  
The sly enchantress felt her gun the higher,  
These were her flocks that golden fleeces bear  
But if some one durst utter his desire,  
And by complaining make his griefs appear,  
He laboured hard rocks with planks to move  
She had not learned the gamut then of love

For down she bent her bashful eyes to ground,  
And donned the weed of women's modest grace,  
Down from her eyes well'd the pearls round,  
Upon the bright enamel of her face  
Such honey drops on springing flowers are found  
When Phœbus holds the crimson morn in chase  
Full seemed her looks of anger, and of shame  
Yet pity shone transparent through the sun

If she perceiv'd by his outward cheer,  
That any would his love by talk bewray,  
Sometimes she heard him sometimes stopped her ear,  
And play'd fast and loose the livelong day  
Thus all her lovers kind deluded were,  
Their earnest suit got neither yes nor nay,  
But like the sort of weary huntsmen fare,  
That hunt all day, and lose at night the hare

These were the arts by which she captived  
A thousand souls of young and lusty knights  
These were the arms wherewith love conquer'd  
Their feeble hearts subdued in wanton fits  
What wonder if Achilles were misled,  
Or great Alcides at their ladies' sights,  
Since these true champions of the Lord above  
Were thralls to beauty, yieldeen slaves to love

## The Fifth Book

OR

## GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

---

### THE ARGUMENT

Gernando scorns Rinaldo should aspire  
To rule that charge for which he seeks and strives  
And slanders him so far that in his ire  
The wronged knight his foe of late deprives  
Far from the camp the slayer doth retire  
Nor lets himself be bound in chains or gyes  
Arm de departs content and from the seas  
Godfrey hears news which him and his displease

---

WHILE thus Armid's false the nights misled  
In wandering errors of deceitful love,  
And thought besides the champions promised,  
The other lordings in her aid to move,  
In Godfrey's thought a strong contention bred  
Who fittest were this hazard great to prove,  
For all the worthies of the adventurers' band  
Were like in birth, in power, in strength of hand

1

But first the prince, by grave advice, decreed  
They should some knight choose at their own election,  
That in his charge Lord Dudon might succeed,  
And of that glorious troop should take protection,  
So none should grieve, displeased with the deed,  
Nor blame the causer of their new subjection

2

Besides, Godfredo showed by this device,  
How much he held that regiment in price

He called the worthies then, and spoke them so —  
 "Lordings, you know I yielded to your will,  
 And gave you license with this dame to go,  
 To win her kingdom and that tyrant kill  
 But now again I let you further know,  
 In following her it may betide you ill,  
 Refrain therefore, and change this forward thought  
 For death unsent for, danger comes unsought

3

"But if to shun these perils, sought so far,  
 May seem disgraceful to the place you hold,  
 If grave advice and prudent counsel are  
 Esteemed detractors from your courage bold,  
 Then know, I none against his will debur,  
 Nor what I grunted erst I now withhold,  
 But be mine empire, as it ought of right,  
 Sweet, easy, pleasant, gentle, meek and light

4

"Go then or tarry, each as likes him best,  
 Free power I grant you on this enterprise,  
 But first in Dudson's place, now laid in chest,  
 Choose you some other captain stout and wise,  
 Then ten appoint among the worthiest,  
 But let no more attempt this hard emprise,  
 In this my will content you that I have,  
 For power constrained is but a glorious slave"

5

Thus Godfrey said, and thus his brother spake,  
 And answered for himself and all his peers —  
 "My lord, as well it fitteth thee to make  
 These wise dellys and cast these doubts and fears,  
 So 'tis our part at first to undertake,  
 Courage and haste beseems our might and years,  
 And this proceeding with so grave advice,  
 Wisdom, in you, in us were cowardice

6

"Since then thefeat is easy, danger none,  
 All set in battle and in hardy fight,  
 Do thou permit the chosen ten to gone  
 And aid the damsel" thus devised the knight,  
 To make men think the sun of honour shone  
 There where the lamp of Cupid gave the light  
 The rest perceive his guile, and it approve,  
 And call that knighthood which was childish love

7

But lovmg Justice, & it with judgme<sup>c</sup>nt  
 Beheld the birth of Sophie, a noble child,  
 And his fair shape did he e<sup>c</sup>ly em<sup>c</sup>,  
 Beside the virtues in her, he set compiled,  
 And for in love he would no com<sup>c</sup>ay,  
 He stored his mouth with a teeths smoothly filed,  
 Drawn his m<sup>c</sup>l to intend his w<sup>c</sup>rd  
 Thus with fair skil<sup>c</sup> he had the l<sup>c</sup>m<sup>c</sup>ht word

9

Of went I entold thou art the next heir,  
 Thou star of m<sup>c</sup>ighthood flower of chivalry,  
 Tell me, who now shall lead th<sup>c</sup>s squadron fur,  
 Since our late guide in marble cou d doth ha<sup>c</sup>?  
 I that with famous Dudon mig<sup>c</sup>t compare  
 In all but years, h<sup>c</sup>ir locks, and g<sup>c</sup>ways  
 To whom should I Duke (odfrey's brother, yield?  
 Unless to th<sup>c</sup>e, the Christian army sh<sup>c</sup>ould?

10

" Then whom h<sup>c</sup>gh birth mig<sup>c</sup>t equal with the best  
 Thine acts prefer both me and all befor,  
 Nor that i<sup>c</sup>s right thou both surpass the rest,  
 And Godfrey's worthy self, I hold in scorn,  
 Thee to obey then am I only press'd,  
 Before these worthies be thine er<sup>c</sup>le borne,  
 This honour h<sup>c</sup>mply thou esteemest right,  
 Whose day of glory never yet found night

11

" Yet mayest thou further by this means display  
 The spreading wings of thy immortal fame,  
 I will procure it, if thou sayest not n<sup>c</sup>n,  
 And all their w<sup>c</sup>lls to thine election frame  
 But for I scantily am resolved which way  
 To bend my force or where employ the same,  
 Leave me, I pray, at my discretion free  
 To help Armine, or serve here with thee."

12

This last request, for love is evil to hide,  
 Empurpled both his cheeks with scarlet red,  
 Rinaldo soon his passions had desir'd,  
 And gently smiling turned aside his head,  
 And, for weal Cupid was too feeble eyed  
 To strike him sure, the fire in him was dead,  
 So that of rivals was he nought afraid  
 Nor cared he for the journey or the maid.

But in his noble thought revolved he oft  
Dudson's high prouess, death and burial,  
And how Argentes bore his plumes aloft,  
Praising his fortune for that worthy's fall  
Besides, the knight's sweet words and praises soft  
To his due honour did him fully call,  
And made his heart rejoice for well he knew  
Though much he praised him, all his words were true

"Degrees," quoth he, "of honours high to hold  
I would them first deserve, and then desire,  
And were my valour such as you have told,  
Would I for that to higher place aspire  
But if to honours due raise me you would,  
I will not at my works refuse the hire,  
And much it glads me, that my power and might  
Ypared is by such a valiant knight.

"I neither seek it nor refuse the place,  
Whch if I get, the pruse and thanks be thine."  
Eustace, thus spoken, hied thence apwe  
To know which way his fellows hearts incline  
But Prince Gernando coveted the place  
Whom though Armida sought to undermine,  
Gainst him yet vain did all her engines prove  
His pride was such, there was no place for love

Gernando was the King of Norway's son  
That many a realm and region had to guide,  
And for his elders lands and crowns had won  
His heart was puffed up with endless pride  
The other boasts more what himself had done  
Than all his ancestors' great acts beside,  
Yet his forefathers old before him were  
Famous in war and peace five hundred year

This barbarous prince who only vainly thought  
That bliss in wealth and kingly power doth lie  
And in respect esteemed all virtue nought  
Unless it were adorned with titles high,  
Could not endure that to the place he sought  
A simple knight shold dare to dress so nigh,  
And in his breast so boyled fell d spite,  
That ire and wrath exiled icson quite.

The hidden devil, that he in clo<sup>r</sup> went  
To win the sort of unbelieveing in me,  
I found enty there where he undid the same,  
And in his bosom unperceived ran,  
It filled his heart with malice, strife and hate,  
It made him r<sup>e</sup>g<sup>e</sup>, blasphemous swar, curse and bane,  
Invisible it still attend, him near,  
And thus each minute whispereth in his ear

1

Whit, shall Turnido match these dyes he tell  
Those idle names of his vain peat, see?  
Then let him say, if then he would excel,  
What lands, what realms his tributaries be  
If his forefathers in the eras that dwell,  
Were honoured like thine that live, let see  
O how dyes one so me in isire so high,  
Born in that servile country Italy?

19

Now, if he win, or if he lose the day,  
Yet is his praise and glory hence derived,  
For that the world will, to his credit, say,  
Lo this is he that with Turnido strived  
The charge some deal ther haply honour may,  
That noble Dudon had while here he lived,  
But laid on him he would the office shire,  
Let it suffice, he durst desire the same.

20

If when this breath from man's frail body thus  
The soul take keep, or know the things done here,  
Oh how looks Dudon from the glorious skies?  
What wrath whit anger in his face appear,  
On this proud youngling while he bends his eyes,  
Marking how high he doth his feathers rear?  
Seeing his rash attempt, how soon he dare,  
Though but a boy, with his great worth compare

21

He dares not only, but he strives and proves,  
Where chastisement were fit there wins he praise  
One counsels him, his speech him forward moves,  
Another fool approveth all he says  
If Godfrey favour him more than behoves,  
Why then he wrongeith thee in hundred ways,  
Nor set thy state so far disgraced be,  
Now what thou art and canst let Godfrey see

22

With such false words the kindled fire began 23  
 To every vein his poisoned heat to reach,  
 It swelled his scornful heart, and forth it ran  
 At his proud looks, and too audacious speech,  
 All that he thought blameworthy in the man,  
 To his disgrace that would he each where preach,  
 He termed him proud and vain, his worth in fight  
 He called fool hardise, rashness, madness right

All that in him was rare or excellent, 24  
 All that was good, all tht it was princely found,  
 With such sharp words as malice could invent,  
 He blamed, such power has wicked tongue to wound  
 The youth, for everywhere those rumours went,  
 Of these reproaches heard sometimes the sound  
 Nor did for that his tongue the fault amend,  
 Until it brought him to his woeful end

The cursed fiend that set his tongue at large, 25  
 Still bred more fancies in his idle brain,  
 His heart with slanders new did overcharge,  
 And soothed him still in his angry vein,  
 Amid the camp a place was broad and luge,  
 Where one fair regiment might easily train,  
 And there in tilt and harmless tournameint  
 Their days of rest the youths and gallants spent

There, as his fortune would it should betide, 26  
 Amid the press Gernando gan roun,  
 To vomit out his venom unespied,  
 Wherewith tooul easie did his heart inspir  
 Rinaldo heard him as he stood beside,  
 And as he could not bridle wrath and ire,  
 'Thou liest,' cried he loud and with tant wond  
 About his head he tossed his flaming sword

Thunder has voice, and lightning seemed his brand 27  
 So n<sup>t</sup> his look and furious w<sup>t</sup>s his cheer,  
 Gernando trembled for he aw at hand  
 P<sup>t</sup>k deat i, and nein t help nor comfort seir  
 Y<sup>t</sup> for th said rs il to witness s trd  
 He mad proud sir, to though it wrought d dair  
 Lu b vel bre his little clparg b id,  
 And w<sup>t</sup>ai shu of a ro<sup>t</sup> re astance i tot

With that a thousand blades of burnished steel  
 Glistered on heaps like flames of fire in sight,  
 Hundreds, that knew not yet the quarrel well,  
 Ran thither, some to gaze and some to fight  
 The empty air a sound confused did feel  
 Of murmurs low, and outcries loud on height,  
 Like rolling waves and Boreis' angry blasts  
 When roaring seas against the rocks he casts

But not for this the wronged warrior strayed  
 His just displeasure and incens'd ire,  
 He cared not what the vulgar did or said,  
 To vengeance did his courage fierce aspire  
 Among the thickest weapons was he made,  
 His thundering sword made all on heaps retreat,  
 So that of neir a thousand strayed not one,  
 But Prince Gernando bore the brunt alone

His hand, too quick to execute his wrath,  
 Perform'd all, as pleased his eye and heart,  
 At head and breast oft times he strucken hath,  
 Now at the right, now at the other part  
 On every side thus did he harm and scath,  
 And oft beguiled his sight with nimble art,  
 That no defence the prince of wounds acquits,  
 Where least he thinks, or fears, there most he hits

Nor ceased he, till in Gernando's breast  
 He sheathed once or twice his furious blade,  
 Down fell the hapless prince with death oppressed  
 A double way to his weak soul was made  
 His bloody sword the victor wiped and dressed,  
 Nor longer by the slaughtered body stayed  
 But sped him thence, and soon appeased hath  
 His hate, his ire, his rancour and his wrath

Called by the tumult, Godfrey drew him near,  
 And there beheld a sad and usefull sight,  
 The signs of death upon his face appear,  
 With dust and blood his locks were soathly dight,  
 Sighs and complaints on each side might he hear,  
 Made for the sudden death of the great knight  
 Amazed he asked who durst and did so much  
 For yet he knew not whom the fiult would touch

Arnoldo, minion of the Prince thus slain,  
Augments the fault in telling it, and saith,  
This Prince is murdered, for a quarrel vain,  
By young Rinaldo in his desperate wrath,  
And with that sword that should Christ's law maintain  
One of Christ's champions bold he killed hath,  
And this he did in such a place and hour,  
As if he scorned your rule, despised your power

And further adds, that he deserved death  
By law, and law should be inviolate,  
That none offence could greater be beneath,  
And yet the place the fault did aggravate  
If he escape, that mischief would take breath,  
And flourish bold in spite of rule and state,  
And that Germando's friends would venge the wrong,  
Although to justice that did first belong,

And by that means, should discord, hate and strife  
Raise mutinies, and whil therefore ensueth  
Lastly he praised the dead, and still had rife  
All words he thought could vengeance move or ruth,  
Against him Tuncred argued for Ite,  
With honest reasons to excuse the youth

The Duke heard all but with such sober cheer,  
As banished hope, and still increased fear

"Great Prince" quoth Tuncred, "set before thine eyes  
Rinaldo's worth and courage what it is,  
How much our hope of conquest in him lies,  
Regard that princely house and race of his,  
He that correcteth every fault he spies,  
And judgeth all alike, doth all amiss,  
For faults, you know, are greater thought or less,  
• As is the person's self that doth transgresse."

Godfredo answered him, If high and low  
Of sovereign power alike should tell the stroke,  
Then, Tuncred, ill you counsel us, I trow,  
If lords should know no law, as erst you spake,  
How vile and base our empire were you know,  
If none but slaves and peasants bear the yoke,  
Well is the scutte and the power is small  
That such persons bring us need withal

'But mine was freely given ere 'twas sought,  
Nor that it lessened be I now consent,  
Right well know I both when and where I ought  
To give condign reward and punishment,  
Since you are all in like subjection brought,  
Loth high and low obey, and be content'

35

This heard, Tancred wisely stayed his words,  
Such weight the sayings have of kings and lords

Old Raymond praised his speech, for old men think

39

They ever wisest seem when most severe,

'Tis best, quoth he, "to make these great ones shrink,  
The people love him whom the nobles fear  
There must the rule to all disorders sink,  
Where pardons more than punishments appear,  
For feeble is each kingdom, frail and weak,  
Unless his basis be this fear I speak."

These words Tancred heard and pondered well,  
And by them wist how Godfrey's thoughts were bent,  
Nor list he longer with these old men dwell,  
But turned his horse and to Rinaldo went,  
Who, when his noble foe death wounded fell,  
Withdrew him softly to his gorgeous tent,

40

There Tancred found him, and at large declared  
The words and speeches sharp which late you heard

And said, "Although I wot the outward show  
Is not true witness of the secret thought,  
For that some men so subtle are, I trow,  
That what they purpose most appeareth nought,  
Yet dare I say Godfredo means, I know,  
Such knowledge hath his looks and speeches wrought,  
You shall first prisoner be, and then be tried  
As he shall deem it good and law provide."

41

With that a bitter smile well might you see  
Rinaldo cast, with scorn and high disdain,  
"Let them in fitters plead their cause," quoth he  
"That are base peasants, born of servile strain  
I was free born I live and will die free  
Before these feet be fettered in a chain

42

These hands were made to shake sharp spears and swords,  
Not to be tied in gyves and twisted cords

"If my good service reap thus recompence,  
To be clapt up in close and secret mew,  
And as a th of be after dragged from thence,  
To suffer punishment as law finds due,  
Let Godfrey come or send, I will not hence  
Until we know who shall this bargain rue,  
That of our tragedy the late done fact  
May be the first, and this the second, act.

"Give me mine arms," he cried, his equine them brings      44  
And clad his head, and dressed in iron strong,  
About his neck his silver shield he flings,  
Down by his side a cutting sword there hung,  
Among this earth's brave lords and mighty kings,  
Was none so stout, so fierce, so fair, so young,  
God Mars he seemed descending from his sphere,  
Or one whose looks could make great Mars to fear

Tancred laboured with some pleasing speech      45  
His spirits fierce and courage to appease,  
"Young Prince, thy valour," thus he gan to preinch,  
"Can chastise all that do thee wrong, at ease,  
I know your virtue can your enemies teach,  
That you can venge you when and where you please  
But God forbid this day you lift your arm  
To do this camp and us your friends such harm

"Tell me what will you do? why would you stand  
Your noble hands in our unguilty blood?  
By wounding Christians, will you rge  
Pierce Christ, whose parts they are and members good?  
Will you destroy us for your glory vain,  
Unstryed as rolling waves in ocean flood?  
Far be it from you so to prove your strength,  
And let your zeal appease your rage at length

"For Gods love stay your heat, and just displeasure,  
Appease your wrath, your courage fiercl assuge,  
Prudence, a praise, forbearance, is a treasure,  
Suffrance, an angel is, a monster, rge  
It least your actions by example incure,  
And think how I in mine unbrialed age  
Was wronged yet I would not revengement take  
On all this camp, for ore of unders sake

"Cilicia conquered I, as all men wot,  
 And there the glorious cross on high I reared,  
 But Baldwin came, and what I nobly got  
 Bereft me falsely when I least him feared,  
 He seemed my friend, and I discovered not  
 His secret covetise which since appeared,  
 Yet strive I not to get mine own by fight,  
 Or civil war, although perchance I might

"If then you scorn to be in prison pent,  
 If bonds, as high disgrace, your hands refuse,  
 Or if your thoughts still to maner un are bent  
 Your liberty, as men of honour use  
 To Antioch what if forthwith you went?  
 And leave me here your absence to excuse,  
 There with Prince Boemond live in ease and peace,  
 Until this storm of Godfrey's anger cease

"For soon, if forces come from Egypt land,  
 Or other nations that us here confine,  
 Godfrey will beaten be with his own wand,  
 And feel he wants that valour great of thine,  
 Our camp may seem an arm without a hand,  
 And our troops unless thy eagle shine '

With that came Guelpho and those words approved,  
 And prayed him go, if him he feared or loved

Their speeches soften much the warrior's heart,  
 And make his wilful thoughts at last relent,  
 So that he yields, and with he will depart,  
 And leave the Christian camp incontinent  
 His friends, whose love did never shrink or start,  
 Preferred their aid, what wiv soe'er he went

He thanked them all, but left them all, besides  
 Two bold and trusty squires, and so he rides

He rides, revolving in his noble spright  
 Such haughty thoughts as fill the glorious mind,  
 On hard adventures was his whole delight,  
 And now to wondrous acts his will inclined,  
 Alone against the Pagans would he fight,  
 And kill their kings from Egypt unto Inde,  
 From Cynthia's hills and Nilus unknown spring  
 He would fetch praise and glorious conquest bring

But Guelpho, when the prince his leue had take  
 And now had spurred his courser on his way,  
 No longer tarrantce with the rest would make,  
 But hastes to find Godfredo, if he may  
 Who seeing him appionching, forthwith speake,  
 "Guelpho," quoth he, "for thee I only stay,  
 For thee I sent my her idls all about,  
 In every tent to seek and find thee out."

This said, he softly drew the knight aside  
 Wherc none might hear, and then bspile him thus  
 "How chanceth it thy nephew's rage and pride,  
 Makes him so far forget himself and us?  
 Hardly could I believe what is betide,  
 A murder done for cause so frivolous,  
 How I have loved him, thou and all can tell,  
 But Godfrey loved him but whilst he did well

"I must provide that every one have right,  
 That all be heard, each cause be well discussed,  
 As far from partial love as free from spite,  
 I hear complaints, yet nought but proves I trust  
 Now if Rinaldo weigh our rule too light,  
 And haue the sacred lore of war so brust,  
 Take you the charge that he before us come  
 To clear himself and hear our upright dome

"But let him come withouten bond or chain,  
 For still my thoughts to do him grice are fained,  
 But if our power he haply shall disdain,  
 As well I know his courage yet untamed,  
 To bring him by persuasion take some pain  
 Else, if I prove severe, both you be blamcd,  
 That forced my gentle nature gainst my thought  
 To rigour, lest our laws return to nought"

Lord Guelpho answered thus. "What heart can bear  
 Such slanders false devised by hate and spite?  
 Or with stayed patience, reproaches hear,  
 And not revenge by battle or by fight?  
 The Norway Prince hath bought his follv dear,  
 But who with words could stay the angry knight?  
 A fool is he that comes to preach or prate  
 When men with swords their right and wrong acbrue

53

54

55

57

" And where you wish he should himself submit  
 To hear the censure of your upright laws ,  
 Alas, that cannot be, for he is fit  
 Out of this camp, withouten stay or pause,  
 There take my gage, behold I offer it  
 To him that first accused him in this cause,  
 Or any else that dare and will maintun  
 That for his pride the prince was justly slun.

58

' I say with reason Lord Gernindo's pride  
 He hath abated, if he have offended  
 Ginst your commands, who are his lord and guide,  
 Oh pardon him that fault shall be amended '  
 " If he be gone, ' quoth Godfrey, " let him ride  
 And brawl elsewhere, here let all strife be ended  
 And you, Lord Guelpho, for your nephew's sake,  
 Breed us no new, nor quarrels old awake '

59

This while the fair and false Armida strived  
 To get her promised aid in sure possession,  
 The day to end, with endless plaint she dr ved ,  
 Wit, beauty, craft for her made intercession  
 But when the earth was once of light deprived  
 And western seas felt Titan's hot impression,  
 Twixt two old knights, and matrons twain she went,  
 Where pitched was her fair and curious tent

60

But this false queen of craft and sly invention,—  
 Whose looks, love's arrows we're , whose eyes his quivers ,  
 Whose beauty matchless, free from reprehension,  
 A wonder left by Heaven to after livers —  
 Among the Christian lords had bred contention  
 Who first should quench his flames in Cupid's rivers,  
 While all her weapons and her darts rehearsed,  
 Had not Godfredo's constant bosom pierced

61

To change his modest thought the dame procureth ,  
 And proffereth heaps of love's enticing treasure  
 But as the falcon newly gorged endureth  
 Her keeper lure her oft, but comes at leisure ,  
 So he, whom fulness of delight assur eth  
 What long repentance comes of love's short pleasure,  
 Her crafts her arts, herself and all despiseth  
 So base affecions fall, when virtue riseth

62

And not one foot his steadfast foot was moved  
Out of that heavenly path, wherein he priced,  
Yet thousand wiles and thousand ways she proved,  
To have that castle fair of goodness rased  
She used those looks and smiles that most behoved  
To melt the frost which his hard heart embraced,  
And gainst his breast a thousand shot she ventured  
Yet was the fort so strong it was not entered

The dame who thought that one blink of her eye  
Could make the chaste heart feel love's sweet pain  
Oh, how her pride abated was hereby!  
When all her sleights were void, her crafts were vain,  
Some other where she would her forces try,  
Where at more ease she might more vantage gain,  
As tired soldiers whom some fort keeps out,  
Thence raise their siege, and spoil the towns about

But yet all ways the wily witch could find  
Could not Tancredi's heart to loveward move,  
His sails were filled with another wind,  
He list no blast of new affection prove,  
For, as one poison doth exclude by kind  
Another's force, so love excludeth love  
These two alone nor more nor less the dame  
Could win, the rest all burnt in her sweet flame

The princess, though her purpose would not frime,  
As late she hop'd, and as still she would,  
Yet, for the lords and knights of greatest name  
Became her prey, as erst you heard it told,  
She thought, ere truth revealing time or fame  
Bewrayed her act, to lead them to some hold  
Where chains and bands she meant to make them prove  
Composed by Vulcan not by gentle love

The time prefixed at length was come and past,  
Which Godfrey had set down to lend her aid,  
When at his feet herself to earth she cast,  
"The hour is come my Lord," she humbly sud,  
"And if the tyrant haply hear at last,  
His banished niece hath your assistance prayed,  
He will in arms to save his kingdom rise,  
So shall we harder make this enterprise

‘ Before report can bring the tyrant news,  
 Or his espials certify their king,  
 O let thy goodness these few champions choose,  
 That to her kingdom should thy handmaid bring,  
 Who, except Heaven to aid the right refuse,  
 Recover shall her crown, from whence shall spring  
 Thy profit, for betide thee peace or war  
 Thine all her cities, all her subjects are’”

68

The captain sage the damsel fair assured,  
 His word was passed and should not be recanted,  
 And she with sweet and humble grace endued  
 To let him point those ten, which late he granted  
 But to be one, each one fought and procured,  
 No suit, entreaty, intercession wanted,  
 There envie each at others’ love exceeded,  
 And all importunate made, more than needed

69

She that well saw the secret of their hearts,  
 And knew how best to warm them in their blood,  
 Against them threw the curseā poisoned darts  
 Of jealousy, and grief at others’ good,  
 For love she wist was weak without those arts,  
 And slow, for jealousy is Cupid’s food,  
 For the swift steed runs not so fast alone,  
 As when some strain, some strive him to outgone.

70

Her words in such alluring sort she framed  
 Her looks enticing, and her wooing smiles,  
 That every one his fellows favour blamed,  
 That of their mistress he received erewhiles  
 This foolish crew of lovers unashamed,  
 Mad with the poison of her secret wiles,  
 Ran forward still, in this disordered sort,  
 Nor could Godfredo’s bridle rein them short

71

He that would satisfy each good desire,  
 Withouten partial love, of every knight,  
 Although he swelled with shame, with grief and ire  
 To see these follies and these fashions light  
 Yet since by no advice they would retire,  
 Another way he sought to set them right  
 “ Write all your names, quoth he and see whom chance  
 Of lot, to this exploit will first advance”

72

Their names were writ, and in an helmet shaken,  
While each did fortune's grace and aid implore,  
At last they drew them, and the foremost taken  
The Earl of Pembroke was, Artemidore,  
Doubtless the county thought his bread well baken,  
Next Gerrard followed, then with tresses hoar

Old Wenceslaus, that felt Cupid's rage  
Now in his doating and his dying age

Oh how contentment in their foreheads shined!

74

Their looks with joy, thoughts swelled with secret pleasure,  
These three it seemed good success designed  
To make the lords of love and beauty's treasure  
Their doubtful fellows at their hap repined,  
And with small patience wait Fortune's leisure,  
Upon his lips that read the scrolls attending,  
As if their lives were on his words depending

Guasco the fourth, Ridolpho him succeeds,  
Then Uldenck whom love list so advance,  
Lord William of Ronciglion next he reads,  
Then Eberard, and Henry born in France,  
Rambaldo last, whom wicked lust so leuds  
That he forsook his Saviour with mischance,

75

This wretched the tenth was who was thus deluded,  
The rest to their huge grief were all excluded

O'ercome with envy, wrath and jealousy.  
The rest blind Fortune curse, and all her laws,  
And mad with love, yet out on love they cry,  
That in his kingdom let her judge their cause  
And for man's mind is such, that oft we try  
Things most forbidden, without stay or pause,  
In spite of fortune purposed many a knight  
To follow fair Armida when 'twas night,

76

To follow her, by night or else by day,  
And in her quarrel venture life and limb  
With sighs and tears she gan them softly pray  
To keep that promise, when the skies were dim,  
To this and that I might did she plun and say,  
What grief she felt to part withouten him  
Meanwhile the ten Irid donned their armour best,  
And taken leave of Godfrey and the rest.

77

75

The dule advised them every one spout,  
 How light how trustless was the Pigme's faith,  
 And told what policy, what wit, what art  
 Avoids deceit, which heedless men betray it,  
 His speeches pierce their ear, but not their heart,  
 Love calls it folly, whilst wisdom such  
 Thus warned he leaves them to their wonton pride,  
 Who parts that night, such haste had she to ride.

79

The conqueress departs, and with her left  
 These prisoners, whom love would capture keep,  
 The hearts of those she left behind her bled,  
 With point of sorrow's arrow pierced deep  
 But when the night her drowsy mantle spread  
 And filled the earth with silence shrouded sleep,  
 In secret sort then each forsook his tent,  
 And as blind Cupid led them blind they went

80

Eustace first, who scantly could forbear,  
 Till friendly night might hide his haste and shame,  
 He rode in post, and let his beast him bear  
 As his blind fancy would his journey frame,  
 All night he wandered and he wist not where,  
 But with the morning he espied the dame,  
 That with her guard up from a village rode  
 Where she and they that night had made abode

81

Thither he galloped fast, and drawing near  
 Rambaldo knew the knight and loudly cried,  
 "Whence comes young Eustace, and what seels he here?"  
 "I come," quoth he, "to serve the Queen Armide,  
 If she accept me, would we all were there  
 Where my good will and faith might best be tried.  
 "Who quoth the other, "chooseth thee to prove  
 This high exploit of hers?" He answered, "Love

82

"Love hath Eustace chosen, Fortune thee,  
 In thy concert which is the best election?"  
 "Nay then, these shifts are vain, replied he,  
 These tiles false serve thee for no protection,  
 Thou canst not here for this admitted be  
 Our fellow servant, in this sweet subjection."  
 "And who quoth Eustace angry, "dires deny  
 My fellowship?" Rambaldo answered, "I"

And with that word his cutting sword he drew,  
That glittered bright, and sparkled flaming fire,  
Upon his foe the other champion flew,  
With equal courage, and with equal ire  
The gentle princess, who the danger knew,  
Between them stepped, and praved them both retire

"Rambald," quoth she, "why should you grudge or plain,  
If I a champion, you an helper gain?"

"If me you love, why wish you me deprived  
In so great need of such a puissant knight?  
But welcome Eustace, in good time arrived,  
Defender of my state, my life, my right.  
I wish my hapless self no longer lived,  
When I esteem such good assistance light."

Thus talked they on, and travelled on their way  
Their fellowship increasing every day

From every side they come, yet wist there none  
Of others coming or of others mind  
She welcomes all, and telleth every one,  
What joy her thoughts in his arrival find  
But when Duke Godfrey wist his knights were gone  
Within his breast his wiser soul divined

Some hard mishap upon his friends should liegh  
For which he sighed all day, and wept all night

A messenger, while thus he mused drew near,  
All soiled with dust and sweat, quite out of breath  
It seemed the man did heavy tidings bear  
Upon his looks sate news of loss and death.  
"My lord," quoth he, "so many ships appear  
At sea, that Neptune bewis the load unerth,  
From Egypt come they all, this lets thee weet  
William Lord Admiral of the Genoese fleet,

"Besides a convoy conung from the shore  
With victual for this noble camp of thine  
Surprised we, and lost is all that stow,  
Mules, horses, camels laden, corn and wine,  
They were in a foul sight till they could nought more,  
For all were slain or capture made in time.

The wind in outwre thet southe by night  
When least they scoured, and least they looked for it,

88

Their frantic boldness doth presume so far,  
 That many Christians have they set at nay,  
 And like a rising flood they sparsel are  
 And overset each country field and plain  
 Send therefore some strong troops of men of war,  
 To force them he e and drive them home again  
 And keep the ways between these tents of thine  
 And those broad seas, the seas of Palestine.

89

From mouth to mouth the heavy rumour spread  
 Of these misfortunes which do persecute wide  
 Among the soldiers great amazement breul,  
 Famine t'ev doubt and now come foes beside  
 The duke that saw their wanted courage fled,  
 And in the place thereof weak fear espied  
 With merry looks these cheerful words he spile  
 To make them heart again and courage take.

90

' You champions bold, with me that scip'd have  
 So many dangers and such hard ussynys  
 Whom still your God did keep, defend and sue  
 In all your battles, combats, fights and strays  
 You that subdued the Turks and Persians brave  
 That thirst and hunger held in scorn always  
 And vanquished hills, and seas with heat and cold  
 Shall vain reprois appyl your courage bold ?

91

That Lord who helped you out at every need  
 When aught befell this glorious camp amiss  
 Shrewd fortune all your actions well to speed  
 On whom his mercy large extended is  
 Tosome his tomb when conquering hands you spread  
 With what delight will you remember this ?  
 Be strong therefore and keep your valours high  
 To honour conquest, fame and victory.

9

Their hopes half dead and courage well nigh lost  
 Revived with these brave speeches of their guide  
 But in his breast a thousand cares he tost  
 Although his sorrows he could w sely hide,  
 He studed how to feed that mighty host  
 In so great scarceness and what force provde  
 He should against the Egyntian warriors slv  
 And how subdue those thieves at Ar by

The Sylb Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

---

*THE ARGUMENT*

Argantes calls the Christians out to just  
Otho not chosen doth his strength assay,  
But from his saddle turableth in the dust  
And captiue to the town is sent awaie  
Tancred begins new fight and whan both trust  
To win the praise and palm aight ends the fray  
Ermuna hopes to cure her wounded knight  
And from the city wrung i dus by night

---

BUT better hopes hid them recomforted  
That lay besieged in the sacred town,  
With new supply late were they victualled,  
When night obscured the earth with shadows brown,  
Then arms and engines on the walls they spred,  
Their slings to cast, and stones to tumble down,  
And all that side which to the northward lies,  
High rampiers and strong bulwarks fortifies

Their wary lung commands now here now there,  
To build this tower to make that bulwark strong,  
Whether the sun, the moon, or stars appen,  
To give them time to work, no time comes wrong  
In every street new wepons forged were,  
By cunning smiths, sweriting with labour long,  
While thus the cireful prince provision made,  
To him Argantes came, and boistung said

I

2

"How long shall we like prisoners in chains,  
Captived lie inclosed within this wall?  
I see your workmen taking endless pains  
To make new weapons for no use at all,  
Meanwhile these eastern thieves destroy the plains,  
Your towns are burnt, your forts and castles fall,  
Yet none of us dares at these gates out peep,  
Or sound one trumpet shrill to break their sleep

3

"Their time in feasting and good cheer they spend,  
Nor dare we once their banquets sweet molest,  
The days and nights likewise they bring to end,  
In peace, assurance, quiet ease and rest  
But we must yield whom hunger soon will shend,  
And make for peace, to save our lives, request,  
Else if th' Egyptian army stay too long,  
Like cowards die within this fortress strong

4

"Yet never shall my courage great consent  
So vile a death should end my noble days,  
Nor on mine arms within these walls I pent  
To morrow's sun shall spread his twayly rays:  
Let sacred Heavens dispose as they are bent  
Of this frail life, yet not withouten praise  
Of valour, prowess, might, Argantes shall  
Inglorious die, or unrevenged fall

5

"But if the roots of wonted chivalry  
Be not quite dead your princely breast within,  
Devise not how with fume and pride to die,  
But how to live to conquer and to win,  
Let us together at these gates outfly,  
And skirmish bold and bloody fight begin,  
For when last need to desperation driveth,  
Who dareth most he wisest counsel giveth.

6

"But if in field your wisdom dare not venture  
To hazard all your troops to doubtful fight,  
Then bind yourself to Godfrey by indenture,  
To end your quirrels by one single night  
And for the Christian this accord shall enter  
With better will say such you know your right  
That he the weapons place and time shall chooseth,  
And let him for his best, that vantage use

7

"For though your foe had hands, like Hector strong,  
With heart unfeared, and courage stern and stout,  
Yet no misfortune can your justice wrong.  
And what that wanteth, shall this arm help out,  
In spite of fate shall this right hand ere long,  
Return victorious if hereot you doubt,  
Take it for pledge, wherein if trust you have,  
It shall yourself defend and kingdom save"

"Bold youth," the tyrant thus began to speak  
"Although I withered seem with age and years,  
Yet are not these old arms so faint and weak,  
Nor this hoar head so full of doubts and fears  
But whenas death this vital thread shull break,  
He shall my courage hear, my death who bears  
And Aladine that lyved a king and knight,  
To his fair morn will have an evening bright

"But that whach yet I would have further blazed,  
To thee in secret shall be told and spoken,  
Great Soliman of Nice, so far ypraised,  
To be revenged for his sceptre broken,  
The men of arms of Arabie hath rused,  
From Inde to Afinch, and, when we give token,  
Attends the favour of the friendly night  
To victual us, and with our foes to fight.

"Now though Godfreo hold by warlikefeat  
Some castles poor and forts in vile oppression,  
Care not for that, for still our princely seat,  
This stately town we keep in our possession,  
But thou appere and cume that couriae great,  
Which in thy bosom makes so hot impression  
And stay sit time, which will bethide ere long,  
To increase thy glory, and revenge our wrong."

The Saracen at this was iily spited,  
Who Soliman's great worth had long envied,  
To hear him praised thus he nought delighted,  
Nor that the king upon his aid relied  
"Within your power, sir King," he says, "I would  
Are peace and war, nor shall the he dene I  
If I the like and his Arrian land,  
He lost his own, shall he defend your land?"

"Perchance he comes some heavenly messenger,  
Sent down to set the Pagan people free,  
Then let Argantes for himself take care,  
This sword, I trust, shall well safe conduct me  
But while you rest and 'll your forces spare,  
That I go forth to war at least agree,

Though not your champion, yet a private knight,  
I will some Christian prove in single fight"

The king replied, "Though thy force and might  
Should be reserved to better time and use,  
Yet that thou challenge some renowned knight,  
Among the Christians bold I not refuse"  
The warrior breathing out desire of fight,  
An herald called, and said, "Go tell these news  
To Godfrey's self, and to the western lords,  
And in their hearings boldly say these words

"Say that a knight, who holds in great disdain  
To be thus clos'd up in secret mew,  
Will with his sword in open field maintan,  
If any dare deny his words for true,  
That no devotion, as they falsely feign,  
Hath moved the French these countries to subdue,  
But vile ambition, and pride's hateful vice,  
Desire of rule, and spoil, and covetise.

"And that to fight I am not only prest  
With one or two that dare defend the cause,  
But come the fourth or fifth, come 'll the rest,  
Come all that will, and all that weapon draws,  
Let him that yields obey the victor's lust,  
As wills the lore of mighty Mars his laws"

This was the challenge that fierce Pagan sent,  
The herald donned his coat of arms, and went

And when the man before the presence came  
Of princely Godfrey, and his captains bold  
"My Lord," quoth he, "may I withouten blame  
Before your Grace, my message brave unfold?"  
'Thou mayest,' he answered, "we approve the same,  
Withouten fear, be thine ambassage told"

"Then," quoth the herald, "shall your highness see,  
If this ambassage sharp or pleasing be."

The challenge gan he then at large expose,  
With mighty threats, high terms and glorious words,  
On every side an angry murmur rose,  
To wrath so moved were the knights and lords  
Then Godfrey spake, and said, "The man hath chose  
An hard exploit, but when he feels our swords,  
I trust we shall so far entreat the knight,  
As to excuse the fourth or fifth of fight

"But let him come and prove, the field I grant,  
Nor wrong nor treason let him doubt or fear,  
Some here shall pay him for his glorious vaunt,  
Without or guile, or vantage, that I swear'  
The herald turned when he had ended scant,  
And hasted back the way he came whileare,  
Nor stayed he aught, nor once forslowed his pace,  
Till he bespake Argantes face to face

"Arm you, my lord," he said, "your bold defies  
By your brave foes accepted boldly been,  
This combat neither high nor low denies,  
Ten thousand wish to meet you on the green,  
A thousand frowned with angry flaming eyes,  
And shaked for rage their swords and weapons keen,  
The field is safely granted by their guide,  
This said, the champion for his armour cried

While he was armed, his heart for me nigh brake,  
So yearned his courage hot his foes to find  
The King to fair Clorinda present spake,  
"If he go forth, remain not you behind,  
But of our soldiers best a thousand take,  
To guard his person and your own assigned,  
Yet let him meet alone the Christian knight,  
And stand yourself aloof, while they two fight"

Thus spake the King, and soon without abode  
The troop went forth in shining armour clad,  
Before the rest the Pagan champion rode  
His wonted arms and ensigns all he hid  
A goodly plain dispred wide and broad  
Between the city and the camp was spread,  
A place like that wherein proud Rome beheld  
The toward young men in raiment spear and shield.

There all alone Argantes took his stand,  
 Desyng Christ and all his servants true  
 In stature, stomach, and in straugh of hand,  
 In pride presumption, and in dreadfull show,  
 Encelidu like, on the Phlegren strand,  
 Or that huge giant Jessc's infant slew,  
 But his nerce sembiant they esteemed hight,  
 For most not knew, or else not feared his might

As yet not one had Godfrey singled out  
 To undertake this hardy enterprise,  
 But on Prince Tancred saw he all the rout  
 Had fixed their wishes, and had cast their eyes,  
 On him he spied them gazing round about,  
 As though their honour on his prowess lie,  
 And now they whispered louder what they meant,  
 Which Godfrey heard and saw, and was content

The rest gave place, for every one desried  
 To whom their chieftain's will did most incline,  
 "Tancred," quoth he, "I pray thee calm the pride,  
 Abate the rage of yorder Saracine"  
 No longer would the chosen champion bide,  
 His face with joy, his eyes with gladness shine,  
 His helm he took, and ready steed bestrode,  
 And guarded with his trusty friends forth rode

But scantily had he spurred his courser swift  
 Near to the plain, where proud Argantes staved,  
 When unawares his eyes he chanced to lift,  
 And on the hill beheld the warlike maid,  
 As white as snow upon the Alpine clift  
 The virgin shone in silver arms arrayed,  
 Her mental up so high, that he desried  
 Her goodly visage, and her beauty's pride

He saw not where the Pagan stood and stared,  
 As if with looks he would his foeman kill,  
 But full of other thoughts he forward fared,  
 And sent his looks before him up the hill,  
 His gesture such his troubled soul declared,  
 At last as marble rock he standeth still,  
 Stone cold without within burnt with love's flame,  
 And quite forgot himself, and why he came

- The challenger, that yet saw none appear  
 That made or sign or show he came to just,  
 "How long," cried he, "shall I attend you here?  
 Dares none come forth? dares none his fortune trust?"  
 The other stood amazed, love stopped his ear,  
 He thinks on Cupid, think of Mars who lust,  
 But forth stert Otho bold, and took the field,  
 A gentle knight whom God from danger shield

28

This youth was one of those, who late desired  
 With that vain glorious boaster to have fought,  
 But Tancred chosen, he and all retired  
 Yet to the field the valiant Prince they brought,  
 Now when his slackness he awhile admired,  
 And saw elsewhere employ'd was his thought,  
 Nor that to just, though chosen, once he proffered,  
 He boldly took that fit occasion offered

29

No tiger, panther, spotted leopard,  
 Runs half so swift, the forests wild among,  
 As this young champion hasted thitherward,  
 Where he attending saw the Pagan strong  
 Tancredi started with the noise he heard,  
 As waked from sleep, where he had dreamt long,  
 "Oh stay," he cried, "to me belongs this war!"  
 But cried too late, Otho was gone too far

30

Then full of fury, anger and despite,  
 He stayed his horse, and waded red for shame,  
 The fight was his, but now disgraced quite  
 Himself he thought, another played his game,  
 Meanwhile the Saracen did hugely smite  
 On Otho's helm, who to requite the same,  
 His foe quite through his sevenfold targe did bear  
 And in his breastplate stuck and broke his spear

31

The encounter such, upon the tender grass,  
 Down from his steed the Christian backward fell  
 Yet his proud foe so strong and sturdy was,  
 That he nor shook, nor staggered in his sell,  
 But to the knight that lay full low, alas,  
 In high disdain his will thus gan he tell,  
 "Yield thee my slave and this thine honour be,  
 Thou mayst report thou hast encountered me

32

There all alone Argantes took his stand,  
Defyin<sup>d</sup>, Christ and all his servants true,  
In stature, stomach, and in strength of hand,  
In pride, presumption, and in drearyal show,  
Lancelide like, on the Phlegren strand,  
Or that huge giant Jesse's infant slew,  
But his fierce semblant they esteemed light,  
For most not knew, or else not feared his might

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But to the knight that lay full low, thus,  
In high disdain his will thus gan he tell,  
"Yield thee my slave, and this thine honour be,  
Thou mayst report thou hast encountered me"

"Not so, quoth he ' pardy it's not the guise  
 Of Christian Knights, though fallen so soon to yield,  
 I can my fall excuse in better wise  
 And will revenge this shame or die in field '  
 The great Circassian bent his frowning eyes,  
 Like that grim vi age in Minerva's shield,

33

"Then learn, quoth he, "what force Argantes useth  
 Against that fool that proffered grace refuseth.'

With that he spurred his horse with speed and haste,  
 Forgetting what good Knights to virtue owe,  
 Otho his fury shunned, and, as he passed,  
 At his right side he reached a noble blow,  
 Wide was the wound, the blood outstreamed fast,  
 And from his side fell to his stirrup low  
 But what avails to hurt, if wounds augment  
 Our foes fierce courage, strength and hardiment ?

34

Argantes numbly turned his ready steed,  
 And ere his foe was wist or well aware,  
 Against his side he drove his courser's head,  
 What force could he gainst so great might prepare ?  
 Weak were his feeble joints, his courage dead  
 His heart amaz'd, his paleness showed his care,  
 His tender side against the hard earth he cast,  
 Shamed, with the first fall, bruised, with the last

35

The victor spurred again his light foot steed  
 And made his passage over Otho's heart  
 And cried ' These fools thus under foot I tread,  
 That dare contend with me in equal mart '  
 Tancred for anger shook his noble head,  
 So was he grieved with that unknightly part,  
 The fault was his, he was so slow before  
 With double valour would he save that sore

36

Forward he galloped fast, and loudly cried  
 "Villain," quoth he, "thy conquest is thy shame  
 What praise? what honour shall this fact betide?  
 What gun? what guerdon shall b'fall the same?  
 Among the Arab unthieves thy face go hide,  
 Far from resort of men of worth and fame,  
 Or else in woods and mountains wild, by night,  
 On savage beasts employ thy savage might

37

The Pagan patience never knew, nor used,  
Trembling for ire, his sandy locks he tore,  
Out from his lips flew such a sound confused,  
As lions make in deserts thick, which roar,  
Or as when clouds together crushed and bruised,  
Pour down a tempest by the Caspian shore

So was his speech imperfect, stopped, and broken,  
He roared and thundered when he should have spoken

But when with threats they both had whetted keen  
Their eager rage, their fury, spite and ire,  
They turned their steeds and left large space between  
To make their forces greater, prancing higher,  
With terms that warlike and that worthy been  
O sacred Muse, my haughty thoughts inspe,  
And make a trumpet of my slender quill  
To thunder out this furious combat shrill

These sons of Mavors bore, instead of spears,  
Two knotty masts, which none but they could lift,  
Each foaming steed so fast his master bears,  
That never beast bird, shift flew half so swift,  
Such was their fury, as when Bore's tears  
The shattered crags from Taurus' northern cliff  
Upon their helms their lances long they broke,  
And up to heaven flew splinters, spark and smoke

The shock made all the towers and turrets quale,  
And woods and mountains all nigh hand resound,  
Yet could not all that force and fury shal  
The valiant champions, nor their persons wound  
Together hattled both their steeds, and brake  
Each other's neck, the riders lay on ground  
But they, great masters of war's dreadful art  
Plucked forth their swords and soon from earth up stut

Close at his surest ward each warrior heth,  
He wisely guides his hand, his foot, his eye,  
This blow he proveth, that defence he trieth,  
He traverseth, retireth, presseth nigh,  
Now strikes he out, and now he falsifieth,  
This blow he wardeth, that he lets slip by,  
And for advantage oft he lets some part  
Discovered seem, thus art deludeth art

The Days were seen with sword or spear,  
Tassachs - &c., as he useth to do and  
Are referring unto Jannet his weapon large  
Quenched to the ore beaten into the hue,  
The same in which his iron charge,  
And so it bane as round deep, ore and hue,  
Then as a sword made o'er ward refined,  
His courage praised by all, as all admired.

43

To stand C on an as the training bane,  
Down from his bound, as from a torment, running,  
He stood at rage, and trembled no more  
He had his iron, robe, wall of cunning  
He is the bold bane, so the high wood,  
And forward stand Tassachs his fury bane,  
With a bare blunt once the Pagan bit  
To his stand bade who eftis art is him.

44

Lies a bear strongly placed with a dart  
Within the wood, no further than  
He bane lies thereon mad in his hue,  
Strong reargard is avenged he deeth  
So had Argentus' tree, wall to bane bear  
Woe upon thy hue, and on the as a mate is he,  
Desire of vengeance oo u me as e e.  
The h' ergo all danger, all earnest.

45

Leaving of a extreme, sun and sun wane,  
Sounding both the voice and strength ut r'nd,  
By baneing oo a as the asoo h' L'ue  
Th' sun and earth the living soulles r'nd  
To loo a stink out o' late rain,  
Scamper he crean-a, bough h' o' can-a,  
H' h' as shall the crowning all was white,  
Such was Argentes' force, and such his bane.

46

Last time Tassachs had in vain at ended  
Woe am I ge sorn as o' a blow ard pa-  
son, o' o' is no gote target el deere-d,  
Some all de, and sourced deep the grass,  
L' sun h' as the tempest never a ded,  
Nor at the Pagan's as o' a bane  
He a ga u mard h' cu un, s' on a longa  
And m'c o' m'e cocooned, and the g'as o' g'as

Wrath bore the sway, both wit and reason ful,  
Fury new force, and courage new supplies,  
Their armours forged were of metal frail,  
On every side thereof, huge cratels flies,  
The land was strew'd all with plate and mail  
That, on the earth, on that, their warm blood lies  
And at each rush and every blow they smote  
Thunder the noise, the sparks, seemed lightning hot

The Christian people and the Pagans gazed,  
On this fierce combat wishing oft the end,  
Twixt hope and fear they stood long time amazed,  
To see the Knights assul, and eke defend,  
Yet neither sign they made, nor noise they raised,  
But for the issue of the fight intend,  
And stood as still, as life and sense they wanted  
Save that their hearts within their bosoms panted

Now were they tired both and well nigh spent  
Their blows show greater will than power to wound,  
But Night her gentle daughter Darkness, sent,  
With friendly shade to overspread the ground,  
Two heralds to the fighting champions went,  
To part the fray, as laws of arms them bound  
Aridens born in France, and wise Pindore,  
The man that brought the challenge proud before

These men their sceptres interpose, between  
The doubtful hazards of uncertain fight,  
For such their privilege hath ever been,  
The law of nations doth defend their right,  
Pindore began, "Stay, stay, you warriors keen,  
Equal your honour, equal is your might,  
Forbear this combat, so we deem it best,  
Give night her due, and grant your persons rest

"Man goeth forth to labour with the sun,  
But with the night, all creatures draw to sleep,  
Nor yet of hidden praise in darkness won  
The valiant heart of noble knight takes keep  
Argantes answered him 'The fight begun  
Now to forbear, doth wound my heart right deep  
Yet will I stay, so that this Christian swear,  
Before you both, again to meet me here

"I swear," quoth Tancred, "but swear thou likewise  
 To make return thy prisoner eke with thee,  
 Else for achievement of this enterprise,  
 None other time but this expect of me,"  
 Thus swore they both, the heralds both devise,  
 What time for this exploit should fittest be  
 And for their wounds of rest and cure had need,  
 To meet again the sixth day was decreed

This fight was deep imprinted in their hearts  
 That saw this bloody fray to ending brought,  
 An horror great possessed their weaker parts,  
 Which made them shrink who on their combat thought  
 Much speech was of the praise und high deserts  
 Of these brave champions that so nobly fought,  
 But which for knightly worth was most prused,  
 Of that was doubt and disputation rased

All long to see them end this doubtful fray,  
 And as they favour, so they wish success,  
 These hope true virtue shall obtain the day,  
 Those trust on fury, strength and hardiness,  
 But on Eriuria most this burden lay,  
 Whose looks her trouble und her fear express,  
 For on this dangerous combat's doubtful end  
 Her joy, her comfort, hope and life depend

Her the sole daughter of that hapless king,  
 That of proud Antioch late wore the crown  
 The Christian soldiers to Tancredi bring,  
 When they had sacked and spoiled that glorious town  
 But he, in whom all good and virtue spring,  
 The virgin's honour saved, and her renown,  
 And when her city und her state was lost,  
 Then was her person loved and honoured most

He honoured her, served her, and lewe her none,  
 And willed her so whither and when she list,  
 Her gold and jewels had he care to save,  
 And them restored all, she nothing missed,  
 She, that b held this youth und prison brave,  
 When, by this deed, his noble mind she wist,  
 Land ope her heart for Cupid's shaft to hit  
 Who never knows of love more surer knitt

Her body free, captived was her heart  
And loe the keys did of tht prison bear,  
Prepared to go it was a death to part  
From that kind Lord, and from tht prison dear,  
But thou, O honour, which esteemed art  
The chiefest virtue noble ladies wear,  
Enforcest her iagainst her will, to wend  
To Aladine, her mother's dearest friend.

At Sion was this princess entertuned,  
By that old tyrant and her mother dear,  
Whose loss too soon the woeful dunsel plumed,  
Her grief was such, she lived not half the yea,  
Yet banishment, nor loss of friends constrained  
The hapless maid her passions to forbear,  
For though exceeding were her woe and gueſ,  
Of all her sorrows yet her love was chief

The silly maid in secret longing pined,  
Her hope a mote drawn up by Phoebus rays,  
Her love a mountain seemed whereon bright shined  
Fresh memory of Tancred's worth and praise  
Within her closet if her self she shrined,  
A hotter fire her tender heart assavd  
Tancred at last, to raise her hope nigh dead  
Before those walls did his broad ensign spread

The rest to view the Christian army feared,  
Such seemed their number such their power and might  
But she alone her troubled forcheid cleared,  
And on them spread her beauty shining bright,  
In every squadron when it first appeared,  
Her curious eye sought out her chosen knight,  
And every gallant that the rest excels,  
The same seems him, so love and fancy tells

Within the lingly palace builded high,  
A turret standeth near the city's wall,  
From which Erimnia might at ease descry  
The western host, the plains and mountains all,  
And there she stood till the long day to spy  
From Phoebus rising to his evening fall,  
And with her thoughts disputed of his praise,  
And every thought a scalding sigh did raise

59

60

61

62

From hence the furious combat she surveyed,  
And felt her heart tremble with fear and pain,  
Her secret thoughts thus to her fancy said,  
Behold thy dear in danger to be slain,  
So with suspect, with fear and grief dismayed,  
Attended she her darling's loss or gain,  
And ever when the Fagan hit his blade,  
The stroke a wound in her weak bosom made

63

But when she saw the end, and wist withal  
Their strong contention should enscons begin,  
Amazement strange her courage did appal,  
Her vital blood was icy cold within,  
Sometimes she sighed, sometimes tears let fall,  
To witness what distress her heart was in,  
Hopeless, dismied, pale, sad, astonish'd,  
Her love, her fear, her fear, her torment bred

64

Her idle brain unto her soul presented  
Death in an hundred ugly fashions printed,  
And if she slept, then was her grief augmented,  
With such sad visions were her thoughts acquainted,  
She saw her lord with wounds and hurts tormented,  
How he complained, called for her help, and faint'd,  
And found, wak'd from that unquiet sleepin',  
Her heart with panting sore, eyes, red with weeping

65

Yet these presages at his coming ill  
Not greatest cause of her discomfort were,  
She saw his blood from his deep wounds distil,  
Nor what he suffered could she bide or bear  
Besides, report her longing ear did fill,  
Doubling his danger, doubling so her fear,  
That she concludes, so was her courage lost,  
Her wounded lord was weak, faint, dead almost.

66

And for her mother had her taught before  
The secret virtue of each herb that springs,  
Besides fit charms for every wound or sore  
Corruption breedeth or misfortune brings,—  
An' set steered in those times of yore,  
Besemming daughters of great lords and kings—  
She would herself be surgeon to her knight,  
And heal him with her skill, or with her sight

67

Thus would she cure her love, and cure her foe  
She must, that had her friends and kinsfolk slain  
Some cursed weeds her cunning hand did know,  
That could augment his hum increase his pain,  
But she abhorred to be revenged so,  
No treason should her spotless person stain,  
And virtueless she wished all herbs and charms  
Wherewith false men increase their patients' harms

Nor fear'd she among the bands to stay  
Of armed men, for often hid she seen  
The tragic end of many a bloody fray  
Her life had full of hap, and hazards been,  
This made her bold in every hard assay,  
More than her feeble sex became I ween  
She fear'd not the shake of every reed,  
So cowards are courageous made through need

Love, fearless, hardy and audacious love,  
Emboldened had this tender damsæl so,  
That where wild beasts and serpents glide and move  
Through Afric's deserts durst she ride or go,  
Save that her honour, she esteemed above  
Her life and body's safety, told her no,  
For in the secret of her troubled thought,  
A doubtful combat, love and honour fought.

"O spotless virgin," Honour thus begun,  
"That my true love observ'd firmly hast,  
When with thy foes thou didst in bondage won,  
Remember then I kept thee pure and chaste,  
At liberty now, where wouldest thou run,  
To lay that field of princely virtue waste,  
Or lose that jewel ladies hold so dear?  
Is maidenhood so great a load to bear?

"Or deemst thou it a praise of little prize,  
The glorious title of a virgin's name?  
That thou will giv'd by night in a glot wise,  
Amid thine arm'd foes to seek thy shame  
O fool, a woman conquers when she flies,  
Refus'd I adleth proffers quench the flame  
Thy lord will judge thou'rt innocent beyond measure,  
If vainly thus thou'rt wise so rich a treasure

68

69

70

71

72

The sly deceiver Cupid thus beguiled  
 The simple damsel, with his filēd tongue  
 "Thou wert not born," quoth he, "in desert wild  
 The cruel bears and savage beasts among,  
 That you shouldst scorn fair Citherea's child,  
 Or hate those pleasures that to youth belong,  
     Nor did the gods thy heart of iron frame,  
     To be in love is neither sin or shame.

73

"Go then, go, whither sweet desire inviteth,  
 How can thy gentle knight so cruel be?  
 Love in his heart thy grief and sorrows writeth,  
 For thy laments how he complaineth, see  
 Oh cruel woman, whom no care exciteth  
 To save his life, that swed and honoured thee!  
     He languisheth, one foot thou wilt not move  
     To succour him, yet say'st thou art in love

74

"No, no, stay here Argantes' wounds to cure,  
 And make him strong to shed thy darling's blood,  
 Of such reward he may himself assure,  
 That doth a thankless woman so much good  
 Ah, may it be thy patience can endure  
 To see the strength of this Circassian wood,  
     And not with horror and amazement shrink,  
     When on their future fight thou hap'st to think?

75

"Besides the thanks and praises for the deed,  
 Suppose what joy, what comfort shalt thou win,  
 When thy soft hand doth wholesome plaisters spred,  
 Upon the breaches in his ivory skin,  
 Thence to thy dearest lord may health succeed,  
 Strength to his limbs blood to his cheeks so thin,  
     And his rare beauties, now half dead and more,  
     Thou may'st to him, him to thyself restore

76

"So shall some part of his adventures bold  
 And valiant acts henceforth be held as thine,  
 His dear embracements shall thee straight ensold,  
 Together joined in marriage rites divine  
 Lastly high place of honour shalt thou hold  
 Among the matrons sage and dames Latine,  
     In Italy, a land, as each one tells,  
     Where valour true, and true religion dwells"

77

With such vain hopes the silly maid abused,  
Promised herself mountains and hills of gold  
Yet were her thoughts with doubts and fears confused  
How to escape unseen out of that hold,  
Because the watchmen every minute used  
To guard the walls against the Christians bold,  
And in such fury and such heat of war,  
The gates or sold or never opened are

With strong Clorinda was Eriminia sweet  
In surest links of dearest friendship bound,  
With her she used the rising sun to greet,  
And her, when Phœbus glided under ground,  
She made the lovely partner of her sheet  
In both their hearts one will, one thought was found,  
Nor aught she hid from that virago bold,  
Except her love that tale to none she told

That kept she secret, if Clorinda heard  
Her make complaints, or secretly lament,  
To other cause her sorrow she referred  
Matter enough she had of discontent,  
Like as the bird that having close imbarred  
Her tender young ones in the springing bent  
To draw the searcher further from her nest,  
Cries, and complains most where she needeth least

Alone, within her chamber's secret part,  
Sitting one day upon her heavy thought,  
Devising by what means, what sleight, what art,  
Her close departure should be safest wrought,  
Assembled in her unresolv'd heart  
An hundred passions strove and ceaseless fought  
At last she saw high bringng on the wall  
Clorinda's silver arms, and sighed withal

And sighing softly to herself she said  
"How blessed is this virgin in her might?  
Ho! I envy the glory of the maid,  
Yet envy not her shape or beauty's light,  
Her steps are not with trailing garment, strayed,  
Nor chambers hide her valour shining bright,  
But armed she rides, and bierketh sword and spur,  
Nor is her strength restrained by shame or fear

79

80

81

82

Alas, why did not Heaven these members frail  
 With lively force and vigour strengthen so  
 That I this silken gown and slender veil  
 Might for a breastplate and an helm forego?  
 Then should not heat, nor cold, nor rain, nor hail,  
 Nor storms that fall, nor blustering winds that blow  
 Withhold me, but I would both day and night,  
 In pitched field, or private combat fight

83

' Nor haddest thou, Argantes, first begun  
 With my dear lord that fierce and cruel fight,  
 But I to that encounter would have run,  
 And haply ev'n him captive by my might,  
 Yet should he find, our furious combat done,  
 His thrildom easv, and his bondage light,  
 For fetters, mine embracements should he prove,  
 For diet, kisses sweet, for keeper, love

84

' Or else my tender bosom opened wide,  
 And heart though pierced with his cruel blade,  
 The bloody weapon in my wounded side  
 Might cure the wound which love before had made,  
 Then should my soul in rest and quiet slide  
 Down to the valleys of the Elysian shade,  
 And my mishap the knight perchance would move,  
 To shed some tears upon his murdered love

85

" Alas! impossible are all these things,  
 Such wishes vain afflict my woeful sprite,  
 Why yield I thus to plaints and sorrowings,  
 As if all hope and help were perished quite?  
 My heart dares much, it soars with Cupid's wings,  
 Why use I not for once these armours bright?

86

I may sustain awhile this shield aloft,  
 Though I be tender, feeble, weak, and soft

" Love, strong, bold, mighty never-tir'd love,  
 Supp'liest force to all his servants true,  
 The fearful stags he doth to battle move,  
 Till each his horns in others' blood imbrue,  
 Yet mean not I the hap of war to prove,  
 A stratagem I have devis'd new,  
 Clorinda like in this fair harness dight,  
 I will escape out of the town this night.

87

" I know the men that have the gate to ward,  
 If she command dare not her will deny,  
 In what sort else could I beguile the guard?  
 This way is only left, this will I try  
 O gentle love, in this adventure hard  
 Thine handmaid guide, assist and forthy !

The time, the hour now fitteth best the thing,  
 While stout Clorinda talketh with the king "

Resolvéd thus, without delay she went,  
 As her strong passion did her rashly guide,  
 And those bright arms, down from the rafter hent,  
 Within her closet did she closely hide,  
 That might she do unseen, for she had sent  
 The rest, on sleeveless errands from her side,  
 And night her stealths brought to their wished end,  
 Night, patroness of thieves, and lovers' friend

Some sparkling fires on heaven's bright visage shone ,  
 His azure robe the orient blueness lost,  
 When she, whose wit and reason both were gone,  
 Called for a squire she loved and trusted most,  
 To whom and to a maid, a faithful one,  
 Part of her will she told, how that in post  
 She would depart from Judas' king, and feigned  
 That other cause her sudden flight constrained

The trusty squire provided needments meet,  
 As for their journey fitting most should be ,  
 Meanwhile her vesture, pendant to her feet,  
 Ermunre doft, as erst determined she,  
 Stripped to her petticoat the virgin sweet  
 So slender w<sup>s</sup>, that wonder was to see ,  
 Her handmaid ready at her mistress' will,  
 To arm her helmed, though simple were her skill

The rugged steel oppressed and offendit  
 Her dainty neck, and locks of shinny gold ,  
 Her tender arm so feeble w<sup>s</sup>, it bended  
 When that huge target it presumed to hold,  
 The burnished steel bright rays far off extended,  
 She fergued courage, and appeared bold ,  
 First by her side unseen sanned Venus -on  
 To let her launed when he w<sup>s</sup> span

Oh, with what labour did her shoulders bear  
That heavy burthen, and how slow she went!  
Her maid to see that all the coasts were clear,  
Before her mistress, through the streets was sent,  
Love gave her courage, love call'd fear,  
Love to her tired limbs new vigour lent,  
Till she approached where the squire abode,  
There took they horse forthwith and forward rode

93

Disguised they went, and by unused ways,  
And secret paths they strove unseen to gone,  
Until the watch they meet, which sore affrav'd  
Their soldi'rs new, when swords and weapons shone,  
Yet none to stop their journey once essays,  
But place and passage yielded every one,  
For that white armour, and that helmet bright,  
Were known and feared, in the darkest night

94

Ermilia, though some deil she were dismayed,  
Yet went she on, and goodly counten'nce bore,  
She doubted lest her purpose were bewrayed,  
Her too much boldness she repented sore,  
But now the gate her fear and passage stayed,  
The heedless porter she beguiled therefore,  
‘ I am Clorinda, ope the gate,’ she cried,  
“ Where as the king commands, thus late I ride ”

95

Her woman's voice and terms all fram'd been,  
Most like the speeches of the princess stout,  
Who would have thought on horseback to have seen  
That feeble damsel armed round about?  
The porter her obeyed, and she, between  
Her trusty squire and maiden, sallied out,  
And through the secret d'les they silent pass,  
Where danger least, least fear, least peril was

96

But when these fair adventurer, entered were  
Deep in a vale, Ermilia strayed hie haste,  
To be recalled she had no cause to fear  
This foremost hazard had she trimly past.  
But dangers new before unseen, appear,  
New perils she descried new doubts she crast  
The way that her desire to quiet brought,  
More difficult now seemed than erst she thought

97

Arm'd to ride among her angry foes,  
She now perceived it were great oversight,  
Yet would she not, she thought, herself disclose,  
Until she came before her chosen knight,  
To him she purposed to present the rose  
Pure, spotless, clean, untouched of mortal wight,  
She stayed therefore, and in her thoughts more wise,  
She called her squire, whom thus she gan advise

"Thou must," quoth she, "be mine ambassadur,  
Be wise, be careful, true, and diligent  
Go to the camp present thyself before  
The Prince Tancredi, wounded in his tent,  
Tell him thy mistress comes to cure his sore,  
If he to grant her peace and rest consent  
Gamst whom fierce love such cruel war hath raised,  
So shall his wounds be cured, her torments eased.

"And say, in him such hope and trust she hath,  
That in his powers she fears no sharne nor scorn  
Tell him thus much and whatsoe'er he saith,  
Unfold no more, but make a quick return,  
I for this place is free from harm and scath,  
Within this valley will meanwhile sojourn  
Thus spake the princess and her servant true  
To execute the charge unposed, flew,

And was received, he so discreetly wrought  
First of the watch that guarded in their place,  
Before the wounded prince then w<sup>t</sup> he brought  
Who heard his message kind, with gentle grace,  
Which told he left him tossing in his thought  
A thousand doubts and turned his speedy pace  
To bring his lady and his mistress word,  
She might be welcome to that courteous lord

But she, impudent to whose desire  
Grievous and harmful seemed each little stay,  
Recou' ts his steps and thinks, how draw's he nigher  
Now enters in no v'sp'ls now comes his w<sup>r</sup>,  
And that which grieved her most the careful squire  
Less speedy seemed than e'er b'fore that day.  
Lastis se for i'rd rode with love to guide,  
Unti the Christian tents at hand she spied.

Invested in her starry veil, the night  
 In her kind arms embrac'd all this round,  
 The silver moon from sea uprising bright  
 Spread frosty pearl upon the candid ground  
 And Cynthia like for beauty's glorious light  
 The love sick nymph threw glittering beams around,  
 And counsellors of her old love she made  
 Those valleys dumb, that silence, and that shade

Beholding then the camp, quoth she, "O fair  
 And castle like pavilions, richly wrought !  
 From you how sweet methinketh blows the air,  
 How comforts it my heart, my soul, my thought ?  
 Through heaven's fair face from gulf of sad despair  
 My toss'd bark to port well nigh is brought  
 In you I seek redress for all my harms,  
 Rest, midst your weapons, peace, amongst your arm

" Receive me then, and let me mercy find,  
 As gentle love assurèth me I shall,  
 Among you hid I entertainment kind  
 When first I was the Prince Tancredi's thrall  
 I covet not, led by ambition blind  
 You should me in my father's throne install,  
 Might I but serve in you my lord so dear,  
 That my content, my joy, my comfort were "

Thus parleyed she, poor soul and never feared  
 The sudden blow of Fortune's cruel spite,  
 She stood where Phœbe's splendent beam appeare'd  
 Upon her silver armour double bright,  
 The plie about her round she shirung cleared  
 With that pure white wherein the nymph was dight  
 The tigress great, that on her helmet laid,  
 Bore witness where she went, and where she stay'd

So as her fortune would a Christian band  
 Their secret ambush there had closely fram'd,  
 Led by two brothers of Italia land,  
 Young Poliphern and Alcandro named,  
 These with their forces watched to withstand  
 Those that brought victuals to their foes untamed,  
 And kept that passage, them Erminia spic'd,  
 And fled as fast as her swift steed could ride

But Poliphem, before whose watery eyes,  
His ag'd father strong Clorinda slew,  
When that bright shield and silver helm he spies,  
The championess he thought he siv and knew,  
Upon his hidden mates for aid he cries  
Gainst his supposed foe, and forth he flew,  
As he was rash, and heedless in his wrath,  
Bending his lance, "Thou art but dead," he saith

As when a chased hind her course doth bend  
To seek by soil to find some ease or good,  
Whether from craggy rock the spring descend,  
Or softly glide within the shady wood,  
If there the dogs she meet, where late she wend  
To comfort her weak limbs in cooling flood,  
Again she flies swift as she fled at first,  
Forgetting weakness, weariness and thirst

So she, that thought to rest her weary sprite,  
And quench the endless thirst of ardent love  
With dear embracements of her lord and knight,  
But such as marriage rites should first approve,  
When she beheld her foe, with weapon bright  
Threatening her death, his trusty courser move,  
Her love, her lord, herself abandoned,  
She spurred her speedy steed, and swift she fled

Erminia fled, scantly the tender grass  
Her Pegasus with his light footsteps bent,  
Her maiden's beast for speed did likewise pass,  
Yet divers ways, such was their fear, they went  
The squire who all too late returned, this,  
With tardy news from Prince Tancredi's tent,  
Fled likewise, when he saw his mistress gone,  
It booted not to sojourn there alone.

But Aleandro wiser than the rest,  
Who this supposed Clorindi siv likewise,  
To follow her yet was he nothing pressed,  
But in his ambush still and close he lies,  
A messenger to Godfrey he addressed,  
That should him of this incident advise  
How that his brother charred with naked blade  
Clorinda's self, or else Clorinda's shade

109

110

111

112

Yet that it was, or that it could be she,  
He had small cause or reason to suppose,  
Occasion great and weighty must it be  
Should make her ride by night among her foes  
What Godfrey willed that observed he,  
And with his soldiers lay in ambush close  
These news through all the Christian army went,  
In every cabin talked, in every tent.

113

Tancred, whose thoughts the squire had filled with doubt 114  
By his sweet words, supposed now hearing this,  
Mas! the virgin came to seek me out,  
And for my sake her life in danger is,  
Himself forthwith he singled from the rout,  
And rode in haste, though half his arms he miss,  
Among those sandy fields and valleys green,  
To seek his love, he galloped fast unsten

The Seventh Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

---

THE ARGUMENT.

A shepherd for Errinia entertains  
Whom whilst Theredi seeks in vain to find  
He is entrapped in Armid's traps  
Ravn and with strong Argantes is assigned  
To fight an angel to b'ad he gains  
Satan that sees the Pagan's fury blind  
And hasty wrath turn to his loss and bane  
Doth raise ne're to nipt uproar and alame

---

ERMINIA'S steed this while his mistress bore  
Through forests thick among the shady trees,  
Her feeble hand the bridle runs forlore,  
Half in a swoon she w<sup>s</sup> for fear I ween,  
But her fleet course spared ne'er the more  
To bear her through the desert woods unseen  
Of her strong foes, that chased her through the plain,  
And still pursued, but still parried in vain

Like is the weiry hounds at last secure,  
Windless, dispreised, from the fruitless chuse,  
When the sly beast tapished i<sup>t</sup> bush and brier,  
No art nor p<sup>s</sup> can rouse out of his place  
The Christian knight, so full of shame and ire  
Returned back with faint and weary pace  
Yet still the fearful dame fled swift as wind,  
Nor ever stayed, nor ever looked behind

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Whor whilst Thinechek seeketh vain to find  
He is entrapp'd in Aranda's traps  
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To fight in angel to him at arms  
Sarin that sees the Pagans fury blnd  
And hasty wrath turn to his loss and lorn  
Doth raise new tempests wroth and alarm

ERMINIA'S steed this while his mistress bore  
Through forests thick among the shad'v green,  
Her feeble hand the bridle reins forlore,  
Half in a swoon she was, for fear I ween,  
But her fleet courser sound ne'er the more  
To bear her through the desert woods unseen  
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No art nor arms can rouse out of his place  
The Christian knight, so full of shame and ire  
Returned back, with fount and weary piece  
Yet still the fearful dame fled swift as wind,  
Nor ever stayed, nor ever looked behind

Through thick and thin, all night all day, she drivèd,  
Withouten comfort, company, or guide,  
Her plaints and tears with every thought revived,  
She heard and saw her griefs, but nought beside  
But when the sun his burning chariot dived  
In Thetis' wave, and weary team untied,  
On Jordan's sandy banks her course she stayed  
At last, there down she light, and down she laid

3

Her tears, her drink her food, her sorrowings,  
This was her diet that unhappy night  
But sleep, that sweet repose and quiet brings,  
To ease the griefs of discontented wight,  
Spread forth his tender, soft, and nimble wings,  
In his dull arms folding the virgin bright,  
And Love, his mother, and the Graces kept  
Strong watch and ward, while this fair lady slept.

4

The birds awole her with their morning song,  
Their warbling music pierced her tender ear,  
The murmuring brooks and whistling winds among  
The rattling boughs and leaves, their parts did bear,  
Her eyes undoscd beheld the groves along  
Of swains and shepherd grooms that dwellings were  
And that sweet noise, birds, winds and waters sent,  
Provoked again the virgin to lament

5

Her plaints were interrupted with a sound,  
That seemed from thickest bushes to proceed,  
Some jolly shepherd sung a lusty round,  
And to his voice he tuned his oxen reed,  
Thither she went, an old man there she found,  
At whose right hand his little flock did feed,  
Sat maling baskets, his three sons among,  
That learned their father's art, and learned his song.

6

Beholding one in shining arms appear,  
The silly man and his were sore dismayed,  
But sweet Erminia comforted their fear,  
Her vental up, her visage open laid,  
"You happy folk, of heaven beloved dear,  
Work on, quoth she, "upon your harmless trade,  
These dreadful arms I bear, no warfare bring  
To your sweet toil, nor those sweet tunes you sing

7

' But, rather, since this land, these towns and tow'rs  
 Destroyed are with sword, with fire and spoil,  
 How may it be unhurt that you and yours  
 In safety thus apply your harmless toil?  
 " My son, quoth he, ' this poor estate of ours  
 Is ever safe from storm of warlike broil,  
 This wilderness doth us in safety keep  
 No thundering drum, no trumpet breaks our sleep

" Happily just Heaven's defence and shield of right  
 Doth love the innocence of simple swains,  
 The thunderbolts on highest mountains light,  
 And cold or never strike the lower plains,  
 So kings have cause to fear Bellona's might,  
 Not they whose sweat and toil their dinner gains,  
 Nor ever greedy soldier was enticed  
 By poverty, neglected and despised

" O poverty, chief of the heavenly broad,  
 Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crown  
 No wish for honour, thirst of others good,  
 Can move my heart, contented with mine own  
 We quench our thirst with water of this flood,  
 Nor fear we poison should therein be thrown,  
 These little flocks of sheep and tender goats  
 Give milk for food, and wool to make us coats

" We little wish, we need but little wealth,  
 From cold and hunger us to clothe and feed  
 These are my sons, their care preserves from sterlith  
 Their father's flocks nor servants more I need  
 Amid these groves I walk oft for my health,  
 And to the fishes birds, and beasts give lead  
 How they are fed, in forest, spring and lake,  
 And their contentment for example take

" Time was, for each one hath his doting time  
 These silver locks were golden tresses then,  
 That country life I hated as a crime,  
 And from the forest's sweet contentment ran,  
 To Memphis stately palace would I climb  
 And there became the mighty Caliph's man,  
 And though I but a simple gardener were  
 Yet could I mark abuses see and hear

' Entic'd on with hope of future gain,  
 I suffered long what did my soul displease ,  
 But when my youth was spent, my hope was vain,  
 I felt my nruive strength at last decrease ,  
 I gan my loss of lusty years complain,  
 And wished I had enjoyed the country s peace ,  
     I bade the court farewell, and with content  
     My latter age here have I quiet speut "

13

While thus he spake, Erminia hushed and still  
 His wise discourses heard, with great attention,  
 His speeches grave those idle fancies kill  
 Which in her troubled soul bred such dissension ,  
 After much thought reforméd was her will,  
 Within those woods to dwell was her intention,  
     Till Fortune should occasion new afford,  
     To turn her home to her desiréd lord

14

She sad therefore, ' O shepherd fortunate !  
 That troubles some didst whilom feel and prove ,  
 Yet livest now in this contented state,  
 Let my mishap thy thoughts to pity move,  
 To entertain me as a willing mute  
 In shepherd s life which I admire and love  
     Within these pleasant groves perchance my heart,  
     Of her discomforts, may unload some part

15

" If gold or wealth, of most esteemed deir,  
 If jewels rich thou diddest hold in prize,  
 Such store thercof, such plenty have I here,  
 As to a greedy mind might well suffice "  
 With that down trickled many a silver tear  
 Two crystal streams full from her witary eyes ,  
     Part of her sad misfortunes then she told,  
     And wept, and with her wept that shepherd old

16

With speeches kind, he gan the virgin dear  
 Towards his cottage gently home to guide ,  
 His aed wife there made her homely cheer,  
 Yet welcomed her, and placed her by her side  
 The princess donned a poor pistoris gear,  
 A kerchief coarse upon her head she tied ,  
     But yet her gestures and her looks, I guess,  
     Were such as ill beseemed a shepherdess

17

Not those rude garments could obscure and hide  
 The heavenly beauty of her angel's face,  
 Nor was her princely offspring dammified  
 Or aught disparaged by those labours base,  
 Her little flocks to pasture would she guide,  
 And milk her goats, and in their folds them place,  
 Both cheese and butter could she make and frume  
 Herself to please the shepherd and his dame

But oft, when underneath the greenwood shade  
 Her flocks lay hid from Phœbus' scorching rays,  
 Unto her knight she songs and sonnets made  
 And them engraved in bark of beech and bays  
 She told how Cupid did her first invade,  
 How conquered her, and ends with Trinacria's praise  
 And when her passions writ she over read,  
 Again she mourned, again salt tears she shed

"You happy trees for ever I esp," quoth she,  
 "This woeful story in your tender rind,  
 Another day under your shade maybe  
 Will come to rest again some lover kind,  
 Who if these trophies of my griefs he see,  
 Shall feel dear pity pierce his gentle mind,"  
 With that she sighed and said, "Too late I prove  
 There is no troth in fortune, trust in love

"Yet may it be, if gracious heavens attend  
 The earnest suit of a distressed wight,  
 At my entreat they will vouchsafe to send  
 To these huge deserts that unthankful knight,  
 That when to earth the man his eyes shall bend,  
 And sees my grave, my tomb, and ashes light,  
 My woeful death his stubborn heart may move,  
 With tears and sorrows to reward my love

"So, though my life hath most unhappy been,  
 At least yet shall my spirit dead be blest,  
 My ashes cold shall, buried on this green,  
 Enjoy that good this body ne'er possessed"  
 Thus she complained to the senseless treen,  
 Floods in her eyes, and fires were in her breast,  
 But he for whom these streams of tears she shed,  
 Wandereid far off, alas, as chance him led.

23

He followed on the footsteps he had traced,  
 Till in high woods and forests old he came  
 Where bushes, thorns and trees so thick were placed,  
 And so obscure the shadows of the sunne  
 That soon he lost the tract wherein he paced,  
 Yet went he on which way he could not tell,  
 But still attentive was his longing ear  
 If noise of horse or noise of arms he hear

24

If with the breathing of the gentle wind,  
 An aspen leaf but shaked on the tree  
 If bird or beast stirred in the bushes blind,  
 Thither he spurred, thither he rode to see  
 Out of the wood by Ganthur's favour lind,  
 At last, with travel great and pains got he,  
 And following on a little path, he heard  
 A rumbling sound, and hasted thitherward

25

It was a fountain from the living stone,  
 That poured down clear streams in noble store,  
 Whose conduit pipes, united all in one,  
 Throughout a rocky channel ghastly roar,  
 Here T'ncred staved, and called yet answered none  
 Save babbling echo, from the crooked shore,  
 And there the weary knight at last espies  
 The springing day light red and white arise

26

He sighed sore, and guiltless heaven gan blame,  
 That wished success to his desires denied,  
 And sharp revenge protested for the same,  
 If aught but good his mistress fair betide  
 Then wished he to return the way he came,  
 Although he wist not by what path to ride,  
 And time drew near when he agan must fight  
 With proud Argantes, that vain glorious knight

27

His stalwart steed the champion stout bestrode  
 And prick'd fast to find the way he lost,  
 But through a valley as he musing ride,  
 He saw a man that seemed for haste a post,  
 His horn was hung between his shoulders broad  
 As is the guise with us T'ncred crossed  
 His way and gently praved the man to say,  
 To Godfrey's camp how he should find the way

"Sir," in the Italian language answered he,  
 "I ride where noble Boemond hath me sent."  
 The prince thought this his uncle's man should be,  
 And after him his course with speed he bent,  
 A fortress stately built at last they see,  
 'Bout which a muddy stinking lake there went,  
 There they arrived when Titan went to rest  
 His weary limbs in night's untroubled nest.

The courier gave the fort a warning blast,  
 The drawbridge was let down by them within  
 "If thou a Christian be," quoth he, "thou mayest  
 Till Phœbus shine again, here take thine inn,  
 The County of Cosenza, three days past,  
 This castle from the Turks did nobly win."

The prince beheld the piece, which site and art  
 Impregnable had made on every part.

He feared within a pile so fortified  
 Some secret treason or enchantment lay,  
 But had he known even there he should have died,  
 Yet should his looks no sign of fear betray,  
 For wheresoever will or chance him guide,  
 His strong victorious hand still made him way.  
 Yet for the combat he must shortly make,  
 No new adventures hast he undertake.

Before the castle, in a meadow plain  
 Beside the bridge's end, he stayed and stood,  
 Nor was entreated by the speeches vain  
 Of his false guide, to pass beyond the flood  
 Upon the bridge appeared a warlike swain  
 From top to toe all clad in armour good  
 Who brandishing a broad and cutting sword,  
 Thus threatened death with many an idle word.

"O thou, whom chance or will brings to the soil  
 Where fair Armida doth the sceptre guide  
 Thou canst not fly, of arms thyself despoil,  
 And let thy hands with iron chains be tied,  
 Enter and rest thee from thy weary toil  
 Within this dungeon shalt thou safe abide,  
 And never hope again to see the day,  
 Or that thy hair for age shall turn to grey,

' Except thou swear her valiant knights to aid  
 Against those traitors of the Christian crew "  
 Tancred at this discourse a little staved,  
 His arms, his gesture, and his voice he knew  
 It was Rambaldo, who for that false maid  
 To sook his country and religion true,  
 And of that fort defender chief became,  
 And those vile customs established in the same

33

The warrior answered, blushing red for shame,  
 " Cursed apostate, and ungracious wight,  
 I am that Tancred who defend the name  
 Of Christ and have been aye his faithful knight,  
 His rebel foes can I subdue and tame,  
 As thou shalt find before we end this fight,  
 And thy false heart cleft w th this vengeful sword,  
 Shall feel the ire of thy forsaken Lord "

34

When that great name Rambaldo's ears did fill,  
 He shook for fear and looked pale for dread,  
 Yet proudly said, " Tancred, thy hap was ill  
 To wander hither where thou art but dead,  
 Where naught can help thy courage, strength and skill,  
 To Godfrey will I send thy cursed head,  
 That he may see, how for Armid's sake,  
 Of him and of his Christ a scorn I make "

35

This said, the day to sable night was turned,  
 That scant one could another's arms descrie,  
 But soon an hundred lamps and torches burned,  
 That cleared all the earth and all the sky,  
 The castle seemed a stage with lights adored,  
 On which men play some pompous tragedy,  
 Within a terrace sat on high the queen,  
 And heard, and saw, and kept herself unseen

36

The noble baron whet his courage hot,  
 And buskea him boldly to the dreadful fight,  
 Upon his horse long while he turned not,  
 Because on foot he saw the Prince knight,  
 Who undernath his trusty shield w<sup>s</sup>is got,  
 His sword w<sup>s</sup> drawn, closed w<sup>s</sup>is his helmet bright  
 Gainst whom the prince marched on a stately pace,  
 Wrath in his eyes rage in his face

37

His foe, his furious charge not well abiding,  
Traversed his ground, and started here and there,  
But he, though faint and weary both with riding,  
Yet followed fast and still oppressed him near,  
And on what side he felt Rambaldo striking,  
On that his forces most employed were,  
Now at his helm, now at his hauberk bright,  
He thundered blows, now at his face and sight

38

Against those members battery chief he maketh,  
Wherein man's life keeps chiefest residence,  
At his proud threats the Gascony warrior quaketh  
And uncouth fear appalled every sense,  
To nimble shifts the knight himself betaketh,  
And shipmeth here and there for his defence  
Now with his targe, now with his trusty blade,  
Against his blows he good resistance made

39

Yet no such quickness for defence he used,  
As did the prince to work him harm and scathe,  
His shield was cleft in twain, his helmet bruised,  
And in his blood his other arms did bathe,  
On him he heaped blows with thrusts confused,  
And more or less each stroke unjoyed him hath,  
He feared, and in his troubled bosom strove  
Remorse of conscience, shame, disdain and love

40

At last so careless foul despair him made,  
He meant to prove his fortune ill or good,  
His shield cast down, he took his helpless blade  
In both his hands, which yet had drawn no blood,  
And with such force upon the prince he laid,  
That neither plate nor mail the blow withstood,  
The wicked steel seized deep in his right side,  
And with his streaming blood his breasts dyed

41

Another stroke he lent him on the brow,  
So great that loud rang the sounding steel,  
Yet pierced he not the helmet with the blow  
Although the other two or three did reel.  
The prince, whose look a diabolical anger shew,  
Now meant to use his puissance every deal  
He smiteth his head and crashed his teeth for ire  
His lips breathed wrath as sparkles shining fire

42

The Pagan wretch no longer could sustain  
 The dreadful terror of his fierce aspect,  
 Against the threatened blow he saw right plain  
 No tempered armour could his life protect,  
 He leant aside, the stroke fell down in vain,  
 Against a pillar near a bridge erect  
 Thence flaming fire and thousand sparks outstart,  
 And kill with fear the coward Pagan's heart

43

Toward the bridge the fearful Paynim fled,  
 And in swift flight, his hope of life reposed,  
 Himself fast after Lord Lancredi sped,  
 And now in equal pace almost they closed,  
 When all the burning lamps extinguished  
 The shining fort his goodly splendour losed,  
 And all those stars on heaven's blue face that shone  
 With Cynthia's self, disappearéd were and gone

44

Amid those witchcrafts and that ugly shade,  
 No further could the prince pursue the chase  
 Nothing he saw, yet forward still he ride,  
 With doubtful steps, and ill assured pace,  
 At last his foot upon a threshold tri'd,  
 And ere he wist he entered hid the place,  
 With ghastly noise the door leaves shut behind,  
 And closed him fast in prison dark and blind

45

As in our seas in the Commachian Bay,  
 A silv fish, with streams enclosed, striveth,  
 To shun the fury and avoid the sway  
 Wherewith the current in that whirlpool driveth,  
 Yet seeketh all in vain, but finds no way  
 Out of that watery prison, where she driveth  
 For with such force there be the tides in brought  
 There entreth ill that will, thence issueth nought

46

This prison so entrapped that valiant knight,  
 Of which the gate was framed by subtle train,  
 To close without the help of human wight  
 So sure none could undo the leaves again,  
 Against the doors he bended till his might,  
 But all his forces were employed in vain,  
 At last a voice gan to him loudly call,  
 Yield thee quoth it, 'thou art Armodis thrall

47

"Within this dungeon buried shalt thou spend  
The res'duc of thy woeful days and years ,  
The champion list not more with words contend,  
But in his heart kept close his griefs and fears,  
He blamed love, chance gan he reprehend,  
And gaſt enchantment huge complaints he rears

48

"It were ſmall loss, ' softly he thus begun,

"To lose the brightness of the ſhining ſun ,

"But I, alas, the golden beam forego  
Of my far brighter ſun , nor can I ſay  
If these poor eyes ſhall e'er be bleſſed ſo,  
As once again to view that ſhining ray  
Then thought he on his proud Circaſſian foe  
And ſaid, 'Ah! how shall I perform that try ?

49

He, and the world with him, will fancred blame,  
This is my grief, my fault, mine endless ſhame'

While those high ſpirits of this champion good,  
With love and honour's care are thus oppreſſed,  
While he torments himſelf, Argantes wood,  
Waſed weary of his bed and of his reſt,  
Such hate of peace, and such deſire of blood,  
Such thurſt of glory, boiled in his breast ,

50

That though he ſcant could ſtir or ſtand upright,  
Yet longed he for the appointed day to fight

The night which that expected day forewent,  
Scantly the Pagan closed his eyes to ſleep,  
He told how night her ſliding hours ſpent,  
And roſe ere ſpringing day began to peep ,  
He called for armour, which incontinent  
Was brought by him that used the ſtome to keep,  
That harness rich old Aladine him gave,  
A worth, preſent for a champion brave

51

He donned them on not long their riches eved,  
Nor did he wight with ſo great weight incline  
His wanted ſword upon his thigh he tied,  
The blade was o d and tough, of temper ſure  
Is ſteel i' contact far and wide de cruel,  
In ſcore of I ha'bus midſt br'nt heiven doth ſhine  
And tidings bid of death an i' m'ſchic rings  
To i'ly lora, to monſeys, and to h'ns

52

So shone the Pagan in bright armour clad,  
And rolled his eyes great swollen with ire and blood,  
His dreadful gestures threatened horror sad,  
And ugly death upon his forehead stood,  
Not one of all his squires the courage hid  
To approach their master in his angry mood,  
Above his head he shook his naked blade,  
And gainst the subtle air vain battle made

53

"That Christian thief," quoth he, "that was so bold  
To combat me in hand and single fight,  
Shall wounded fall inglorious on the mould,  
His locks with clods of blood and dust bedight,  
And living shrill with watery eyes behold  
How from his back I tear his harness bright,  
Nor shall his dying words me so entreat,  
*But that I'll give his flesh to dogs for meat.*"

54

Like as a bull when, piqued with jealousy,  
He spies the rival of his hot desire,  
Through all the fields doth bellow, roar and cry,  
And with his thundering voice augments his ire,  
And threatening battle to the empty sky,  
Tears with his horn each tree, plant, bush and briar,  
And with his foot casts up the sand on height,  
Defying his strong foe to deadly fight

55

Such was the Pagan's fury, such his cry  
A herald called he then, and thus he spake,  
"Go to the camp, and in my name, defy  
The man that combats for his Jesus' sake,"  
This said, upon his steed he mounted high,  
And with him did his noble prisoner take,  
The town he thus forsook, and on the green  
He ran, as mad or frantic he had been

56

A bugle small he winded loud and shrill,  
Thru made resound the fields and valleys near,  
Louder than thunder from Olympus hill  
Seemed that dreadful blast to all that hear,  
The Christian lords of prowess, strength and skill,  
Within the imperial tent assembled were  
The herald there in boasting terms defied  
Tancredi first, and all that durst beside

57

With sober cheer Godfredo looked about, 58  
 And viewed at leisure every lord and knight,  
 But yet for all his looks not one stepped out,  
 With courage bold, to undertake the fight  
 Absent were all the Christian champions stout,  
 No news of Tancred since his secret flight,  
 Boemond far off, and banished from the crew  
 Was that strong prince who proud Gernando slew

And eke those ten which chosen were by lot, 59  
 And all the worthies of the camp beside,  
 After Armida false were followed hot,  
 When night were come their secret flight to hide,  
 The rest their hands and hearts that trusted not,  
 Blushed for shame, yet silent still abide,  
 For none there was that sought to purchase fame  
 In so great peril, fear evild shame

The angry duke their fear discovered plain, 60  
 By their pale looks and silence from each part,  
 And as he moved was with just disdain,  
 These words he said, and from his seat upstart  
 "Unworthy life I judge that coward swun  
 To hazard it even now that wants the heart,  
 When this vile Pagan with his glorious boast  
 Dishonours and defies Christ's sacied host

"But let my camp sit still in peace and rest, 61  
 And my life's hazird at their ease behold  
 Come bring me here my fairest arms and best,"  
 And they were brought sooner than could be told  
 But gentle Raymond in his aged breast,  
 Who had mature advice, and counsel old,  
 Than whom in all the camp were none or few  
 Of greater might, before Godfredo drew,

And gravely said, "Ah, let it not betide, 62  
 On one man's hand to venture all this host!  
 No private soldier thou, thou art our guide,  
 If thou miscarry, all our hope were lost,  
 By thee must Bibel fall, and all her pride,  
 Of our true faith thou art the prop and post,  
 Rule with thy sceptre, conquer with thy word,  
 Let others combat mice with spear and sword

I come to you for your protection  
 These men I am to my selfe say I have  
 Let other men Hellions do what they will,  
 These other fool hill not knowe what to do  
 Oh that I were in peace of herte to see  
 Like you that thine enemys we rese  
 And dare not once lift up your couerlye  
 Constat him that you and Christ him never

Or is it when all the lords of France  
 And German princes went toward to view,  
 In Conrads court, the record of their name  
 When Leopold in am leath at I saw,  
 A greater pruse I receyed by the same,  
 So strong a foy in combat to subdue  
 Than he should do who all alone should chace  
 Or kill a thou sand of the Frenchmen bise

"Within these armes had I that streen the same  
 This boistung I hymen had not lived noys  
 Yet in this breast doth courte still remain,  
 For the or yeare these members shal not bow,  
 And if I be in this encounter slayn  
 Scotfess Argantes shall not scape, I say,  
 Give me mine armes, this bridle shall with pruse  
 Augment mine honour, not in younger dayes."

The jolly baron old thus bruch spake,  
 His words are spurs to vertue, every knyght  
 That seemed before to tremble and to quake,  
 Now talked bold, example hath such myght,  
 Each one the battle fiercer would undertake,  
 Now strove they all who should be in the myght  
 Baldwin and Roger both, would combate farr  
 Stephen, Guelpho, Gernier and the Gerrards twyn,

And Pyrrhus, who with help of Bohmond's sword  
 Proud Antroch by canning slight oppress,  
 The battle eke with many a lowly word,  
 Ralph, Rosimond, and Eberard request,  
 A Scottish, an Irish and an English lord,  
 Whose lands the seas divide far from the rest,  
 And for the fight did likewise humbly sue,  
 Edward and his Gildipps, lovers true

But Raymond more than all the rest doth sue  
Upon that Pagan fierce to wreak his ire,  
Now wants he nought of all his armours due  
Except his helm that shone like flaming fire  
To whom Godfredo thus, "O mirror true  
Of antique worth! thy courage doth inspire  
New strength in us, of Mars in thee doth shine  
The art, the honour and the discipline

" If ten like thee of valour and of age,  
Among these legions I could haply find,  
I should the heat of Babel's pride assuage,  
And spread our faith from Thule to furthest Inde  
But now I pray thee calm thy valiant rage,  
Reserve thyself till greater need us bind,  
And let the rest each one write down his name,  
And see whom Fortune chooseth to this game,—

" Or rather see whom God's high judgment taketh,  
To whom is chance, and fate, and fortune slave "  
Raymond his earnest suit not yet forsaketh,  
His name writ with the residue would he have,  
Godfrey himself in his bright helmet shaketh  
The scrolls, with names of all the champions brave  
They drew, and read the first whercon they hit  
Wherein was " Raymond Earl of Thoulouse " writ

His name with joy and mighty shouts they bless  
The rest allow his choice, and fortune pruse,  
Now vigour blushed through those looks of his,  
It seemed he now resumed his youthful days,  
Like to a snake whose slough new changed is,  
That shines like gold against the sunny rays  
But Godfrey most approved his fortune high,  
And wished him honour, conquest, victory

Then from his side he took his noble brand,  
And giving it to Raymond, thus he spake  
" This is the sword wherewith in Saxon land,  
The great Rubello battle used to make,  
From him I took it, fighting hand to hand,  
And took his life with it, and many a fall.  
Of blood with it I have shed since that day,  
With that God grant it proves as happy may

73

Of these delays meanwhile impatient,  
 Argantes threateneth loud and steinly cries,  
 ' O glorious people of the Occident !  
 Behold him here that all your host defies  
 Why comes not Tancred, whose great hirdiment  
 With you is prized so dear ? Pardie he lies  
 Still on his pillow and presumes the night  
 Again may shield him from my power and might

74

Why then some other come, by band and band,  
 Come all, come forth on horseback, come on foot  
 If not one man dares combat hand to hand,  
 In all the thousands of so great a rout  
 See where the tomb of Mary's Son doth stand,  
 March thither, warriors bold, what makes you doubt ?  
 Why run you not, there for your sins to weep  
 Or to what greater need these forces keep ?"

75

Thus scorned by that herthen Saracene  
 Were all the soldiers of Christ's sacred name  
 Raymond, while others at his words repine,  
 Burst forth in rage, he could not bear this shame  
 For fire of courage brighter far doth shine  
 If challenges and threats augment the same,  
 So that upon his steed he mounted light,  
 Which Aquilino for his swiftness hight

76

This jennet was by Tagus bred, for oft  
 The breeder of these beasts to war assigned  
 When first on trees burgeon the blossoms soft  
 Pricked forward with the sting of fertile kind,  
 Against the air casts up her head aloft  
 And gathereth seed so from the fruitful wind,  
 And thus conceiving of the gentle blast,  
 A wonder strange and rare, she foals at last

77

And had you seen the beast you would have said  
 The light and subtle wind his father was  
 For if his course upon the sands he made  
 No sign was left what way the beast did pass,  
 Or if he menaged were, or if he played,  
 He scantily bended down the tender grass  
 Thus mounted rode the Earl, and as he went  
 Thus prayed, to Heaven his zealous looks upbent

" O Lord, that diddest save Ieep and defend  
 Thy servant David from Goliath's rage,  
 And broughtest that huge giant to his end,  
 Slain by a faithful child of tender age,  
 Like grace, O Lord, like mercy now extend!  
 Let me this vile blasphemous pride assuage,  
 That all the world may to thy glory know,  
 Old men and babes thy foes can overthrow!"

78

Thus prayed the County, and his privers dear  
 Strengthened with seal, with godliness and faith,  
 Before the throne of that great Lord appear  
 In whose sweet grace is life, death in his wrath,  
 Among his armies bright and legions clear,  
 The Lord an angel good selected hath,  
 To whom the charge was given to guard the knight  
 And keep him safe from that fierce Pagan's might

79

The angel good, appointed for the guard  
 Of noble Ka'mond from his tender eild,  
 That kept him then, and kept him afterward,  
 When spear and sword he able was to wield,  
 Now when his great Creator's will he heard,  
 That in this fight he should him chiefly shield,  
 Up to a tower set on a rock he flies,  
 Where all the heavenly arms and weapons lies

80

There stands the lunce wherewith great Michael slew  
 The raged dragon in a bloody fight,  
 There are the dreadful thunders forged new,  
 With storms and plague, that on poor sunne light,  
 The angry trident mayest thou pendant view  
 There on a golden pin hung up on height,  
 Wherewith sometimes he smotes this solid land,  
 And throws down towns and towers thereon which stand

81

Anong the blessed wepons there which stands  
 Upon a diam ord shield his loo as he bended,  
 So great hat it might cover all the lands,  
 There C1 cases and vins mells extenuall  
 Within the lorne as a stoc a dightil brand,  
 That on it, that will the delectable,  
 The red mal too is sett a wod  
 And the C1 wod chal on a wod

82

But now the walls and turrets round about,  
Both young and old with many thousands fill,  
The king Clorinda sent and her brave rout,  
To keep the field, she stayed upon the hill  
Godfrey likewise some Christian bands sent out  
Which armed, and linked in good array stood still,  
And to their champions empty let remain  
Twixt either hoop a large and spacious plain

83

Argantes looked for Tancredi bold,  
But saw an uncouth foe at last appear,  
Raymond rode on, and what he asked him, told,  
Better by chance, "Tancred is now elsewhere,  
Yet glory not of that, myself behold  
Am come prepared, and bid thee battle here,  
And in his place, or for myself to fight,  
Lo, here I am, who scorn thy heathenish might "

84

The Pagan cast a scornful smile and said,  
"But where is Tancred, is he still in bed?"  
His looks late seemed to make high heaven afraid,  
But now for dread he is or dead or fled,  
But whether earth's centre or the deep sea abide  
His lurking hole, it should not save his head."  
"Thou liest," he says, "to say so brave a knight  
Is fled from thee, who thee exceeds in might"

85

The angry Pagan said, "I have not spilt  
My labour then, if thou his place supply,  
Go take the field, and let's see how thou wilt  
Maintain thy foolish words and that brave he,"  
Thus parleyed they to meet in equal tilt,  
Each took his arm at other's helm on high,  
Even in the fight his foe good Raymond hit,  
But shaked him not, he did so firmly sit

86

The fierce Circassian missed of his blow,  
A thing which seldom befell the man before,  
The angel, by unseen, his force did know,  
And far avry the poignant weapon bore,  
He burst his lance against the sand below,  
And bit his lips for rage, and cursed and swore,  
Against his foe returned he swift as wind,  
Half mad in arms a second match to find

87

Like to a ram that butts with horned head,  
So spurred he forth his horse with desperate race  
Raymond at his right hand let slide his steed,  
And as he passed struck at the Pagan's face,  
He turned again, the earl was nothing dread,  
Yet stept aside, and to his rage gave place,  
    And on his helm with all his strength gan smite,  
    Which was so hard his courtlax could not bite

The Saracen employed his art and force,  
To grip his foe within his mighty arms,  
But he avoided nimly with his horse,  
He was no prentice in those fierce alarms,  
About him made he many a winding course,  
No strength, nor sleight the subtle warrior hums,  
    His nimble steed obeyed his ready hand,  
    And where he stept no print left in the sand

As when a captain doth besiege some hold,  
Set in a marsh or high up on a hill,  
And trieth ways and wiles a thousandfold,  
To bring the piece subjected to his will,  
So fared the County with the Pagan bold,  
And when he did his head and breast none ill,  
    His weaker parts he wisely gan assul,  
    And entrance searched oft 'twixt mail and mail

At last he hit him on a place or twain,  
That on his arms the red blood trickled down,  
And yet himself untouched did remain,  
No nail was broke, no plume cut from his crown,  
Argantes raging spent his strength in vain,  
Waste were his strokes, his thrusts were idle th'own,  
    Yet pressed he on, and doubled still his blows,  
    And where he hits he neither cares nor knows

Among a thousand blows the Saracine  
At last struck one, when Raymond was so neir,  
That not the swiftness of his Aquiline  
Could his dear lord from that huge danger bear  
But lo, at hand unseen was help divine,  
Which saves when worldly comforts none appear,  
    The angel on his targe received that stroke,  
    And on that shield Argantes' sword was broke

The sword was broke, therein no wonder lies  
 If earthly tempered metal could not hold  
 Against that target forged above the skies,  
 Down fell the blade in pieces on the mould,  
 The proud Circassian scant believed his eyes,  
 Though nought were left him but the hilts of gold,  
 And full of thoughts amazed awhile he stood,  
 Wondering the Christian's armour was so good

93

The brittle web of that rich sword he thought,  
 Was brok e through hardness of the County's shield,  
 And so thought Raymond, who discovered nought  
 What succour Heaven did for his safety yield  
 But when he saw the man against whom he fought,  
 Unweaponed, still stood he in the field,  
 His noble heart esteemed the glory light  
 At such advantage if he slew the knight

94

"Go fetch," he would have said, "another blade,"  
 When in his heart a better thought arose,  
 How for Christ's glory he was champion made,  
 How Godfrey had him to this combat chose,  
 The army's honour on his shoulder laid  
 To hazards new he list not that expose.

95

While thus his thoughts debated on the case,  
 The hilts Argantes hurled at his face

And forward spurred his mounturie fierce withal,  
 Within his arms longing his foe to strain,  
 Upon whose helm the heavy blow did fall,  
 And bent well nigh the metal to his brain  
 But he, whose courage was heroical,  
 Leapt by, and mal es the Pagan's onset run,  
 And wounds his hand, which he outstretched saw,  
 Fiercer than eagles' talon, lions' paw

96

Now here, now there, on every side he rode,  
 With nimble speed, and spurred now out, now in,  
 And as he went and came still laid on load  
 Where Lord Argantes' arms were weak and thin,  
 All that huge force which in his arms abode,  
 His wrath, his ire, his great desire to win,  
 Against his foe together all he bent,  
 And heaven and fortune furthered his intent

97

But he, whose courage for no peril fails,  
Well armed, and better hearted, scorns his power  
Like a tall ship when spent are all her sails  
Which still resists the rage of storm and shower,  
Whose mighty ribs fast bound with bands and nails  
Withstands fierce Neptune's wrath, for many an hour,  
And yields not up her bruised keel to winds,  
In whose stern blast no ruth nor grace she finds

Argantes such thy present danger was,  
When Satan stirred to aid thee at thy need,  
In human shape he forged an airy mass,  
And made the shade a body seem indeed,  
Well might the spirit of Clorinda pass,  
Like her it was, in armour and in weed,  
In stature, beauty, countenance and face,  
In looks, in speech, in gesture, and in pace

And for the spirit should seem the same indeed,  
From where she was whose show and shape it had,  
Towards the wall it rode with feigned speed,  
Where stood the people all dismayed and sad,  
To see their knight of help have so great need,  
And yet the law of arms all help forbade  
There in a turret sat a soldier stout  
To watch, and at a loop hole peeped out,

The spirit spake to him, called Oradine,  
The noblest archer then that handled bow,  
"O Oradine, quoth she, "who straight as line  
Can't shoot, and hit each mark set high or low,  
If yonder knight, alas! be slain in fine,  
As likeliest is, great ruth it were you know,  
And greater shame, if his victorious foe  
Should with his spoils triumphant homeward go

"Now prove thy skill, thine arrow's sharp head asp  
In yonder thievish Frenchman's guilty blood,  
I promise thee thy sovereign shall not slip  
To give thee huge rewards for such a good,"  
Thus said the spirit, the man did laugh and ship  
For hope of future gain, nor longer stood,  
But from his quiver huge a shaft he bent,  
And set it in his mighty bow new bunt,

98

99

100

101

102

Twanged the string, out flew the quarrel long,  
 And through the subtle air did singing pass,  
 It hit the knight the buckles rich among,  
 Wherewith his precious girdle fastened was,  
 It bruised them and pierced his hauberk strong,  
 Some little blood down trickled on the grass .

103

Light was the wound , the angel by unseen,  
 The sharp head blunted of the weapon keen

Raymond drew forth the shaft, as much behoved  
 And with the steel, his blood out steaming came,  
 With bitter words his foe he then reproved,  
 For breaking faith, to his eternal shame  
 Godfrey, whose careful eyes from his beloved  
 Were never turned, saw and marked the same,  
 And when he viewed the wounded County bled,  
 He sighed, and feared, more perchance than need ,

104

And with his words, and with his threatening eyes,  
 He stirred his captains to revenge that wrong ,  
 Forthwith the spurred courier forward hies,  
 Within their tests put were their lances long,  
 From either side a squadron brave out flies,  
 And boldly made a fierce encounter strong,  
 The raised dust to overspread begun  
 Their shining arms, and far more shining sun

105

Of breaking spears, of ringing helm and shield,  
 A dreadful rumour roared on every side,  
 There lay a horse, another through the field  
 Ran masterless, dismounted was his guide ,  
 Here one lay dead, there did another yield,  
 Some sighed, some sobbed, some pryed, and some cried ,  
 Fierce was the fight, and longer still it lasted,  
 Fiercer and fewer, still themselves they wasted

106

Argentes numbly leapt amid the throng,  
 And from a soldier wrung an iron mace,  
 And breaking through the ranks and ranges long,  
 Therewith he passage made himself and place,  
 Raymond he sought, the thickest press among,  
 To take revenge for late received disgrace,  
 A greedy wolf he seemed, and would issuage  
 With Raymond's blood his hunger and his rage

107

The way he found not easy as he would,  
 But fierce encounters put him oft to pain,  
 He met Ormanno and Rogero bold,  
 Of Balnavile, Guy, and the Gerrards twain,  
 Yet nothing might his rage and haste withhold,  
 These worthies strove to stop him, but in vain,  
     With these strong lets increased still his ire.  
 Like rivers stopped, or closely smouldered fire

He slew Ormanno, and wounded Guy, and laid  
 Rogero low, among the people slain,  
 On every side new troops the man invade,  
 Yet all their blows were waste, their onsets vain,  
 But while Argantes thus his prizes played,  
 And seemed alone this skirmish to sustain,  
     The duke his brother called and thus he spake,  
     "Go with thy troop, fight for thy Saviour's sake,

"There enter in where hottest is the fight,  
 Thy force against the left wing strongly bend"  
 This said, so brave an onset gave the knight,  
 That many a Paynim bold there made his end  
 The Turks too weak seemed to sustain his might,  
 And could not from his power their lives defend,  
     Their ensigns rent, and broke was their array,  
     And men and horse on heaps together lay

O'erthrown likewise away the right wing ran,  
 Nor was there one again that turned his face,  
 Save bold Argantes, else fled every man,  
 Fear drove them thence on heaps, with headlong chase  
 He stayed alone, and battle new began,  
 Five hundred men, weaponed with sword and mace,  
     So great resistance never could have made,  
     As did Argantes with his single blade

The strokes of swords and thrusts of many a spear,  
 The shock of many a joust he long sustained,  
 He seemed of strength enough this charge to bear,  
 And time to strike, now here, now there, he gained,  
 His armours broke, his members bruised were,  
 He sweat and bled, yet courage still he feigned,  
     But now his foes upon him pressed so fast,  
     That with their weight they bore him back at last

His back against this storm at length he turned,  
Whose headlong fury bore him backward still,  
Not like to one that fled, but one that mourned  
Because he did his foes no greater ill,  
His threatening eyes like flaming torches burned,  
His courage thirsted yet more blood to spill,  
And every way and every mean he sought,  
To stay his flying mates, but all for nought

113

This good he did, while thus he played his part,  
His bands and troops at ease, and safe, retired,  
Yet coward dread lacks order, fear wants art,  
Deaf to intend, commanded or desired  
But Godfrey that perceived in his wise heart,  
How his bold Knights to victory aspired,  
Fresh soldiers sent, to make more quick pursuit  
And help to gather conquest's precious fruit

114

But this, alas, was not the appointed day,  
Set down by Heaven to end this mortal war  
The western lords this time had borne away  
The prize for which they travelled had so far,  
Had not the devils, that saw the sure decay  
Of their false kingdom by this bloody war,  
At once made heaven and earth with darkness blud,  
And stirred up tempests, storms, and blustering wind

115

Heaven's glorious lamp, wrapped in an ugly veil  
Of shadows dark, was hid from mortal eye,  
And hell's grim blackness did bright skies assyl,  
On every side the fiery lightnings fly,  
The thunders roar, the streaming rain and hul  
Pour down and make that sea which erst was dry  
The tempests rend the oaks and cedars brile,  
And make not trees but rocks and mountans shike

116

The rain, the lightning, and the raging wind,  
Beat in the Frenchmen's eyes with hideous force,  
The soldiers staycd amizd w heart and mind,  
The terror such that stopped both man and horse,  
Surprised with this evil no way they find,  
Whither for succour to direct their course,  
But wise Clorinda soon the advantage spied,  
And spurning forth thus to her soldiers cried

117

" You hardy men at arms behold," quoth she,  
 " How Hewen, how Justice in our aid doth light,  
 Our visages are from this tempest free,  
 Our hands at will may wield our weapons bright,  
 The fury of this friendly storm you see  
 Upon the foreheads of our foes doth light,  
 And blinds their eyes, then let us take the tide,  
 Come, follow me, good fortune be our guide "

118

This said, against her foes on rode the dame,  
 And turned their backs against the wind and rain,  
 Upon the French with furious rage she came,  
 And scorned those idle blows they struck in vain,  
 Argantes at the instant did the same,  
 And them who chased him now chased again,  
 Nought but his fearful back each Christian shows  
 Against the tempest, and against their blows

119

The cruel hail, and deadly wounding blade,  
 Upon their shoulders smote them as they fled,  
 The blood new spilt while thus they slaughter made,  
 The water fallen from skies had dyed red,  
 Among the murdered bodies Pyrinus laid,  
 And valiant Raiphe his heart blood there out bled,  
 The first subdued by strong Argantes might,  
 The second conquered by that virgin knight

120

Thus fled the French, and then pursued in chase  
 The wicked sprites and all the Syrian train  
 But gainst their force and gainst their fell menace  
 Of hail and wind, of tempest and of rain,  
 Godfrey alone turned his audacious face,  
 Blaming his barons for their fear so vain,  
 Himself the camp gate boldly stood to keep,  
 And saved his men within his trenches deep

121

And twice upon Argantes proud he flew,  
 And beat him backward, maugre all his might,  
 And twice his thirsty sword he did imbrue  
 In Pagan's blood where thickest was the fight,  
 At last himself with all his folk withdrew,  
 And that day's conquest gave the virgin bright,  
 Which got she home retired and all her men,  
 And thus she chased this hon to his den

122

Yet ceased not the fury and the we  
Of these huge storms, of wind, of rain and hail,  
Now was it dark, now shone the hghtining fire,  
The wind and water every place assail,  
No bank was safe, no rampire left entire,  
No tent could stand, when beam and cordage ful,  
Wind, thunder, rain, 'll gave a dreadful sound,  
And with that music deafed the trembling ground

The Eighth Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

---

THE ARGUMENT.

A messenger to Godfrey sage doth tell  
The Prince of Denmark's valour death and end  
The Italians trusting signs untrue too well  
Think their Rinaldo slain the wicked fiend  
Breed fury in their breasts their bosoms swell  
With me and hate and war and strife forth send  
They threaten Godfrey he prays to the Lord  
And calms their fury with his look and word

---

NOW were the skies of storms and tempests cleared,  
Lord Æolus shut up his winds in hold,  
The silver-mantled morning fresh appeared,  
With roses crowned, and busked high with gold,  
The spirits yet which had these tempests reared  
Their malice would still more and more unfold,  
And one of them that Astragor was named,  
His speeches thus to foul Alecto framed

"Alecto, see, we could not stop nor stay  
The Knight that to our foes new tidings bring,  
Who from the hands escaped, with life twi,  
Of that great prince, chief of all Pagan kings  
He comes, the fall of his slun lord to swi,  
Of denta and loss he tells, and such sad things,  
Great news he brings and greatest danger w,  
Bartoldo's son shall be called home for this

"Thou knowest what would baffle, bestir thee than,  
 Prevent with craft, what force could not withstand,  
 Turn to their evil the speeches of the man,  
 With his own weapon wound Godfredo's hand,  
 Kindle debate, infect with poison wan  
 The English, Switzer, and Italian bind,  
 Great tumults move, make brawls and quarrels rise,  
 Set all the camp on uproar and it strife

3

"This act beseems thee well, and of the deed  
 Much may'st thou boast before our lord and King."  
 Thus said the sprite Persuasion small did need,  
 The monster grants to undertake the thing  
 Meanwhile the knight, whose coming thus they dread,  
 Before the camp Ls weary limbs doth bring,  
 And wellnigh breathless, "Warriors bold," he cried,  
 "Who shall conduct me to your famous guide?"

4

An hundred strove the stranger's guide to be,  
 To hearken news the knights by heaps assemble,  
 The man fell lowly down upon his knee,  
 And kissed the hand that made proud Babel tremble,  
 "Right puissant lord, whose valiant acts," quoth he,  
 "The sands and stars in number best resemble,  
 Would God some gladder news I might unfold,"  
 And there he paused, and sighed, then thus he told

5

"Sweno, the King of Denmark's only heir,  
 The stv and staff of his declining eild,  
 Longed to be among these squadrons fur  
 Who for Christ's faith here serve with spear and shield,  
 No weariness, no storms of sea or air,  
 No such contents as crowns and sceptres yield,  
 No dear entreaties of so kind a sire,  
 Could in his bosom quench that glorious fire

6

"He thirsted sore to learn this warlike art  
 Of thee, great lord and master of the same,  
 And was ashamed in his noble heart,  
 That never act he did deserved fame;  
 Besides, the news and tidings from each part  
 Of young Rinaldo's worth and praises came  
 But that which most his courage sturr'd hath,  
 Is zeal, religion, godliness, and faith

7

" He hasted forward, then without delay,  
 And with him took of knights a chosen band,  
 Directly toward Thrace we took the way,  
 To Byzance old, chief fortress of that land,  
 There the Greek monarch gently prayed him stay,  
 And there an herald sent from you we fand,  
 How Antioch was won, who first declared,  
 And how defended nobly afterward

" Defended gainst Corbana, valiant knight,  
 That all the Persian armies had to guide,  
 And brought so many soldiers bold to fight,  
 That void of men he left that kingdom wide ;  
 He told thine acts, thy wisdom and thy might,  
 And told the deeds of many a lord beside,  
 His speech at length to young Rinaldo passed,  
 And told his great achievements, first and last

" And how this noble camp of yours, of late  
 Besieged had this town, and in what sort,  
 And how you prayed him to participate  
 Of the last conquest of this noble fort  
 In hardy Sweno opened was the gate  
 Of worthy anger by this brave report,  
 So that each hour seemed five years long,  
 Till he were fighting with these Pagans strong.

" And while the herald told your fights and frays,  
 Himself of cowardice reproved he thought,  
 And him to stay that counsels him, or prays,  
 He hears not, or, else heard, regardeth naught,  
 He fears no perils but whilst he delays,  
 Lest this last work without his help be wrought  
 In this his doubt, in this his danger lies,  
 No hazard else he fears, no peril spies

" Thus hastening on, he hasted on his death,  
 Death that to him and us was fatal guide  
 The rising morn appeared yet aneath,  
 When he and we were armed, and fit to ride,  
 The nearest way seemed best, o'er bolt and heath  
 We went, through deserts waste, and forests wide,  
 The streets and ways he openeth as he goes,  
 And sets each land free from intruding foes

" Now want of food, now dangerous ways we find,  
 Now open war, now ambush closely laid,  
 Yet passed we forth, all perils left behind,  
 Our foes or dead or run away afraid,  
 Of victory so happy blew the wind,  
 That careless all and heedless to it made  
     Until one day his tents he happed to rear,  
     To Palestine when we approachéd near

13

" There did our scouts return and bring us news,  
 That dreadful noise of horse and arms they hear,  
 And that they deemed by sundry signs and shows  
 There was some mighty host of Pagans near  
 At these sad tidings many changed their hues,  
 Some looked pale for dread, some shock for fear,  
     Only our noble lord was altered naught,  
     In look, in face, in gesture, or in thought

14

" But said, 'A crown prepare you to possess  
 Of martyrdom, or happy victory,  
 For this I hope, for that I wish no less,  
 Of greater merit and of greater glory  
 Brethren, this camp will shortly be, I guess,  
 A temple, sacred to our memory,  
     To which the holy men of future age,  
     To view our graves shall come in pilgrimage'

15

" Thus said, he set the watch in order right  
 To guard the camp, along the trenches deep,  
 And as he arméd was, so every knight  
 He willed on his back his arms to keep  
 Now had the stillness of the quiet night  
 Drowned all the world in silence and in sleep,  
     When suddenly we heard a dreadful sound,  
     Which deafed the earth, and tremble made the ground.

16

" 'Arm, arm,' they cried, Prince Sweno at the same,  
 Glistering in shining steel leaped foremost out  
 His visage shone, his noble looks did flame,  
 With kindled brand of courage bold and stout,  
 When lo, the Pagans to assault us came,  
 And with huge numbers hemmed us round about,  
     A forest thick of spears about us grew,  
     And over us a cloud of arrows flew

17

"Uneven the fight, unequal was the fray,  
 Our enemies were twenty men to one,  
 On every side the slain and wounded lay  
 Unseen, where nought but glistering weapons shone  
 The number of the dead could no man say  
 So was the place with darkness overgone,  
 The night her mantle black upon us spreads,  
 Hiding our losses and our valiant deeds

"But hardy Sweno midst the other train,  
 By his great acts was well descried I wot  
 No darkness could his valour's daylight stain,  
 Such wondrous blows on every side he smote,  
 A stream of blood, a bink of bodies slain,  
 About him made a bulwark and a moat,  
 And when soe'er he turned his fatal brand,  
 Dread in his looks and death sate in his hand

"Thus fought we till the morning bright appeared,  
 And strewed roses on the azure sky.  
 But when her lamp had night's thick darkness cleared,  
 Wherein the bodies dead did buried lie,  
 Then our sad cries to heaven for grief we reared,  
 Our loss apparent was for we descry  
 How all our camp destroyed was almost,  
 And all our people well nigh slain and lost

"Of thousands twain an hundred scount survived  
 When Sweno murdered saw each valiant knight,  
 I know not if his heart in sunder rived  
 For dear compassion of that woeful sight,  
 He showed no change but said 'Since so deprived  
 We are of all our friends by chance of fight,  
 Come follow them, the path to heaven their blood  
 Marks out, now angels made, of martyrs good

"This said, and glad I think of death at hand,  
 The signs of heavenly joy shone through his eyes,  
 Of Saracens against a mighty band,  
 With fearless heart and constant breast he flies  
 No steel could shield them from his cutting brand,  
 But whom he hits without recur he dies,  
 He never struck but felled or killed his foe,  
 And wounded was him elf from top to toe

" Not strength, but courage now, preserved on live  
 This hardy champion, fortress of our faith,  
 Strucken he strikes, still stronger more they strive,  
 The more they hurt him, more he doth them smite  
 When towards him a furious knight gan drive,  
 Of members huge, fierce looks, and full of wrath,  
 Thit with the aid of many a Pagan crew,  
 After long fight, at last Prince Sweno slew

23

" Ah heawy chance! down fell the valiant youth,  
 Nor mongst us all did one so stron<sup>g</sup> appear  
 As to revenge his death that this is truth,  
 By his dear blood and noble bones I swear,  
 That of my life I had not care nor ruth  
 No wounds I shunned, no blows I would off bear,  
 And had not Heaven my wished end denied,  
 Even there I should, and willing should, have died.

24

" Alive I fell among my fellows slain  
 Yet wounded so tht e Ich one thought me dead,  
 Nor what our foes did since can I explain,  
 So sore amazed was my heart and head,  
 But when I opned first mine eys again,  
 Night's curtain black upon the earth was spread,  
 And through the darkness to my feeble sight,  
 Appeared the twinkling of a slender light

25

" Not so much force or judgment in me lies  
 As to discern things seen and not mistake,  
 I saw like them who ope and shut their eyes  
 By turns, now half asleep, now half awake,  
 My body else another torment tries,  
 My wounds began to smart, my hurts to ache,  
 For every sore e Ich member pinched was  
 With night's sharp air, heaven's frost, and earth's cold grass

26

" But still the light approached near and near,  
 And with the same a whispering murmur run,  
 Till at my side arrived both they were,  
 When I to spread my feeble eyes begun  
 Two men behold in vestures long appear,  
 With e Ich a lamp in hand, who said, ' O son  
 In thit dear Lord who helps his servants, trust,  
 Who ere they ask, grants all things to the just'

27

"This said, each one his sacred blessing flings  
 Upon my corsc, with broad out-stretched hand,  
 And mumbled hymns and psalms and holy things,  
 Which I could neither hear, nor understand,  
 'Arise,' quoth they, with that as I had wings,  
 All whole and sound I leaped up from the land  
 O miracle, sweet, gentle, strange and true!  
 My limbs new strength received, and viour new

28

"I gazed on them like one whose heart denieth  
 To think that done, he sees so strangely wrought,  
 Till one said thus, 'O thou of little faith,  
 What doubts perplex thy unbelieving thought?  
 Each one of us a living body hath,  
 We are Christ's chosen servants, fear us nought,  
 Who to avoid the world's allurements vain,  
 In wilful penance, hermits poor remain

29

"Us messengers to comfort thee elect  
 That Lord hath sent that rules both heaven and hell,  
 Who often doth his blessed will effect,  
 By such weak means, as wonder is to tell,  
 He will not that this body he neglect,  
 Wherin so noble soul did lately dwell  
 To which again when it uprisen is  
 It shall united be in last ng bliss.

30

"I say Lord Sweno's corpse, for which prepared  
 A tomb there is according to his worth,  
 By which his honour shall be far declred,  
 And his just praises spread from south to north  
 But lift thine eyes up to the heavens ward,  
 Mark yonder light that like the sun shines forth,  
 That shall direct thee with those beams so clear,  
 To find the body of thy master dear"

31

"With that I saw from Cynthia's silver face,  
 Like to a falling star a burn down slide,  
 That bright as golden lime marked out the place,  
 And hatched with clear streams the forest wide,  
 So Latmos shone when Phœbe left the chuse,  
 And laid her down by her Lindymon's side,  
 Such was the bight that well discern I could,  
 His shap, his wounds, his face, though dead, yet bold.

32

' He lay not grovelling now, but as a knight  
 That ever had to heavenly things desire  
 So towards heaven the prince lay bolt upright,  
 Like him that upward still sought to aspire,  
 His right hand closed held his weapon bright,  
 Ready to strike and execute his ire,  
 His left upon his breast was humbly laid,  
 That men might know, that while he died he prayed

33

"Whilst on his wounds with bootless tears I wept,  
 That neither helped him, nor eased my care,  
 One of those aged fathers to him stepped,  
 And forced his hand that needless weapon spare  
 This sword,' quoth he, ' hath yet good token kept,  
 That of the Pagans' blood he drunk his share,  
 And blusheth still he could not save his lord,  
 Rich, strong and sharp, was never better sword

34

' Heaven, therefore, will not, though the prince be slain,  
 Who used erst to wield this precious brand  
 That so brave blade unused should remain,  
 But that it pass from strong to stronger hand,  
 Who with like force can wield the same again,  
 And longer shall in grace of fortune stand,  
 And with the same shall bitter vengeance take  
 On him that Sweno slew, for Sweno's sake

35

' Great Solyman killed Swero, Solyman  
 For Sweno's sake, upon this sword must die  
 Here take the blade, and with a haste telle than  
 Thither where Godfred doth encamped he,  
 And fear not thou that any shall or can  
 Or stop thy way, or lead thy steps awry,  
 For He that doth thee on this message send,  
 Thee with His hand shall guide, keep and defend

36

" Arrived there it is His blessed will,  
 With true report that thou declare and tell  
 The zeal, the strength, the courage and the skill  
 In thy beloved lord that late did dwell,  
 How for Christ's sake he came his blood to spill  
 And sample left to all of doing well,  
 That future ages may admire his deed,  
 And courage take when his brave end they read

37

33

" He lay not grovelling now, but as a knight  
 That ever had to heavenly things desire,  
 So towards heaven the prince lay bolt upright,  
 Like him that upward still sought to aspire,  
 His right hand closed held his weapon bright,  
 Ready to strike and execute his will,  
 His left upon his breast was humbly laid,  
 That men might know, that while he died he prayed

34

" Whilst on his wounds with bootless tears I wept,  
 That neither helpéd him, nor eased my care,  
 One of those aged fathers to him stepped,  
 And forced his hand that needless weapon spare  
 ' This sword,' quoth he, ' hath yet good token kept,  
 That of the Pagans blood he drunk his share,  
 And blusheth still he could not save his lord,  
 Rich, strong and sharp, was never better sword

35

" Heaven, therefore, will not, though the prince be slain,  
 Who used erst to wield this precious brand  
 That so brave blade unused should remain,  
 But that it pass from strong to stronger hand,  
 Who with like force can wield the same again,  
 And longer shall in grace of fortune stand,  
 And with the same shall bitter vengeance take  
 On him that Sweno slew, for Sweno's sake

36

" Great Solyman killed Sweno, Solyman  
 For Sweno's sake, upon this sword must die  
 Here take the blade, and with it briste thee than  
 Thither where Godfied doth encamped lie,  
 And fear not thou that any shall or can  
 Or stop thy way, or lead thy steps awry,  
 For He that doth thee on this message send,  
 Thee with His hand shall guide, keep and defend

37

" Arrived there it is His blessed will,  
 With true report that thou declare and tell  
 The zeal, the strength, the courage and the skill  
 In thy beloved lord that late did dwell,  
 How for Christ's sake he cyme his blood to spill,  
 And simple left to all of doing well,  
 That future ages may admire his deed,  
 And courage take when his brave and they read

"It resteth now, thou know that gentle knight  
That of this sword shall be thy master's heir,  
It is Rinaldo young, with whom in might  
And martial skill no champion may compare,  
Give it to him and say, 'The Heavens bright  
Of this revenge to him commit the care'

While thus I listened what this old man said,  
A wonder new from further speech us stayed,

"For there whereas the wounded body lay,      39  
A stately tomb with curious work, behold,  
And wondrous art was built out of the clay,  
Which, rising round, the carcass did enfold,  
With words engraven in the marble grey,  
The warrior's name, his worth and praise that told,  
On which I gazing stood, and often read  
That epuaph of my dear master dead"

"Among his soldiers,' quoth the hermit, 'here  
Must Sweno's corpse remain in marble chest,  
While up to heaven are flown their spirits dear,  
To live in endless joy for ever blest,  
His funeral thou hast with many a tear  
Accompanied, it's now high time to rest,  
Come be my guest, until the morning ray  
Shall light the world again, then take thy way'

"This said, he led me over holts and hags,  
Through thorns and bushes scant my legs I drew  
Till underneath a heap of stones and crags  
At last he brought me to a secret mew,  
Among the bears, wild boars, the wolves and stags,  
There dwelt he safe with his disciple true,  
And feared no treason, force, nor hurt at all,  
His guiltless conscience was his castle's wall

"My supper roots, my bed was moss and leaves,  
But weariness in little rest found ease  
But when the purple morning night bereaves  
Of late usurped rule on lands and seas,  
His loathed couch each wakeful hermit leaves,  
To pray rose they, and I, for so they please,  
I congee took when ended was the same,  
And hitherward, as they advised me, came"

The Dane his woeful tale had done, when thus  
 The good Prince Godfrey answered him, "Sir Knight,  
 Thou bringest tidings sad and dolorous,  
 For which our heavy camp laments of right,  
 Since so brave troops and so dear friends to us,  
 One hour hath spent, in one unlucky fight,  
 And so appeared hail thy master stout,  
 As lightning doth, now kindled, now quenched out

43

"But such a death and end exceedeth all  
 The conquests vain of realms, or spoils of gold,  
 Nor aged Rome's proud stately capital,  
 Did ever triumph yet like theirs behold,  
 They sit in heaven on thrones celestial,  
 Crowned with glory, for their conquest bold,  
 Where each his hurts I think to other shows,  
 And glory in those bloody wounds and blows

44

"But thou who hast part of thy race to run,  
 With haps and hazards of this world ylost,  
 Rejoice, for those high honours they have won,  
 Which cannot be by chance or fortune crossed  
 But for thou askest for Bertoldo's son,  
 Know, that he wandereth, banished from this host,  
 And till of him new tidings some man tell,  
 Within this camp I deem it best thou dwell"

45

These words of theirs in many a soul renewed  
 The sweet remembrance of fair Sophia's child,  
 Some with salt tears for him their cheeks bedewed,  
 Lest evil betide him mongst the Pagans wild,  
 And every one his valiant prowess showed,  
 And of his battles stories long compiled,  
 Telling the Dane his acts and conquests past,  
 Which made his ears amazed, his heart aghast

46

Now when remembrance of the youth had wrought  
 A tender pity in each softened mind,  
 Behold returned home with all they caught  
 The bands that were to forage late assigned,  
 And with them in abundance great they brought  
 Both flocks and herds of every sort and kind  
 And corn, although not much, and hay to feed  
 Their noble steeds and coursers when they need.

47

They also brought of misadventure and  
Tokens and signs, seemed too apparent true,  
Rinaldo's armour crushed and hacked they had,  
Oft pierced through with blood besmeared new,  
About the camp, for alius rumours bad  
Are farthest spread, these woeful tidings flew  
Thither assembled straitly both high and low,  
Longing to see what they were loth to know

His heavy hauberk was both seen and known,  
And his broad shield, wherein displayed flies  
The bird that proves her chickens for their own  
By looking grunst the sun with open eyes,  
That shield was to the Pisans often shown  
In many a hard and hardy enterprise,  
But now with many a gash and many a stroke,  
They see, and sigh to see it, crushed and broke

While all his soldiers whispered under hand,  
And here and there the fault and cause do Iw,  
Godfrey before him called Aliprand  
Captain of those that brought of late this prey,  
A man who did on points of virtue stand,  
Blameless in words, and true write're he say,  
"Say," quoth the duke, "where you this armour hid  
Hide not the truth, but tell it good or bad "

He answerd him, "As far from hence think I  
As on two days a speedy post well rideth,  
To Gazi ward a little plain doth lie,  
Itself among the steepy hills whch hideth,  
Through it slow falling from the mountuns high,  
A rolling brook, twixt bush and bramble glideth,  
Clad with thick shide of boughs of broad leaved treeen,  
Fit place for men to lie in wait unseen

"Thither, to seek some flocks or herds, we went  
Perchance close hid under the green wood shaw,  
And found the springing grass with blood besprent,  
A warrior tumbled in his blood we saw,  
His arms though dusty, bloody, hacked and rent,  
Yet well we knew, when neir the corse we draw,  
To which, to view his face, in vain I started,  
For from his body his fair head was parted,

" His right hand wanted eke, with many a wound  
 The trunk through piercéd was from back to breast,  
 A little by, his empty helm we found  
 The silver eagle shining on his crest;  
 To spy at whom to ask we gazéd round,  
 A churl then towards us his steps addressed,  
 But when us armed by the corse he spied,  
 He ran away his fearful face to hide

53

" But we pursued him, took him, spake him fair,  
 Tili comforted at last he answer made,  
 How that, the day before, he saw repair  
 A band of soldiers from that forest shade,  
 Of whom one carried by the golden hair  
 A head but late cut off with murdering blade,  
 The face w<sup>s</sup> fair and young, and on the chin  
 No sign of beard to bmt did yet begin

54

" And how in sindal wrapt away he bore  
 That head with him hung at his saddle bow,  
 And how the murtherers by the arms they wore,  
 For soldiers of our camp he well did know ,  
 The carcass I disarmed and weeping sore,  
 Because I guessed who should that harness owe,  
 Away I brought it but first order gave,  
 That noble body should be laid in grave

55

" But if it be his trunk whom I believe,  
 A nobler tomb his worth deserveth well "  
 This said, good Aliprando took his leave,  
 Of certain troth he had no more to tell  
 A<sup>e</sup> re sighed the duke, so did these news him grieve,  
 An<sup>e</sup>rs in his heart, doubts in his bosom dwell,  
 T<sup>e</sup> yearned to know to find and learn the truth,  
 Wh<sup>e</sup> punish would them that had slain the youth

56

Now wh<sup>e</sup> the night dispread her lazy wings  
 A tender broad fields of heaven's bright wilderness,  
 Behold ret<sup>e</sup>oul's rest, and ease of careful things,  
 The bands t<sup>e</sup>pp<sup>e</sup> peace both more and less,  
 And with thei<sup>t</sup> alone, whom sorrow stings,  
 Both flock<sup>s</sup> in using on great deeds I guess,  
 And corn, all<sup>t</sup> thy watchful eyes to creep  
 Their noble s<sup>t</sup>ose of mild and gentle sleep

57

This man was strong of limbs, and all his 'saws  
 Were bold, of ready tongue, and working sprite,  
 Near Trento born, bred up in brawls and scavs,  
 In jars, in quarrels, and in civil fight,  
 For which exiled, the hills and public ways  
 He filled with blood, and robberies day and night,  
 Until to Asia's wars at last he came,  
 And boldly there he served, and purchased fame

He closed his eyes at last when day drew near  
 Yet slept he not, but senseless lay opprest  
 With strange amaz'dness and sudden fear  
 Which false Alecto breathed in his breast,  
 His working powers within deluded were,  
 Stone still he quet lay, yet took no rest,  
 For to his thought the fiend herself presented,  
 And with strange visions his weak brain tormented

A murdered body huge beside him stood,  
 Of head and right hand both but lately spoiled,  
 His left hand bore the head, whose visage good,  
 Both pale and wan, with dust and gore defaced,  
 Yet spake, though dead, with whose sad words the blood  
 Forth at his lips in huge abundance boled,  
 " Fly, Argillan, from this false camp fly far,  
 Whose guide, a traitor, captains, murderers are

" Godfrey hath murdered me by treason vile,  
 What favour then hope you my trusty friends ?  
 His villain heart is full of fraud and guile,  
 To your destruction all his thoughts he bends,  
 Yet if thou thirst of praise for noble stile,  
 If in thy strength thou trust, thy strength that ends  
 All hard assays, fly not, first with his blood  
 Appease my ghost wandering by Lethe flood ,

" I will thy weapon whet, inflame thine ire,  
 Arm thy right hand, and strengthen every part :  
 This said, even while she spake she did inspire  
 With fury, rage, and writh his troubled heart  
 The man awaked, and from his eyes like fire  
 The poisoned sparks of headstrong madness start  
 And arm'd as he was, forth is he gone,  
 And gathered all the Italian bands in one

63

He gathered them where lay the arms that late  
 Were good Rinaldo's, then with semblance stout  
 And furious words his fore conceiv'd hate  
 In bitter speeches thus he vomits out,  
 'Is not this people barbarous and ingrate,  
 In whom truth finds no place futh takes no root?  
 Whose thirst unquenched is of blood and gold,  
 Whom no yoke boweth, bridle none can hold

64

'So much we suffered have these seven years long,  
 Under this servile and unworthy yoke,  
 That thorough Rome and Italy our wrong  
 A thousand years hereafter shall be spoke  
 I count not how Cilicia's kingdom strong,  
 Subdued was by Prince Tancredi's stroke,

Nor how false Baldwin him that land bereaves  
 Of virtue's harvest, fraud there reaped the sheaves

65

"Nor speak I how each hour, at every need,  
 Quick, ready, resolute at all assays,  
 With fire and sword we hasted forth with speed,  
 And bore the brunt of all their fights and frays,  
 But when we had performed and done the deed,  
 At ease and leisure they divide the preys,  
 We reaped naught but travel for our toll,  
 Theirs was the praise, the realms, the gold, the spoil

66

"Yet all this season were we willing blind,  
 Offended unrevenged, wronged but unwroken,  
 Light griefs could not provoke our quiet mind,  
 But now, alas! the mortal blow is sticken,  
 Rinaldo have they slain, and low of kind,  
 Of arms, of nations and of high heaven broken,  
 Why doth not heaven kill them with fire and thunder?  
 To swallow them why cleaves not earth asunder?

67

{  
 'They have Rinaldo slain, the sword and shield  
 Of Christ's true faith, and unrevenged he lies  
 Still unrevenged lieth in the field  
 His noble corpse to feed the crows and pies  
 Who murdered him? who shall us certain yield?  
 Who sees not that, although he wanted eyes?  
 Who knows not how the Italian chivalry  
 Proud Godfrey and false Baldwin both envy?

"What need we further proof? Heaven, heaven I swear, 68  
 Will not consent herein we be beguiled,  
 This night I saw his murdered sprite appear,  
 Pale, sad and wan, with wounds and blood defiled,  
 A spectacle full both of grief and fear  
 Godfrey, for murdering him, the ghost reviled  
 I saw it was no dream, before mine eyes,  
 Howe'er I look, still, still methinks it flies,

'What shall we do? shall we be governed still  
 By this false hand, contaminate with blood?  
 Or else depart and travel forth, until  
 To Euphrates we come, that sacred flood,  
 Where dwells a people void of martial skill  
 Whose cities rich, whose land is fat and good,  
 Where kingdoms great we may at ease provide,  
 Far from these Frenchmen's malice from their pride.

"Then let us go, and no revengement take  
 For this brave knight, though it lie in our power  
 No, no, that courage rather newly wake,  
 Which never sleeps in fear and dread one hour  
 And this pestiferous serpent poisoned snake  
 Of all our knights that hath destroyed the flower,  
 First let us slay, and his deserved end  
 Example make to him that kills his friend

"I will, I will, if your courageous force,  
 Dareth so much as it can well perform,  
 Tear out his cursed heart without remorse,  
 The nest of treason false and guile unarm  
 Thus spike the angry knight with headlong course  
 The rest him followed with a furious storm,  
 "Arm, arm" they cried, to arms the soldiers ran,  
 And as they run "Arm, arm," cried every man

"Mongst them Alecto strowed wasteful fire,  
 Envenoming the hearts of most and least,  
 Folly disdain, madness, strife, rancour, ire,  
 Thirst to shed blood in every breast increased,  
 This ill spread far, and till it set on fire  
 With rage the Italian lodgings, never ceased,  
 From thence unto the Switzers camp it went,  
 And last infect d ever English tent

Not public loss of their beloved knight,  
Alone stirred up their rage and wrath untamed,  
But fore conceivéd griefs, and quarrels light,  
The ire still nourishéd, and still inflamed,  
Awaked was each former cause of spite,  
The Frenchmen cruel and unjust they named,  
And with bold threats they made their hatred known,  
Hate seld kept close, and oft unwisely shown

73

Like boiling liquor in a seething pot,  
That fumeth, swelleth high, and bubbleth fast,  
Till o'er the brims among the embers hot,  
Part of the broth and of the scum is cast,  
Their rage and wrath those few appeaséd not  
In whom of wisdom yet remained some taste,  
Camillo, William, Tancred were away,  
And all whose greatness mght their madness stay

74

Now headlong ran to harness in this heat  
These furious people, all on heaps confused,  
The roaring trumpets battle gan to threat,  
As it in time of mortal war is used,  
The messengers ran to Godfredo great,  
And bade him arm, while on this noise he mused,  
And Baldwin first well clad in iron hard,  
Stepped to his side, a sure and faithful guard

75

Their murmurs heard to heaven he lift his een,  
As was his wont, to God for aid he fled,  
"O Lord, thou knowest this right hand of mine  
Abhorred ever civil blood to shed,  
Illumine their dark souls with light divine,  
Repress their rage, by hellish fury bred,  
The innocency of my guiltless mind  
Thou knowest, and make these know, with fury blind

76

Tis said he felt infuséd in each vein,  
A sacred heat from heaven above distilled,  
A heat in man that courage could constrain,  
That his grave look with awful boldness filled  
Well guarded forth he went to meet the train  
Of those that would revenge Rinaldo killed,  
And though their threats he heard, and saw them bent  
To arms on every side, yet on he went

77

Above his hauberk strong a coat he ware,  
Embroidered fair with pearl and rich stone,  
His hands were naked, and his face was bare,  
Wherein a lamp of majesty bright shone,  
He shook his golden mace, wherewith he dare  
Resist the force of his rebellious foe  
Thus he appeared, and thus he gan them teach,  
In shape an angel, and a God in speech

" What foolish words? what threats be these I hear?  
What noise of arms? who dares these tumults move?  
Am I so honoured? stand you so in fear?  
Where is your late obedience? where your love?  
Of Godfrey's falsehood who can witness bear?  
Who dare or will these accusations prove?  
Perchance you look I should entreaties bring,  
Sue for your favours, or excuse the thing

" Ah, God forbid these lands should hear or see  
Him so disgraced at whose great name they quake,  
This sceptre and my noble acts for me  
A true defence before the world can make  
Yet for sharp justice governéd shall be  
With clemency, I will no vengeance take  
For this offence, but for Rinaldo's love,  
I pardon you, hereafter wiser prove

" But Argillano's guilty blood shall wash  
This stain away, who undid this debate,  
And led by hasty rage and fury rash,  
To these disorders first undid the gate  
While thus he spoke, the lightning beams did flash  
Out of his eyes, of majesty and state,  
That Argillan,—who would have thought it?—shook  
For fear and terror, conquered with his look.

The rest with indiscreet and foolish wrath  
Who threatened late with words of shame and pride,  
Whose hands so ready were to harm and scath,  
And brandished bright swords on every side,  
Now hushed and still attend what Godfrey saith,  
With shame and fear their bashful looks they hide,  
And Argillan they let in chains be bound,  
Although their weapons hum environed round

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,  
And beats his tail with courage proud and wroth,  
If his commander come, who first took pain  
To tame his youth, his lofty crest down goeth,  
His threats he feareth, and obeys the rein  
Of thraldom base, and serviceage, though loth,  
Nor can his sharp teeth nor his arm'd paws,  
Force him rebel against his ruler's laws

Fame as a wing'd warrior they beheld,  
With semblant fierce and furious look that stood,  
And in his left hand had a splendid shiel'd  
Wherewith he covered safe their chieftain good,  
His other hand a naked sword did wield,  
From which distilling fell the lukewarm blood,  
The blood pardie of many a realm and town,  
Whereon the Lord his wrath had poured down.

Thus was the tumult, without bloodshed, ended,  
Their arms laid down, strife into exile sent,  
Godfrey his thoughts to greater actions bended,  
And homeward to his rich pavilion went,  
For to assault the fortress he intended  
Before the second or third day were spent; -  
Meanwhile his tumber wrought he oft surveyed  
Whereof his ram and engines great he made.

The Ninth Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

---

*THE ARGUMENT.*

Alecto false great Solyman doth move  
By night the Chastans in their tents to kill  
But God who their intents saw from above  
Sends Michael down from his sacred hill  
\*The spirits foul to hell the angels drova  
The knights delvered from the witch at will  
Destroy the Pagans scatter all their host  
The Soldan flies when all his bands are lost

---

THE grisly child of Erebus the grim,  
Who saw these tumults done and tempest spent,  
'Gainst stream of grace who ever strivè to swim  
And all her thoughts against Heaven's wisdom bent,  
Departed now, bright Titan's beams were dim  
(And fruitful lands waxed barren as she went  
She sought the rest of her infernal crew,  
New storms to raise, new brouls, and tumults neir

She, that well wist her sisters had enticed,  
By their false arts, far from the Christian host,  
Tancred, Rinaldo, and the rest, best prized  
For martial skill, for might esteem'd most,  
Said, of these discords and these strifes advised,  
"Great Solyman, when day his light hath lost,  
These Christians shall assail with sudden war  
And kill them all while thus they strive and jar."

The Ninth Book

OR      .esses gone,  
        ad uncouth ways,

GODFREY OF B<sup>E</sup>

<sup>stone</sup>  
—assays,  
        behold  
*THE ARGUMENT.*

Alecto false go at Solyn  
By night ther, or préys of sheep or line,      10  
But God wha these bands did arm?  
Sends Machon lately lost of thine  
\* The spirits fedress thy harm?  
The knight<sup>s</sup> small candles next shall shine,  
Destroy<sup>t</sup> them a bold alarm,  
The Sole<sup>c</sup>, whose grave advice  
Proved, and proved in Nice.

THE grisly chik he doubts no sudden broil  
Who saw th and worse-hearted bands,  
'Gainst stream of e, used to rob and spoil,  
And all her though not lift up their hands,  
Departed now, bny courage put to foil  
And fruitful landswhile thus secure it stands"  
She sought theason in his breast she hides,  
New storms toeless air unseen she glides.

She, that well w 'O thou which in my thought  
By their false ar rage and fury so,  
Tancred, Rinaldt of mortal metal wrought,  
For martial shaseso thee list to go,  
Said, of these n by dint of sword down brought  
"Great Solymd, and seas of red blood flow  
These Christ only be thou my guide  
And kill theght the azure skies shall hide."

13

When this was said, he mustered all his crew,  
 Reproved the cowards, and allowed the bold  
 His forward camp, inspired with courage new,  
 Was ready dight to follow where he would  
 Alecto's self the wyrning trumpet blew  
 And to the wind his standard great unrolled,  
 Thus on they marchéd, and thus on they went,  
 Of their approach their speed the news prevent

14

Alecto left them, and her person dight  
 Like one that came some tidings new to tell  
 It was the time when first the rising night  
 Her sparkling diamonds poureth forth to sell,  
 When, into Sion come, she marchéd right  
 Where Juda's aged tyrant used to dwell,  
 To whom of Solyman's designation bold,  
 The place, the manner, and the time she told.

15

Their mantle dark, the grisly shadows spread,  
 Stainéd with spots of deepest sanguine hue,  
 Warm drops of blood, on earth's black visage shed,  
 Supplied the place of pure and precious dew,  
 The moon and stars for fear of sprites were fled,  
 The shrieking goblins eachwhere howling flew,  
 The furies roar, the ghosts and fairies yell,  
 The earth was filled with devils, and empty hell

16

*The Soldan Ferce, through all this horror, went*  
 Toward the camp of his redoubt foes,  
 The night was more than half consumed and spent,  
 Now headlong down the western hill she goes,  
 When distant scant a mile from Godfrey's tent  
 He set his people there awhile repose,  
 And victualled them, and then he boldly spoke  
 These words which rage and courage might provoke

17

" See there a camp, full stuffed of spoils and prey,  
 Not half so strong as false report recordeth,  
 See there the store house, where their captain lays  
 Our treasures stolen, where Asia's wealth he hoardeth,  
 Now chance the ball unto our racket plays,  
 Take then the vantage which good luck affordeth,  
 For all their arms their horses, gold and treasure  
 Are ours, ours without loss, harm or displeasure

"Nor is this camp that great victorious host  
 That slew the Persian lords, and Nice hath won  
 For those in this long war are spent and lost,  
 These are the dregs, the wine is all outrun,  
 And these few left, are drowned and dead almost  
 In heavy sleep, the labour half is done  
 To send them headlong to Avernus deep,  
 For little differs death and heavy sleep

"Come, come, this sword the passage open shall  
 Into their camp, and on their bodies slain  
 We will pass over their rampire and their wall,  
 This blade is scythes cut down the fields of grain,  
 Shall cut them so, Christ's kingdom now shall fall  
 Asia her freedom, you shall praise obtain'  
 Thus he inflamed his soldiers to the fight,  
 And led them on through silence of the night

The sentinel by starlight, lo, descried  
 This mighty Soldan and his host draw near,  
 Who found not as he hoped the Christians' guide  
 Unware, ne yet unready was his gear  
 The scouts, when this huge army they descried,  
 Ran back, and gan with shouts the 'larum rear,  
 The watch stert up and drew their weapons bright,  
 And bussed them bold to battle and to fight

The Arabians wist they could not come unseen,  
 And therefore loud their jarring trumpets sound,  
 Their yelling cries to heaven upheaved been,  
 The horses thundered on the solid ground,  
 The mountains roared, and the valley green,  
 The echoes sighed from the caves around,  
 Alecio with her brand, kindled in hell,  
 Tokened to them in David's tower that dwell

Before the rest forth prick'd the Soldan fast,  
 Against the watch, not yet in order just,  
 As swift as hideous Boreas' hasty blast  
 From hollow rocks when first his storms outburst,  
 The raging floods, that trees and rocks down cast,  
 Thunders, that towns and towers drive to dust  
 Earthquakes, to tear the world in twain that threat,  
 Are nought, compared to his fury great

The bold ensample of their father's might  
 Their weapons whetted and their wrath increased,  
 "Come let us go," quoth he, "where yonder knight  
 Upon our soldiers makes his bloody feast,  
 Let not their slaughter once your hearts affright,  
 Where danger most appears there fear it least,  
 For honour dwells in hard attempts my sons,  
 And greatest praise, in greatest peril, wins "

Her tender brood the forest's savage queen,  
 Ere on their crests their rugged manes appear,  
 Before their mouths by nature arm'd been,  
 Or paws have strength a silly lamb to tear,  
 So leadeth forth to prey, and makes them keen,  
 And learns by her ensample naught to feir  
     The hunter, in those desert woods that takes  
     The lesser beasts whereon his feast he makes

The noble father and his hardy crew  
 Fierce Solyman on every side invade,  
 At once all six upon the Soldan flew,  
 With lances sharp and strong encounters made,  
 His broken spear the eldest boy down threw,  
 And boldly, ever boldly, drew his blade,  
     Wherewith he strove, but strove therewith in vain,  
     The Pagan's steed, unmark'd, to have slain

But as a mountain or a cape of land  
 Assailed with storms and seas on every side,  
 Doth unremov'd, steadfast, still withstand  
 Storm, thunder, lightning, tempest wind and tide  
 The Soldan so withstand Latins' band,  
 And unremoved did all their justs abide,  
     And of that hapless youth, who hurt his steed,  
     Down to the chin he cleft in twain the head.

Kind Aramante, who saw his brother slain,  
 To hold him up stretched forth his friendly arm,  
 Oh foolish kindness, and oh pity vain,  
 To add our proper loss, to other's harm!  
 The prince let fall his sword, and cut in twain  
 About his brother twined, the child's weak arm,  
     Down from their saddles both together slide,  
     Together mourned they, and together died

33

That done, Sabino's lince with nimble force  
 He cut in twain, and 'gainst the stripling bold  
 He spurred his steed, that underneath his horse  
 The hardy infant tumbled on the mould,  
 Whose soul, out squeezed from his bruised corpse,  
 With ugly painfulness forsook her hold,  
 And deeply mourned that of so sweet a cage  
 She left the bliss, and joys of youthful age

34

But Picus yet and Lawrence were on live,  
 Whom at one birth their mother fair brought out  
 A pair whose likeness made the parents strive  
 Oft which was which, and joy'd in their doubt  
 But what their birth did undistinguished give,  
 The Soldan's rage made known, for Picus stout  
 Headless at one huge blow he laid in dust,  
 And through the breast his gentle brother thrust,

35

Their father, but no father now, alas !  
 When all his noble sons at once were slain,  
 In their five deaths so often murdered was,  
 I know not how his life could him susten,  
 Except his heart were forged of steel or brass,  
 Yet still he lived, purdie, he saw not plain  
 Their dying looks, although their deaths he knows,  
 It is some ease not to behold our woes

36

He wept not, for the night her curtain spread  
 Between his cause of weeping and his eyes,  
 But still he mourned and on sharp vengeance fed,  
 And thinks he conquers, if revenged he dies,  
 He thirsts the Soldan's heathenish blood to shed,  
 And yet his own at less than night doth prize,  
 Nor can he tell whether he liefer would,  
 Or die himself, or kill the Pagan bold.

37

At last, "Is this right hand," quoth he, "so weak,  
 That thou disdainst gaunst me to use thy might ?  
 Can it naught do ? can this tongue nothing speak  
 That may provoke thine ire, thy wrath and spite ?"  
 With that he struck his anger great to wreat,  
 A blow, that pierced the mail and metal bright,  
 And in his flank set ope a floodgate wide,  
 Whereat the blood out stream'd from his side

Provokéd with his cry, and with that blow, 38  
 The Turk upon him gan his blade discharge,  
 He cleft his breastplate, having first pierced through,  
 Linéd with seven bulls' hides, his mighty targe,  
 And sheathed his weapons in his guts below,  
 Wretched Latinus at that issue large,  
 And at his mouth, poured out his vital blood,  
 And sprinkled with the same his murdered brood

On Apennine like as a sturdy tree, 39  
 Against the winds that makes resistance stout,  
 If with a storm it overturned be,  
 Falls down and breaks the trees and plants about,  
 So Laune fell, and with him felléd he  
 And slew the nearest of the Pagans' rout,  
 A worthy end, fit for a man of fame,  
 That dying, slew, and conquered overcame

Meanwhile the Soldan strove his rage interne 40  
 To satisfy with blood of Christians spilled,  
 The Arabians heartened by their captain stern,  
 With murder every tent and cabin filled,  
 Henry the English knight and Olisperne,  
 O fierce Draguto, by thy hands were killed !  
 Gilbert and Philip were by Ariadene  
 Both slain, both born upon the banks of Rhene

Albazar with his mace Ernesto slew, 41  
 Under Algazel Engerlin down fell,  
 But the huge murder of the meaner crew,  
 Or manner of their deaths, what tongue can tell ?  
 Godfrey, when first the heathen trumpets blew,  
 Awaked which heard, no fear could make him dwell,  
 But he and his were up and armed ere long,  
 And marched forward with a squadron strong

He that well heard the rumour and the cry, 42  
 And marked the tumult still grow more and more,  
 The Arabian thieves he judged by and by  
 Against his soldiers made this battle sore,  
 For that they forayed all the countries high  
 And spoiled the fields, the duke knew well before,  
 Yet thought he not they had the hardiment  
 So to assail him in his arm'd tent.

All suddenly he heard, while on he went,  
How to the city ward, "Arm, arm!" they cried,  
The noise uprear'd to the firmament,  
With dreadful howling filled the valleys wide  
This was Clorinda, whom the king forth sent  
To battle and Argantes by her side

43

The duke this heard, to Guelpho turned, and prayed  
Him his lieutenant be, and to him said

" You hear this new alarm from yonder part,  
That from the town breaks out with so much rage,  
Us needeth much your valour and your art  
To calm their fury, and their heat to 'suage,  
Go thither then, and with you take some part  
Of these brave soldiers of mine equipage,

44

While with the residue of my champions bold  
I drive these wolves again out of our fold '

They parted this agreed on them between,  
By divers paths, Lord Guelpho to the hill,  
And Godfrey hasted where the Arabians keen  
His men like silly sheep destroy and kill,  
But as he went his troops increas'd been,  
From every part the people flock'd still,

45

That now grown strong enough, he 'proached nigh  
Where the fierce Turk caused many a Christian dic

So from the top of Vesulus the cold,  
Down to the sandy valleys, tumbleth Po,  
Whose streams the further from the fountain rolled  
Still stronger wax, and with more puissance go  
And horned like a bull his forehead bold  
He lifts, and o'er his broken banks doth flow,  
And with his horns to pierce the sea assays,  
To which he proffereth war, not tribute pays

46

The duke his men fast flying did espy,  
And thither ran, and thus, displeased, spake,  
" What few' is this? Oh, whether do you fly?  
See who they be that this pursuit do make,  
A heartless band, that dare no battle try,  
Who wounds before dire neither give nor take,  
Against them turn your stern eye's threatening sight,  
An angry look will put them all to flight "

47

This said, he spurr'd forth where Solyman  
Destroyed Christ's vineyard like a savage boar,  
Through streams of blood, through dust and dirt he ran,  
O'er heaps of bodies wallowing in their gore,  
The squadrons close his sword to ope began,  
He broke their ranks, behind, beside, before,  
And, where he goes, under his feet he treads  
The armed Saracens, and barb'd steeds

This slaughter house of angry Mars he passed,  
Where thousands dead, half dead, and dying were  
The hardy Soldan saw him come in haste,  
Yet neither stepped aside nor shrank for fear,  
But busked him bold to fight, aloft he cast  
His blade, prepared to strike, and stepped near,  
These noble princes twain, so Fortune wrought,  
From the world's end here met, and here they fought

With virtue, fury, strength with courage strove,  
For Asia's mighty empire, who can tell  
With how strange force their cruel blows they drove?  
How sore their combat was? how fierce, how fell?  
Great deeds they wrought, each other's harness clove,  
Yet still in darkness, more the ruth, they dwell  
The night their acts her black veil covered under,  
Their acts whereto the sun, the world might wonder

The Christians by their guide's example hearted,  
Of their best armed made a squadron strong,  
And to defend their chieftain forth they started  
The Pagans also saved their knight from wrong,  
Fortune her favours twixt them evenly parted,  
Fierce was the encounter, bloody, doubtful, long,  
These won, those lost, these lost, those won again,  
The loss was equal, even the numbers slain

With equal rage, as when the southern wind,  
Meeteth in battle strong the northern blast,  
The sea and air to neither is resigned,  
But cloud against cloud, and wave against wave they cast  
So from this skirmish neither part declined,  
But fought it out, and kept their footings fast,  
And oft with furious shock together rush,  
And shield against shield, and helm against helm they crush

The battle eke to Sionward grew hot,  
The soldiers slain, the hardy knights were killed,  
Legions of sprites from Limbo's prisons got,  
The empty air, the hills and valleys filled,  
Hearting the Pagans that they shranked not,  
Till where they stood their dearest blood they spilled,  
And with new rage Argantes they inspire,  
Whose heat no flames, whose burning need no fire

53

Where he came in he put to shameful flight  
The fearful watch, and o'er the trenches leaped,  
Even with the ground he made the rampire's height,  
And murdered bodies in the ditch upheaved,  
So that his greedy mates with labour light,  
Amid the tents, a bloody harvest reaped  
Clorinda went the proud Circassian by,  
So from a piece two chained bullets fly

54

Now fled the Frenchmen, when in lucky hour  
Arrived Guelpho, and his helping band,  
He made them turn against this stormy shower,  
And with bold face their wicked foes withstand  
Sternly they fought, that from their wounds downpour  
The streams of blood and run on either hand  
The Lord of heaven meanwhile upon this fight,  
From his high throne bent down his gracious sight

55

From whence with grace and goodness compassed round,  
He ruleth, blesseth, keepeth all he wrought,  
Above the air, the fire, the sea and ground,  
Our sense, our wit, our reason and our thought,  
Where persons three, with power and glory crowned,  
Are all one God, who made all things of nought,  
Under whose feet, subjected to his grace,  
All nature, fortune, motion, time and place

56

This is the place, from whence like smoke and dust  
Of this frail world the wealth, the pomp and power,  
The wealth, temporal, turneth as we lust,  
And guides our life, our death, our end and hour  
No eye, howe'er virtuous, pure and just,  
Can view the brightness of that glorious bower,  
On every side the blessed spirits be,  
Equal in joys, though differing in degree.

57

With harmony of their celestial song  
The palace echoed from the chambers pure,  
At last he Michael called, in harness strong  
Of never yielding diamonds armed sure,  
"Behold," quoth he, "to do despite and wrong  
To that dear flock my mercy hath in cure,  
How Satan from hell's loathsome prison sends  
His ghosts, his sprites, his funes and his fiends.

"Go bid them all depart, and leave the care  
Of war to soldiers, as doth best pertain  
Bid them forbear to infect the earth and air,  
To darken heaven's fair light, bid them refrain,  
Bid them to Acheron's black flood repair,  
Fit house for them, the house of grief and pain  
There let their king himself and them torment,  
So I command, go tell them mine intent"

This said, the wingéd warrior low inclined  
At his Creator's feet with reverence due,  
Then spread his golden feathers to the wind,  
And swift as thought tway the angel flew,  
He passed the light, and shining fire assigned  
The glorious seat of his selected crew,  
The mover first, and circle crystalline,  
The firmament, where fixed stars all shine,

Unlike in working then, in shape and show,  
At his left hand, Saturn he left and Jove,  
And those untruly errant called I trow,  
Since he errs not, who them doth guide and move  
The fields he pissed then, whence hail and snow,  
Thunder and rain fall down from clouds above,  
Where heat and cold, dryness and moisture strive,  
Whose wars all creatures kill, and slain, revive

The horrid darkness, and the shadows dun  
Dispersed he with his eternal wings,  
The flames which from his heavenly eyes outrun  
Beguiled the earth and all her sable things,  
After a storm so spreadeth forth the sun  
His rays and bands the clouds in golden strings,  
Or in the stillness of a moonshine even  
A falling star so glideth down from Heaven

58

59

60

61

62

But when the infernal troop he proachéd near, 63  
 That still the Pagans' ire and rage provoke,  
 The angel on his wings himself did bear,  
 And shook his lance, and thus at last he spoke,  
 " Have you not learnéd yet to know and fear  
 The Lord's just wrath, and thunder's dreadful stroke?  
 Or in the torments of your endless ill,  
 Are you still fierce, still proud, rebellious still ?

" The Lord hath sworn to break the non bands 64  
 The brazen gates of Sion's fort which close,  
 Who is it that his sacred will withstands ?  
 Against his wrath who dares himself oppose ?  
 Go hence, you cursed, to your appointed lands,  
 The realms of death, of torment, and of woes,  
 And in the deeps of that infernal lake  
 Your battles fight, and there your triumphs make

" There tyrannise upon the souls you find 65  
 Condemned to woe, and double still their pains ,  
 Where some complain, where some their teeth do grond,  
 Some howl, and weep, some clank their iron chains "  
 This said they fled, and those that stay'd behind,  
 With his sharp lance he driveth and constrainst ,  
 They sighing left the lands, his silver sheep  
 Where Hesperus doth lead, doth feed, and keep

And towards hell their lazy wings display, 66  
 To wreak their malice on the damnéd ghosts ,  
 The birds that follow Titan's hottest ray,  
 Pass not in so great flocks to warmer coasts,  
 Nor leaves in so great numbers fall away  
 When winter nips them with his new come frosts ,  
 The earth delivered from so foul annoy,  
 Recalled her beauty, and resumed her joy

But not for this In fierce Argantes' breast 67  
 Lessened the rancour and decreased the ire,  
 Although Alecto left him to infest  
 With the hot brands of her infernal fire ,  
 Round his armed head his trenchant blade he blest,  
 And those thick ranks that seemed most entire  
 He breaks , the strong, the high, the weak, the low,  
 Were equaliséd by his murdering blow

Not far from him amid the blood and dust,  
68  
Heads, arms, and legs, Clorinda strew'd wide,  
Her sword through Berengarius' breast she thrust,  
Quite through the heart, where life doth chiefly bide,  
And that fell blow she struck so sure and just,  
That 't his back his life and blood forth glide,  
Even in the mouth she smote Albinus then,  
And cut in twain the visage of the man

Gernier's right hand she from his arm divided,  
69  
Whereof but late she had received a wound,  
The hand his sword still held, although not guided,  
The fingers half alive stirred on the ground,  
So from a serpent slain the tail divided  
Moves in the grass, rolleth and tumbleth round,  
The championess so wounded left the knight,  
And against Achilles turned her weapon bright

Upon his neck light that unhappy blow,  
70  
And cut the sinews and the throat in twain,  
The head fell down upon the earth below,  
And soiled with dust the visage on the plain,  
The headless trunk a woeful thing to know,  
Still in the saddle seated did remain,  
Until his steed, that felt the reins 't large  
With leaps and flings that burden did discharge

While thus this fur and fierce Bellona slew  
71  
The western lords, and put their troops to flight,  
Gidippes raged mongst the Pagan crew,  
And low in dust laid many a worthy knight  
Like was their sex, their beauty and their hue,  
Like was their youth, their courage and their might,  
Yet fortune would they should the battle try  
Of mightier foes, for both were framed to die

Yet wished they oft, and strove in vain to meet  
72  
So great betwixt them was the press and throng  
But hardy Guelpho gainst Clorinda sweet  
Ventured his sword to work her harm and wrong,  
And with a cutting blow so did her greet,  
That from her side the blood streamed down along,  
But with a thrust an answer sharp she made,  
And twixt his ribs coloured somedeal her blade

Lord Guelpho struck again, but hit her not,  
 For strong Osnuda haply passed by,  
 And not meant hum, another's wound he got,  
 That cleft his front in twain above his eye  
 Near Guelpho now the battle waxed hot,  
 For all the troops he led gan thither hue,  
 And thither drew eke many a Paynim knight,  
 That fierce, stern, bloody, deadly waned the fight

Meanwhile the purple morning peeped o'er  
 The eastern threshold to our half of Ind,  
 And Argillano in this great uproar  
 From prison loosed was, and what he fand,  
 Those arms he heut, and to the field them bore,  
 Resolved to take his chance what came to hand,  
 And with great acts amid the Pagin host  
 Would win agen his reputation lost

As a fierce steed 'scaped from his stall at large,  
 Where he had long been kept for warlike need,  
 Runs through the fields unto the flowery marge  
 Of some green forest where he used to feed  
 His curled mane his shoulders broad doth charge  
 And from his lofty crest doth spring and sprede,  
 Thunder his feet, his nostrils fire breathe out,  
 And with his neigh the world resounds about

So Argillan rushed forth, sparkled his eyes,  
 His front high lifted was, no fear therein,  
 Lightly he leaps and skips, it seems he flies,  
 He left no sign in dust imprinted thin,  
 And coming near his foes, he sternly cries,  
 As one that forced not all their strength a pin,  
 " You outcasts of the world, you men of naught  
 What hath in you this boldness newly wrought "

" Too weak are you to bear a helm or shield,  
 Unfit to arm your breast in iron bright,  
 You run half naked trembling through the field,  
 Your blows are feeble, and your hope in flight,  
 Your facts and all the actions that you wield,  
 The darkness hides, your bulwark is the night,  
 Now she is gone, how will your fights succeed?  
 Now better arms and better hearts you need "

While thus he spoke, he gave a cruel stroke  
Against Algazel's throat with might and main,  
And as he would have answered him, and spoke,  
He stopped his words, and cut his jaws in twain,  
Upon his eyes death spread his misty cloak,  
A chilling frost congealed every vein,  
He fell and with his teeth the earth he tore,  
Raging in death, and full of rage before

Then by his puissance mighty Sakadine,  
Proud Agricalt and Muleasses died,  
And at one wondrous blow his weapon fine,  
Did Adrazel in two parts divide,  
Then through the breast ne wounded Ariadine,  
Whom dying with sharp taunts he gan deride,  
He lifting up beneath his feeble eyes,  
To his proud scorns thus answrcth, ere he dies

"Not thou, whoe'er thou art, shall glory long  
Thy happy conquest in my death I trow,  
Like chance awaits thee from a hand more strong,  
Which by my side will shortly lay thee low."  
He smiled and said "Of nine hour short or long  
Let heaven take care, but here meanwhile die thou,  
Pasture for wolves and crows," on him his foot  
He set, and drew his sword and lise both out

Among this squadron rode a gentle page,  
The Seldun's minion darling and delight,  
On whose fair chin the spring time of his age  
Yet blossomed out her flowers, small or light,  
The sweat spread on his cheeks with heat and rage  
Seemed pearls or morning dews on lilies white,  
The dust therem uprolled adorned his hair,  
His face seemed fierce and sweet, wrathful and fair

His steed was white, and white as purest snow  
That falls on tops of aged Apennine  
Lightning and storm are not so swift I trow  
As he to run, to stop, to turn and twine,  
A dart his right hand shaked, prest to throw,  
His cutlass by his thigh short, hooked, fine,  
And braving in his Turkish pomp he shone,  
In purple robe, o'erfringed with gold and stone

The hardy boy, while thirst of warlike praise  
 Bewitched so his unadvis'd thought,  
 Gainst every band his childish strength assays,  
 And little danger found, though much he sought,  
 Till Argillan, that watched fit time always  
 In his swift turns to strike him as he fought,  
     Did unawares his snow white courser slay,  
     And under him his master tumbling lay

83

And gainst his face, where love and pity stand,  
 To pry him that rich throne of beauty spare,  
 The cruel man stretch'd forth his murdering hand,  
 To spoil those gifts, whereof he had no share  
 It seemed remorse ana sense was in his brand  
 Which lightning flit, to hurt the lad forbore,  
     But all for nought, gainst him the point he bent  
     That, what the edge had spared, pierc'd and rend

84

Fierce Solymon that with Godfredo strived  
 Who first should enter conquest's glorious gate,  
 Lest off the fray and thither headlong driv'd,  
 When first he saw the lad in such estate,  
 He brake the press, and soon enough arrived  
 To take revenge but to his aid too late,  
     Because he saw his Lesbine slain and lost,  
     Like a sweet flower nipp'd with untimely frost.

85

He saw wax dim the starlight of his eyes,  
 His ivory neck upon his shoulders fell,  
 In his pale looks kind pity's image lies,  
 That death even mourned, to hear his passing bell  
 His marble heart such soft impression tries,  
 That midst his wrath his manly tears outwell,  
     Thou weepest Solymon, thou that beheld  
     Thy kingdoms lost, and not one tear could yield

86

But when the murderer's sword he hap't to view  
 Dropping with blood of his Lesbino dead,  
 His pity vanished, ire and rage renew,  
 He had no leisure bootless tears to shed,  
 But with his blade on Argillano flew,  
 And cleft his sheld, his helmet, and his head,  
     Down to his throat, and worthy was that blow  
     Of Solymon, his strength and wrath to show

And not content with this, down from his horse  
 He lights, and that dead carcass rent and tore,  
 Like a fierce dog that takes his angry course  
 To bite the stone which had him hit before  
 Oh comfort vain for grief of so great force,  
 To wound the senseless earth that feels no sore !

But mighty Godfrey 'gainst the Soldan's train  
 Spent not, this while, his force and blows in vain

A thousand hardy Turks affront he had  
 In sturdy iron armed from head to foot,  
 Resolved in all adventures good or bad,  
 In actions wise, in execution stout,  
 Whom Solyman into Arabia lad,  
 When from his kingdom he was first cast out,  
 Where living wild with their eviled guide  
 To him in all extremes they faithful bide ,

All these in thickest order sure unite,  
 For Godfrey's valour small or nothing shrunk,  
 Corcutes first he on the face did smite,  
 Then wounded strong Rosteno in the flank  
 At one blow Selim's head he stroke off quite,  
 Then both Rossano's arms, in every rank  
 The boldest knights, of all that chosen crew,  
 He felled, maimed, wounded, hurt and slew

While thus he killed many a Saracine  
 And all their fierce assaults unhurt sustained,  
 Ere fortune wholly from the Turks decline,  
 While still they hop'd much, though small they gained,  
 Behold a cloud of dust, wherein doth shine  
 Lightning of war in midst thereof contained,  
 Whence unawares burst forth a storm of swords,  
 Which tremble made the Pagan knights and lords

These fifty champions were, mongst whom there stands  
 In silver field, the ensign of Christ's death,  
 If I had mouths and tongues as Briareus' hands,  
 If voice as iron tough, if iron breath,  
 What harm this troop wrought to the heathen bands,  
 What knights they slew, I could recount beneath  
 In vain the Turks resist, the Arabians fly,  
 If they fly, they are slain, if fight, they die

88

89

90

91

92

Fear, cruelty, grief, horror, sorrow, pain,  
 Run through the field, disguised in divers shapes,  
 Death might you see triumphant on the plain,  
 Drowning in blood him that from blows escapes  
 The king meanwhile with parcel of his train  
 Comes hasty out, and for sure conquest aspires,  
 And from a brink whereon he stood, beheld  
 The doubtful hazard of that bloody field

93

But when he saw the Pagans shrink away,  
 He sounded the retreat, and gat desire  
 His messengers in his behalf to pray  
 Arantes and Clorinda to retire,  
 The furious couple both at once sud nay,  
 Even drunk with shedding blood, and mad with ire,  
 At last they went, and to recomfort thought  
 And stay their troops from flight, but ill for nought

94

For who can govern cowardice or fear?  
 Their host already was begun to fly,  
 They cast their shields and cutting swords arrear,  
 As not defended but made slow thereby,  
 A hollow dale the city's bulwarks neir  
 I soon west to south outstretched long doth he,  
 Thither they fled and in a mist of dust,  
 Towards the walls they run, they throng, they thrust

95

While down the brink disordered thus they ran,  
 The Christian knights huge slaughter on them made,  
 But when to climb the other hill they gan,  
 Old Aladine came fiercely to the aid  
 On that steep brie Lord Guelpho would not than  
 Hazard his folk, but there his soldiers stayed,  
 And safe within the city's walls the King  
 The relics small of that sharp fight did bring

96

Meanwhile the Soldier in this latest clare  
 Had done as much as human force was able,  
 All sweat and blood appeared his members large,  
 His breath was short his courage waxed unstable,  
 His arm grew weak to bear his mighty surge,  
 His hand to rule his heavy sword unable,  
 Which bruised, not cut, so blunted was the blade  
 It lost the use for which a sword was made

97

Feeling his weakness, he gan musing stand,  
And in his troubled thought this question tossed,  
If he himself should murder with his hand,  
Because none else should of his conquest boast,  
Or he should save his life, when on the land  
Lay slain the pride of his subdued host,

"At last to fortune's power," quoth he, "I yield,  
And on my flight let her her trophies build

' Let Godfrey view my flight, and smile to see  
This mine unworthy second banishment,  
For armed again soon shall he hear of me,  
From his proud head the unsettled crown to rent,  
For, as my wrongs, my wrath etern shall be,  
At every hour the bow of war new bent,

I will arise again, a foe, fierce bold,  
Though dead, though slain, though burnt to ashes cold.'

## The Tenth Book

OR

## GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

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### THE ARGUMENT

Isaken from sleep twal is the Soldan great,  
And into Sion brings the Prince by night  
Where the sad king a ts fearful on his seat  
Whom he emboldeneth and excites to fight  
Godfrido hears his lords and knights report  
How they escaped Armida's wrath and spite  
R naldo known to live Peter foreways  
His offspring's virtue good deserts and pruse.

---

A GALLANT steed, while thus the Soldan said, 1  
Came trotting by him, without lord or guide,  
Quickly his hand upon the reins he laid,  
And weak and weary climbéd up to ride,  
The snake that on his crest hot fire out braid  
Was quite cut off, his helm hid lost the pride,  
His coat was rent, his harness hacked and cleft,  
And of his kingly pomp no sign was left

As when a savage wolf chisled from the fold,  
To hide his head runs to some holt or wood,  
Who, though he filled have while it might hold  
His greedy paunch, yet hungreth after food,  
With sanguine tongue forth of his lips out rolled  
About his jaws that licks up foam and blood,  
So from this bloody fray the Soldan fled,  
His rage unquenched, his writh unsatisfied.

And, as his fortune would, he 'scapéd free  
 From thousand arrows which about him flew,  
 From swords and lances, instruments that be  
 Of certain death, himself he safe withdrew,  
 Unknown, unseen, disguised, travelled he,  
 By desert paths and ways but used by few,  
 And rode revolving in his troubled thought  
 What course to take, and yet resolved on naught

Thither at last he meant to take his way,  
 Where Egypt's king assembled all his host,  
 To join with him, and once again assay  
 To win by fight by which so oft he lost  
 Determined thus, he made no longer stay,  
 But thitherward spurred forth his steed in post,  
 Nor need he guide the way right well he could,  
 That leads to sandy plains of Gaza old

Nor though his smarting wounds torment him oft,  
 His body weak and wounded back and side,  
 Yet rested he, nor once his armour doffed,  
 But all day long o'er hills and dales doth ride  
 But when the night cast up her shade aloft  
 And all earth's colours strange in sables dyed,  
 He light, and as he could his wounds upbound,  
 And shook ripe dates down from a palm he found

On them he supped, and amid the field  
 To rest his weary limbs awhile he sought,  
 He made his pillow of his broken shield  
 To ease the griefs of his distempered thought,  
 But little ease could so hard lodging yield,  
 His wounds so smarted that he slept right naught,  
 And, in his breast, his proud heart rent in twain,  
 Two inward vultures, Sorrow and Disdaine

At length when midnight with her silence deep  
 Did heaven and earth hushed, still, and quiet make,  
 Sore watched and weary, he began to sleep  
 His cares and sorrows in oblivion's bale,  
 And in a little, short, unquiet sleep  
 Some small respite his fainting spirits take,  
 But, while he slept, a voice grave and severe  
 At unawares thus thundered in his ear:

"O Solyman ! thou far renowned king,  
 Till better season serve, forbear thy rest,  
 A stranger doth thy lands in thralldom bring,  
 Nice is a slave, by Christian yoke oppressed,  
 Sleepest thou here, forgetful of this thing,  
 That here thy friends lie slain, not laid in chest,  
 Whose bones bear witness of thy shame and scorn !  
 And wilt thou idly here attend the morn ?"

The king awoke, and saw before his eyes  
 A man whose presence seem'd grave and old,  
 A writhen staff his steps unstable guies,  
 Which served his feeble members to uphold  
 "And what art thou ?" the prince in scorn rephes,  
 "What sprite to vex poor passengers so bold,  
 To break their sleep ? or what to thee belongs  
 My shame, my loss, my vengeance or my wrongs ?"

"I am the man of thine intent," quoth he,  
 "And purpose new that sure conjecture hath  
 And better than thou weonest know I thee  
 I proffer thee my service and my faith  
 My speeches therefore sharp and biting be,  
 Because quick words the whetstones are of wrath,—  
 Accept in gree, my lord, the words I spoke,  
 As spurs thine ire and courage to provoke

"But now to visit Egypt's mighty king,  
 Unless my judgment fail, you're prepared,  
 I prophesy, about a needless thing  
 You suffer shall a voyage long and hard  
 For though you stav, the monarch great will bring  
 His new assembled host to Juda ward,  
 No place of service there no cause of fight,  
 Nor gaunst our foes to use your force and might.

"But if you follow me, within this wall  
 With Christian arms hemmed in on every side,  
 Withouten battle, fight, or stroke at all,  
 Even at noonday, I will you safely guide,  
 Where you delight, rejoice, and glory shall  
 In perils great to see your prowess tried.  
 That noble town you may preserve and shield,  
 Till Egypt's host come to renew the field."

While thus he parleyed, of this ag'd guest  
 The Turk the words and looks did both admire,  
 And from his haughty eyes and furious breast  
 He bud apart his pride, his rage and ire,  
 And humbly said, "I willing am and prest  
 To follow where thou leadest reverend sire,  
 And that advice best fits my angry vein  
 That tells of greatest peril, greatest pain"

The old man praised his words, and for the air  
 His late receiv'd wounds to worse disposes,  
 A quintessence therein he poured fair,  
 That stops the bleeding, and incision closes  
 Beholding then before Apollo's chair  
 How fresh Aurora violets strewed and roses,  
 "Its time, he says, "to wend, for Titan bright  
 To wonted labour summons every wight

And to a chariot, that beside did stand,  
 Ascended he, and with him Solyman,  
 He took the reins, and with a mastering hand  
 Rul'd his steeds, and whipped them now and than,  
 The wheels or horses' feet upon the bnd  
 Had left no sign nor token where they ran,  
 The coursers pant and smoke with lukewarm sweat  
 And, foaming cream, their iron mouthfuls eat

The air about them round, a wondrous thing,  
 Itself on heaps in solid thickness drew,  
 The chariot hiding and environing,  
 The subtle mist no mortal eye could view,  
 And yet no stone from engine cast or sling  
 Could pierce the cloud, it was of proof so true,  
 Yet seen it was to them within which ride,  
 And heaven and earth without, all clear beside

His beetle brows the Turk amazed bent,  
 He wrinkled up his front, and wildly stared  
 Upon the cloud and chariot as it went,  
 Nor sped to Cynthia's car right well compared  
 The other seeing his astonishment  
 How he bewondered was, and how he fared,  
 All suddenly by name the prince gan call,  
 By which awaked thus he spoke withal

13

14

15

16

17

"And their great empire and usurp'd state  
 Shall overthrown in dust and ashes lie  
 Their woeful remnant in an angle strait  
 Compassed with sea themselves shall fortify,  
 From thee shall spring this lord of war and fate."  
 Whereto great Solyman gan thus reply

"O happy man to so great praise ybore!"  
 Thus he rejoiced, but yet envied more,

And said, "Let chance with good or bad aspect  
 Upon me look as sacred Heaven's decree,  
 This heart to her I never will subject,  
 Nor ever conquered shall she look on me  
 The moon her chariot shall awry direct  
 Ere from this course I will diverted be"

While thus he spake, it seemed he breath'd fire,  
 So fierce his courage was, so hot his ire

Thus talk'd they, till they arrived been  
 Nigh to the place where Godfrey's tents were reared  
 There was a woeful spectacle yseen,  
 Death in a thousand ugly forms appeared,  
 The Soldan chang'd hue for grief and teen,  
 On that sad book his shame and loss he lered,  
 Ah, with what grief his men, his friends he found,  
 And standards proud, inglorious lie on ground!

And saw one visage of some well known friend,  
 In foul despite, a rascal Frenchman tread,  
 And there another ragged peasant rend  
 The arms and garments from some champion dead  
 And there with stately pomp by heaps they wend  
 And Christians slain roll up in webs of lead  
 Lastly the Tuks and slain Arabians brought  
 On heaps, he saw them burn with fire to naught

Deeply he sighed, and with naked sword  
 Out of the coach he leaped in the mire,  
 But Ismen called agam the angry lord,  
 And with grave words appeised his foolish ire  
 The prince content remounted at his word,  
 Towards a hill on drove the aged sire

And hasting forward up a bank they pass  
 Till far behind the Christian leaguer was

There they alight and took their way on foot,  
The empty chariot vanished out of sight,  
Yet still the cloud environed them about  
At their left hand down went they from the height  
Of Sion's Hill, till they approached the route  
On that side where to west he looketh right,  
There Ismen stayed and his eyesight bent  
Upon the bushy rocks, and thither went

28

A hollow cave was in the craggy stone,  
Wrought out by hand a number years before,  
And for so long that way had walked none,  
The vault was hid with plants and bushes hoar,  
The wizard stooping in thereat to gone,  
The thorns aside and scratching brambles bore,  
His right hand sought the passage through the cleft,  
And for his guide he gave the prince his left

29

"What," quoth the Soldan, "by what privy mine,  
What hidden vault behoves it me to creep?  
This sword can find a better way than thine,  
Although our foes the passage guard and keep"  
"Let not," quoth he, "thy princely foot repine  
To tread this secret path, though dark and deep,  
For great King Herod used to tread the same,  
He that in arms had whilom so great fame

30

"This passage made he, when he would suppress  
His subjects' pride, and them in bondage hold,  
By this he could from that small fortress  
Antonia called, of Antonv the bold,  
Convey his folk unseen of more and less  
Even to the middest of the temple old,  
Thence, hither, where these privy ways begin,  
And bring unseen whole armies out and in

31

"But now save I in all this world lives none  
That knows the secret of this darksome place,  
Come then where Aladine sits on his throne,  
With lords and princes set about his grace,  
He feareth more than fitteth such an one,  
Such signs of doubt show in his cheer and face,  
Tilly you come, hear see, and keep you still,  
Till time and season serve, then speak your fill"

32

This said, that narrow entrance passed the Knight,  
 So creeps a camel through a needle's eye,  
 And through the ways as black as darkest night  
 He followed him that did him rule and guie,  
 Strait was the way at first, withouten light,  
 But further in, did further amplify,  
 So that upright walked at ease the men  
 Ere they had passēd half that secret den.

A privy door Ismen unlocked at last,  
 And up they climb a little usēd stair,  
 Thereat the day i feebly beam in cast,  
 Dim was the light, and nothing clear the air,  
 Out of the hollow cave at length they passed  
 Into a goodly hall, high, broad and fair,  
 Where crowned with gold, and all in purple clad  
 Sate the sad king, among his nobles sad

The Turk, close in his hollow cloud imburred,  
 Unseen, at will did i'll the prease behold  
 These heavy speeches of the king he heard,  
 Who thus from lofty siege his pleasure told,  
 "My lords, last day our state was much unpaired,  
 Our friends were slain, killed were our soldiers bold,  
 Great helps and greater hopes we us bereft,  
 Nor aught but aid from Egypt land is left

"And well you see far distant is that aid,  
 Upon our heels our danger treadeth still,  
 For your advice was this assembly made,  
 Each what he thinketh speak, and what he will.  
 A whisper soft arose when this was said,  
 As gentle winds the groves with murmur fill,  
 But with bold face, high looks and merry cheer,  
 Argantes rose, the rest their talk forbear

"O worthy sovereign," thus began to say  
 The hardy young man to the tyrant wise,  
 "What words be these? what fears do you dismay?  
 Who knows not this, you need not our advice!  
 But on our hand your hope of conquest lay,  
 And, for no loss true virtue dimmifies,  
 Make her our shield, pray her us succours give,  
 And without her let us not wish to live

"Nor say I this for that I aught misdeem  
 That Egypt's promised succours fail us might,  
 Doubtful of my great master's words to seem  
 To me were neamer lawful, just, nor right!  
 I speak these words, for spurs I them esteem  
 To waken up each dull and fearful sprite,  
 And make our hearts resolved to all assays,  
 To win with honour, or to die with praise"

38

Thus much Argantes said, and said no more,  
 As if the case were cleer of which he spake  
 Orcano rose, of princely stem ybore,  
 Whose presence mongst them bore a mighty stroke,  
 A man esteemed well in arms of yore,  
 But now was coupled new in marriage yoke,  
 Young babes he hid, to fight which made him loth,  
 He was a husband and a father both

39

"My lord," quoth he, "I will not reprehend  
 The earnest zeal of th' audacious speech,  
 From courage sprung, which seld is close ypend  
 In swelling stomach without violent breach  
 And though to you our good Circassian friend  
 In terms too bold and fervent oft doth preach,  
 Yet hold I that for good, in warlikefeat  
 For his great deeds respona his speeches great

40

"But if it you beseem, whom graver age  
 And long experience haue made wise and sly,  
 To rule the heat of youth and hardy rage,  
 Which somewhat haue mislead this knight awry,  
 In equal balance ponder then and gauge  
 Your hopes far distinjt, with your perils nigh,  
 This tow'r's old walls and rampires now compare  
 With Godfrey's forces and his engines rare

41

"But, if I may say what I think unblamed,  
 This town is strong, by nature, site and art,  
 But engines huge and instruments are framed  
 Gainst these defences by our adverse part,  
 Who thinks him most secure is earest shamed,  
 I hope the best, yet fear unconstant mart,  
 And with this wage if we be long up pent,  
 Famine I doubt, our store will all be spent

42

"For all that store of cattle and of grain  
Which yesterday within these walls you brought,  
While your proud foes triumphant through the plain  
On naught but shedding blood, and conquest thought,  
Too little is this city to sustain,  
To raise the siege unless some means be sought,  
And it must last till the prefixed hour  
That it be raised by Egypt's aid and power

"But what if that appointed day they miss?  
Or else, ere we expect, what if they come?  
The victory yet is not ours for this,  
Oh save this town from ruin, us from shame!  
With that same Godfrey still our warfare is  
These armies, soldiers, captains we the same  
Who have so oft amid the dusty plain  
Turks, Persians, Syrians and Arabians slain

"And thou Argantes wotest what they be,  
Oft hast thou fled from that victorious host,  
Thy shoulders often hast thou let them see,  
And in thy feet hath been thy safeguard most,  
Clorinda bright and I fled eke with thee,  
None than his fellows had more cause to boast,  
Nor blaine I any, for in every fight  
We showed courage, valour, strength and might

"And though this hardy knight the certain threat  
Of near approaching death to hear disdain,  
Yet to this state of loss and danger great,  
From this strong foe I see the tokens plain,  
No fort how strong so'er by art or seat,  
Can hinder Godfrey why he should not reign  
This makes me say,—to witness heaven I bring,  
Zeal to this state, love to my lord and king—

"The King of Tripoli was well advised  
To purchase peace, and so preserve his crown  
But Solymán, who Godfrey's love despised,  
Is either dead or deep in prison thrown,  
Else fearful is he run away disguised,  
And scant his life is left him for his own  
And yet with gifts, with tribute, and with gold  
He might in peace his empire still have hold

Then spoke O'les and commanding gave  
To gold and silver or the he would have said,  
To a crown or held him as a slave  
He durst not say his son, because  
Because who as he Saxon gan to name,  
And giv i his will what in the clothe wised  
From I men this battle, How can to see  
That who as my lord? or these were all.

O, he are strong, cloth he, fight and fort  
I warr, and garr me will to be bold I am  
This said, no smot cold was ever ana crag,  
When like a wild boar from the wood he by,  
And us to open heaven to shew he was more  
And let me strike in unto o signaller day  
With prouess look now the vassal do shew,  
And on a laden, this cedarall h. done.

' Of whom you sould o're a the Saxon here,  
Neither afraid no run away to stand,  
And just here he say, lies and fables we e,  
This hand shall prove your fat cowards head,  
I who ha' e shew a so or so a well war,  
And neared us mortals him at first Cares han t.,  
I in their camp who almanured the war,  
We must all make, I am run away,

If this, or any covinable chance,  
Fall o'r a foen and country care, reely,  
And spee of co cord what vot men of pride,  
By your good leave S kny' here shall ree,  
The lambs a a wolves will a ore iold man,  
The do'es and -cows, in ore n' han he.  
Being a one torn us to make Companys full  
In peace and love we're a man on' ill.

While into the sun a has a d white can said  
He had a ring, in there a big gr e  
Dumb stood it a han n a, so a sad it was his wu l,  
A's arm was i the bent, fire in his eyes,  
He turned a last to Sior a god lord,  
And call me a sinner, ier i' plato - .  
Be o a' god na good man, i a sad I know,  
Since sul man a jo ed with Judas kin.

King Alidine from his rich throne upstart  
And said, "Oh how I joy thy face to view,  
My noble friend! it lessmeth in some part  
My grief for sllaughter of my subject's true,  
My weak estate to establish come thou art,  
And myself thine own rig'vn in time renew,  
If Heavens consent" with that the Soldan bold  
In dear embracements did he long enfold.

I hear greetings done, the kin, resigned his throne  
To Solymir, and set himself beside  
In a rich seat adorned with gold and stone  
And Ismen sage did at his elbow bide  
Of whom he asked what w<sup>y</sup> they two had one  
And he declared all wh<sup>t</sup> h<sup>d</sup> been befor  
Clorinda bright to Solymir addressed  
Her salutations first, then all the rest

Among them rose Ormussa's valiant knight  
Whom late the Soldan with a convoy sent  
And when most hot and bloody was the fight,  
By secret paths and blind byways he went,  
Till aided by the silence and the night  
Safe in the city's walls himself he pent  
And there refreshed with corn and cattle store  
The pined soldiers, famished nigh before

With surly countenance and disdainful grace,  
Sullen and sad sat the Circassian stout  
Like a fierce lion grumbling in his place  
His fiery eyes that turns and rolls about  
Nor durst Orcanes view the Soldan's face  
But still upon the floor did pore and tout  
Thus with his lords and peers in couns'ling,  
The Turkish monarch sat with Juda's king

Godfrey this while gave victory the rein,  
And following her the straits he opened ill  
Then for his soldiers and his captains shun,  
He celebrates a stately funeral,  
And told his camp with a day or twain  
He would assault the city's mighty wall  
And all the neatmen there enclosed doth threat  
With fire and sword, with death and danger great

## JERUSALEM DELIVERED

48

Thus spake Orcines, and some inkling gave  
In doubtful words of that he would have said,  
To sue for peace or yield himself a slave  
He durst not openly his King persuade  
But at those words the Soldan gan to rave,  
And gaſt his will wrapt in the cloud he stayed,  
Whom Ismen thus bespake, "How can you beu  
These words, my lord? or these reproaches hear?"

49

"Oh, let me speak," quoth he, "with we and scorn  
I burn, and gaſt my will thus bid I stay!"  
This said, the smoky cloud was cleft and torn,  
Which like a veil upon them stretched lay,  
And up to open heaven forthwith was borne,  
And left the prince in view of lightsonie day  
With princely look amid the press he sh ned,  
And on a ſudden, thus declared his mind

50

"Of whom you speak behold the Soldan here,  
Neither afraid nor run away for dread,  
And that these slander, lies and fables were,  
This hand shall prove upon that cowards head,  
I who haue ſhed a ſet of blood well near,  
And heaped up mountains high of Christians dead,  
I in their camp who ſtill maintained the fray,  
My men all murdered, i that run away

51

"If this, or any coward vile beside,  
False to his faith and country, dares reply,  
And ſpeak of concord with you men of pride,  
By your good leue, Sir King, here ſhall he die,  
The lambs and wolves ſhall in one fold abide,  
The doves and serpents in one nest ſhall lie  
Before one town us and these Christians ſhall  
In peace and love unite within one wall"

52

While thus he ſpoke, his broad and trenchant ſword  
His hand held high cleft in threatening guise,  
Dumb stood the knights, ſo dreadfull was his word,  
A ſtorm was in his front, fire in his eyes,  
He turned it last to Sion's aged lord,  
And calmed his viza ge stern in humbler wise  
"Benold," quoth he, "good prince, what and I bring,  
Since Solymon is joined with Juda's King"

King Aladine from his rich throne upstart  
And said, "Oh how I joy thy face to view,  
My noble friend ! it lesseneh in some part  
My grief, for sllaughter of my subjects true ,  
My weak estate to stablish come thou art,  
And mayest thine own roun in time renew,  
If Heavens consent " with that the Soldan bold  
In dear embracements did he long enfold.

Their greetings done, the King resigned his throne  
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And following her the straits he opened all ,  
Then for his soldiers and his captives slain,  
He celebrates a stately funeral,  
And told his camp within a day or twain  
He would assault the city's mighty wall  
And all the neathen there enclosed dote threat  
With fire and sword, with death and danger great

53

54

55

56

57

And for he had that noble squadron known,  
 In the last fight which brought him so great aid,  
 To be the lords and princes of his own  
 Who followed late the sly enticing maid,  
 And with them Tancred, who had late been thrown  
 In prison deep, by that false witch betrayed,  
 Before the hermit and some private friends,  
 For all those worthies, lords and knights, he sends ,

58

And thus he said, " Some one of you declare  
 Your fortunes, whether good or to be blamed,  
 And to assist us with your valours rare  
 In so great need, how was your coming framed ?"  
 They blush, and on the ground amazed stare,  
 For virtue is of little guilt ashamed,  
 At last the English prince with countenance bold,  
 The silence broke, and thus their errors told

59

" We, not elect to that exploit by lot,  
 With secret flight from hence ourselves withdrew,  
 Following false Cupid, I deny it not,  
 Enticed forth by love and beauty's hue ,  
 A jealous fire burnt in our stomachs hot,  
 And by close ways we passed least in view,  
 Her words, her looks, alas I know too late,  
 Nursed our love, our jealousy, our hate

60

" At last we gan approach that woeful clime,  
 Where fire and brimstone down from Heaven was sent  
 To take revenge for sin and shameful crime  
 Against kind commit, by those who nould repent ,  
 A loathsome lake of brimstone, pitch and lime,  
 O'ergoes that land, erst sweet and redolent,  
 And when it moves, thence stench and smoke up flies  
 Which dim the wellkin and infect the skies

61

" This is the lake in which yet never might  
 Aught that hath weight sink to the bottom down,  
 But like to cork or leaves or feathers light,  
 Stones, iron, men, there fleet and never drown ,  
 Therein a castle stands, to which by sight  
 But o'er a narrow bridge no way is known,  
 Hither us brought, here welcomed us the witch,  
 The house within was stately, pleasant, rich

62

"The heavens were clear, and wholesome was the air,  
 High trees, sweet meadows, waters pure and good,  
 For there in thickest shade of myrtles fair  
 A crystal spring poured out a silver flood,  
 Amid the herbs, the grass and flowers rare,  
 The falling leaves down pattered from the wood,  
 The birds sung hymns of love, yet speak I naught  
 Of gold and marble rich, and nchly wrought

63

"Under the curtain of the greenwood shade,  
 Beside the brook upon the velvet grass,  
 In massy vessel of pure silver made,  
 A banquet rich and costly furnished was,  
 All beasts, all birds beguiled by fowler's trade,  
 All fish were there in floods or seas that pass,  
 All dainties made by art, and at the table  
 An hundred virgins served, for husbands' tile

64

"She with sweet words and false enticing smiles,  
 Infused love among the dainties set,  
 And with empoisoned cups our souls beguile,  
 And made each knight himself and God forget  
 She rose and turned again within short whiles,  
 With changed looks where wrath and anger met,  
 A charming rod, a book with her she brings,  
 On which she mumbled strange and secret thing

65

"She read, and change I felt my will and thought,  
 I longed to change my life, and place of biding,  
 That virtue strange in me no pleasure wrought,  
 I leapt into the flood myself there hiding.  
 My legs and feet both into one were brought,  
 Mine arms and hands into my shoulders sliding,  
 My skin was full of scales, like shields of brass  
 Now made a fish, where late a knight I was

66

"The rest with me like shape, like garments wore  
 And dived with me in that quicksilver stream,  
 Such mind, to my remembrance then I bore,  
 As when on vain and foolish thin<sub>o</sub>s men dream,  
 At last our shape it pleased her to restore,  
 Then full of wonder and of fear we seem,  
 And with an ireful look the angry maid  
 Thus threatened us, and made us thus afraid.

67

"' You see,' quoth she, 'my sacred might and skill,  
How you are subject to my rule and power,  
In endless thralldom doomed if I will  
I can torment and keep you in this tower,  
Or make you birds, or trees on craggy hill,  
To bide the bitter blasts of storm and shower,  
Or harden you to rocks on mountains old,  
Or melt your flesh and bones to rivers cold'

68

"' Yet may you well avoid mine ire and wrath,  
If to my will your yielding hearts you bend,  
You must forsake your Christendom and faith,  
And gainst Godfredo false my crown defend  
We all refused, for speedly death each prayeth,  
Save false Rinaldo, he became her friend,  
We in a dungeon deep were helpless crst,  
In misery and iron clanned fast'

69

' Then, for alone they say fills no mishmaw,  
Within short while Prince Tancred thither came  
And was unwares surprised in the trip  
But there short while we staved the wile dame  
In other folds our mischiefs would upwrap  
From Hidraort an hundred horsemen came,  
Whose guide, a baron bold to Egypt's king,  
Should us disarmed and bound in fetters bring'

70

" Now on our way, the way to death we ride,  
But Providence Divine thus for us wrought,  
Rinaldo, whose high virtue is his guide  
To great exploits exceeding human thought,  
Met us and all at once our guard defied,  
And ere he left the fight to earth them brought,  
And in their harness armed us in the place  
Which late were ours, before our late disgrace

71

" I and all these the hardy champion knew,  
We saw his valour, and his voice we heard,  
Then is the rumour of his death untrue,  
His life is safe, good fortune long it guard,  
Three times the golden sun hath risen new,  
Since us he left and rode to Antioch ward,  
But first his armours, broken, hacked and cleft  
Unfit for service, there he daft and left '

72

Thus spake the Briton prince, with burble cheer  
The hennut sage to heaven cast up his eyne,  
His colour and his countenance changed were,  
With heavenly grace his looks and visage shine,  
Ravished with zeal his soul approached near  
The seat of angels pure, and saints divine,  
And therc he learned of things and hap to come,  
To give foreknowledge true, and certain doom

At last he spoke, in more than human sound,  
And told what things his wisdom great foresaw,  
And at his thundering voice the folk around  
Attentive stood, with trembling and with awe  
"Rinaldo lives," he said the tokens found  
From women's craft their false beginnings draw,  
He lives, and heaven will long preserve his days,  
To greater glory, and to greater pruse

'These are but trifles yet, though Asia's kings  
Shrink at his name, and tremble at his view,  
I well foresee he shall do greater things,  
And wicked emperors conquer and subdue,  
Under the shadow of his eagle's wings  
Shall holy Church preserve her sacred crew,  
From Caesar's bird he shall the sable train  
Pluck off, and bared her talons sharp in twain

" His children's children at his hardness  
And great attemp s shall take example fur,  
From emperors unjust in ill distress  
They shall defend the state of Peters chair,  
To raise the humble up, pride to suppress,  
So help the innocent, shall be their cure  
This bird or crst shall fly with conquest great,  
As fur as moon give, light or sun gives heat,

"Her eyes behold the truth and purest light,  
And thunders down in Peter's and she bairns,  
And where for Christ and Christian truth men fight,  
Inere forth she stirside h her victo sois win,  
Thys fir we nature gies her and thys innt  
Thys late her home, for o; her presence h is,  
Fir i my eris of this reit enterprise,  
To H. w. d. et c. m. i. m. u end the

These words of his of Prince Rinaldo's death  
Out of their troubled hearts, the fear had rased ;  
In all this joy yet Godfrey smil'd unerath,  
In his wise thought such care and heed was placed  
But now from deeps of regions underneath  
Night's veil arose, and sun's bright lustre chis'd  
When all full sweetly in their cabins slept,  
Save he, whose thoughts his eyes still open kept

## The Eleventh Book

OR

## GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

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### THE ARGUMENT

With grave procession songs and psalms devout  
Heaven's sacred aid the Chrestian lords invoke  
That done they scale the wall which kept them out  
The fort's almost won the gates nigh broke  
Godfrey is wounded by Clorinda stout  
And lost's that day's conquest by the stroke  
The angel cures him he returns to fight  
But lost his labour for day lost his light

---

THE Christian army's great and puissant guide,  
To assault the town that all his thoughts had bent,  
Did ladders, rams, and engines huge provide,  
When reverend Peter to him gravely went,  
And drawing him with sober grace aside,  
With words severe thus told his high intent,  
"Right well, my lord, these earthly strengths you move,  
But let us first begin from Heaven above

"With public prayer, zeal and faith devout,  
The aid, assistance, and the help obtain  
Of all the blessed of the heavenly rout,  
With whose support you conquest sure may gain,  
First let the priests before thine armies stout  
With sacred hymns their holy voices strain  
And thou and all thy lords and peers with them,  
Of godliness and faith examples be"

But yet with sacred notes the hosts proceed,  
 Though blasphemies they hear and curséd things ,  
 So with Apollo's harp Pan tones his reed,  
 So idlers hiss where Philomela sings ,  
 Nor flying darts nor stones the Christians dreed,  
 Nor arrows shot, nor quarries cast from slings ,  
 But with assured faith, as dreading naught,  
 The holy work begun to end they brought.

13

A table set they on the mountain's height  
 To minister thereon the sacrament,  
 In golden candlesticks a hallowed light  
 At either end of virgin wax there brent ,  
 In costly vestments sacred William dight,  
 With fear and trembling to the altar went,  
 And prayer there and service loud begins,  
 Both for his own and all the army's sins

14

Humbly they heard his words that stood him nigh,  
 The rest far off upon him bent their eyes,  
 But when he ended had the service high,  
 "You servants of the Lord depart," he cries  
 His hands he lifted then up to the sky,  
 And blessed all those warlike companies ,  
 And they dismissed returned the way they came,  
 Their order as before, their pomp the same

15

Within their camp arrived, this voyage ended,  
 Towards his tent the duke himself withdrew,  
 Upon their guide by heaps the bands attended,  
 Till his pavilion's stately door they view,  
 There to the Lord his welfare they commended,  
 And with him left the worthies of the crew,  
 Whom at a costly and rich feast be placed,  
 And with the highest room old Raymond graced

16

Now when the hungry knights sufficcd are  
 With meat, with drink, with spices of the best,  
 Quoth he, ' When next you see the morning star,  
 To assault the town be ready ill and prest  
 To morrow is a day of pains and war,  
 This of repose, of quiet peace, and rest ,  
 Go, take your ease this evening, and this night,  
 And make you strong against to morrow's fight "

17

They took their leave, and Godfrey's heralds rode  
 To intimate his will on every side,  
 And published it through all the lodgings broad,  
 That gainst the morn each should himself provide  
 Meanwhile they might their hearts of cares unload,  
 And rest their tred limbs that eveningtide,

Thus faréd they till night their eyes did close,  
 Night friend to gentle rest and sweet repose.

With little sign as yet of springing day 18  
 Out peeped, not well appeared the rising morn,  
 The plough yet toore not up the fertile law,  
 Nor to their feed the sheep from folds return,  
 The birds sate silent on the greenwood spray  
 Amid the groves unheard w̄is hound and horn,  
 When trumpets shrill, true signs of hardy fights.  
 Called up to arms the soldiers, called the Knights

"Arm, arm at once!" an hundred squadrons cried, 20  
 And with their cry to arm them all begin  
 Godfrey arose, that day he laid aside  
 His hauberk strong he wons to combat in,  
 And donned a breastplate fair, of proof untried,  
 Such one as footmen use, light, easy, thin  
 Scantly their lord thus clothéd had his gromes,  
 When agéd Raymond to his presence comes

And furnished thus when he the man beheld, 21  
 By his attire his secret thought he guessed,  
 "Where is, quoth he, ' your sure and trusty shueld ?  
 Your helm, your hauberk strong ? where 'll the rest ?  
 Why be you half dismurned ? why to the field  
 Approach you in these weak defences dress'd ?

I see this day you mean a course to run,  
 Wherem may peril much, small praise be won

"Alas, do you that idle praise expect, 22  
 To set first foot this conquer'd wall above ?  
 Of less account some knight thereto object  
 Whose loss so great and harmful cannot prove,  
 My lord, your life with greater care protect,  
 And love your self because all us you love  
 Your happy life is spirit, soul and breath  
 Of all this camp, preserve it then from death

23

To this he answered thus, "You know," he said,  
 "In Clarmont by mighty Urban's hand  
 When I was gilded with this noble blade,  
 For Christ's true faith to fight in every land,  
 To God even then a secret vow I made,  
 Not as a captain here this day to stand  
 And give directions, but with shield and sword  
 To fight, to win, or die for Christ my Lord

24

"When all this camp in battle strong shall be  
 Ordained and ordered well dispos'd all,  
 And all things done which to the high degree  
 And sacred place I hold belongen shall,  
 Then reason is it, nor dissuade thou me,  
 That I likewise assault this sacred wall,  
 Lest from my vow to God late made I swerve  
 He shall this lse defend, keep and preserve"

25

Thus he concludes, and every hardy knight  
 His sample followed, and his brethren twain,  
 The other princes put on harness light,  
 As footmen use but all the Pagan train  
 Towards that side bent their defensive might  
 Which lies exposed to view of Charles's wain  
 And Zephyrus sweet blasts, for on that part  
 The town was weakest, both by site and art.

26

On all parts else the fort was strong by site,  
 With mighty hills defenced from foreign rage,  
 And to this part the tyrant gan unite  
 His subjects born and bands that serve for wage,  
 From this exploit he spared nor great nor lite,  
 The aged men, and boys of tender age,  
 To fire of angry war still brought new fuel,  
 Stones, darts, lime, brimstone and bitumen cruel

27

All full of arms and weapons was the will  
 Under whose basis that fair plain doth run,  
 There stood the Soldan like a giant tall,  
 So stood at Rhodes the Coloss of the sun,  
 Waist high, Argantes showed himself withal,  
 At whose stern looks the French to quake begun,  
 Cloynada on the corner tower alone,  
 In silver arms like rising Cynthia shone.

Her rattling quiver at her shoulders hung,  
Therein a flash of arrows feathered wael  
In her left hand her bow was bended stron<sub>o</sub>,  
Therein a shaft headed with mortal steel,  
So fit to shoot she singled forth among  
Her foes who first her quarries' strength should feel,  
So fit to shoot Latona's daughter stood  
When Niobe she killed and all her brood

28

The aged tyrant tottered on his feet  
From gate to gate, from wall to wall he flew,  
He comforts all his bands with speechos sweet,  
And every fort and bastion doth review,  
For every need prepared in every street  
New regiments he placed and weapons new  
The matrons grave within their temples hush  
To idols false for succours call and cry,

29

"O Macon, break in twain the steeled lance  
Of wicked Godfrey with thy righteous hands,  
Against thy name he doth his arm advance,  
His rebel blood pour out upon these sands,  
These cries within his ears no enterance  
Could find, for nought he hears, nought understands  
While thus the town for her defence ordains,  
His armies Godfrey ordereth on the plains,

30

His forces first on foot he forward brought,  
With goodly order, providence and art,  
And against these towers which to assail he thought,  
In battles twain his strength he doth depart,  
Between them crossbows stood, and engines wrought  
To cast a stone, a quarry, or a dart,  
From whence like thunder's dint or lightnings new  
Against the bulwark stones and lances flew

31

His men at arms did back his bands on foot,  
The lighthorse ride fir off and serve for wings,  
He gave the sign, so mighty was the rout  
Of those that shot with bows and cast with slings,  
Such storms of shafts and stones flew all about,  
Thru many a Pagan proud to death it brings  
Some died, some at their loops durst scant outpeep,  
Some fled and left the office they took to keep

32

The hardy Frenchmen, full of heat and haste,  
Ran boldly forward to the ditches large,  
And over their heads an iron pentice vast  
They built, by joining many a shield and targe,  
Some with their engines ceaseless shot and cast,  
And volleys huge of arrows sharp discharge,  
Upon the ditches some employed their pike  
To fill the moat and even it with the plun

33

With slime or mud the ditches were not soft,  
But dry and sandy, void of water clear  
Though large and deep the Christians fill them oft  
With rubbish, taggots, stones, and trees they bear,  
Adrastus first advanced his crest aloft,  
And boldly gan a strong scalado rear,  
And through the falling storm did upward climb  
Of stones, darts, arrows, fire, pitch and lime

34

The hardy Switzer now so far was gone  
That half way up with mickle pun he got,  
A thousand weapons he sustained alone,  
And his audacious climbing ceased not,  
At last upon him fell a mighty stone,  
As from some engine great it had been shot,  
It broke his helm, he tumbled from the height,  
The strong Circassian cast that wondrous weight,

35

Not mortal was the blow, yet with the fall  
On earth sore bruised the man lay in a swoon  
Arganes gan with boasting words to call,  
"Who cometh next? this first is tumbled down,  
Come hardy soldiers, come assault this wall,  
I will not shrink, nor fly, nor hide my crown,  
If in your trench yourselves for dread you hold,  
There shall you die like sheep killed in their fold

36

Thus boasted he, but in their trenches deep,  
The hidden squadrons kept themselves from scath,  
The curtain made of shields did well off keep  
Both darts and shot and scorned all their wrath  
But now the run upon the rampiers steep,  
On mighty beams his head advanced hath  
With dreadfu' horns of iron tough tree great,  
The walls and bulwarks trembled at his threat

37

An hundred able men meanwhile let fall  
The weights behind, the engine tumbled down  
And battered flat the battlements and wall  
So fell Tagetus hill on Sparta town,  
It crushed the steeled shield in pieces small,  
And beat the helmet to the wearers' crown,  
And on the ruins of the walls and stones,  
Dispersed left their blood their brims and bones

The fierce assailants kept no longer close  
Under the shelter of their target fine,  
But their bold fronts to chance of war expose,  
And gainst those towers let their virtue shine,  
The scaling ladders up to skies arose,  
The ground works deep some closely undermine,  
The walls before the Frenchmen shrink and shake,  
And gaping gaps of headlong falling make

And fallen they had, so far the strength extends  
Of that fierce ram and his redoubted stroke,  
But that the Pagan's care the place defends  
And saved by warlike skill the wall nigh broke  
For to what part sue'er the engine bends  
Their sacks of wool they place the blow to choke,  
Whose yielding breaks the strokes thereon which light,  
So weakness oft subdues the greatest might

While thus the worthies of the western crew  
Maintained their brave assault and skirmish hot,  
Her mighty bow Clorinda often drew,  
And many a sharp and deadly arrow shot,  
And from her bow no steeled shaft there flew  
But that some blood the cursed engine got  
Blood of some valiant knight or man of fame,  
For that proud shootress scorned weaker game

The first she hit among th<sup>e</sup> Christian peers  
Was the bold son of Englund's noble king,  
Above the trench himself he scantly rears,  
But she an arrow loosed from the string,  
The wicked steel his gaun let breaks and tears,  
And through his right hand thrust the piercing sting,  
Disabled thus from fight, he gan retire,  
Groaning for pain, but tretting more for we

Lord Stephen of Ambosse on the ditch's brim,  
And on a ladder high, Clotharius died,  
From back to breast an arrow pierced him,  
The other was shot through from side to side  
Then as he man aged brave his courser trim,  
On his left arm he hit the Flemings' guide,  
He stopped and from the wound the red out twined,  
But left the iron in his flesh behind

As Ademere stood to behold the fight  
High on the binal, withdrawn to breathe a space,  
A fatal shaft upon his forehead light,  
His hand he lifted up to feel the place,  
Whereon a second arrow chanced right  
And nuked his hand unto his wounded face,  
He fell, and with his blood distained the land,  
His holy blood shed by a virgin's hand

While Palamede stood near the battlement,  
Despising perils all and all mishap,  
And upwards still his hardy footings bent,  
On his right eye he caught a deadly clasp,  
Through his right eye Clerindri's seventh shaft went,  
And in his neck broke forth a bloody gap,  
He underneath that bulwark dying fell,  
Which late to scile and win he trusted well

Thus shot the maid the duke with hard arrow  
And sharp assault, meanwhile the town oppressed,  
Against that part which to his campward lay  
An engine huge and wondrous he addressed,  
A tower of wood built for the town's decay  
As high as were the walls and bulwarks best,  
A turret full of men and weapons pent,  
And yet on wheels it rolled, moved, and went

This rolling fort hisigh approaches made,  
And darts and arrows spit against his foes,  
As ships are wont in fight, so it assayed  
With the strong wall to grapple and to close,  
The Eng'ns on each side the piece invade,  
And all their force against this mass oppose,  
Sometimes the wheels, sometimes the battlement  
With timber, logs and stones, they broke and rent

43

44

45

46

47

So thick flew stones and darts that no man sees  
The azure heavens, the sun his brightness lost,  
The clouds of weapons, like to swarms of bees,  
Met in the air, and there each other crossed  
And look how falling leaves drop down from trees,  
When the moist sap is nipp'd with timely frost,  
Or apples in strong winds from branches fall,  
The Saracens so tumbled from the wall

48

For on their part the greatest slaughter light,  
They had no shelter gaunt so sharp a shower,  
Some left on live betook themselves to flight,  
So feared they this deadly thundering tower  
But Solyman stayed like a valiant knight,  
And some with him, that trusted in his power,  
Argantes with a long beech tree in hand,  
Ran thither, this huge engine to withstand

49

With this he pushed the tower, and back it drives  
The length of all his tree a wondrous way,  
The hardy virgin by his side arrives,  
To help Argantes in this hard assay  
The brind that used the ram, this season strives  
To cut the cords, wherem the woolpacks lie,  
Which done, the sinks down in the trenches fall,  
And to the battery naked left the wall

50

The tower above, the earth beneath doth thunder,  
What lime and stone such puissance could abide?  
The wall began, now bruised and crushed asunder,  
Her wounded lip to open broad and wide,  
Godfrey himself and his broylet safely under  
The shattered wall where greatest brench he spied,  
Himself he waves behind his mighty target,  
A shield not used but in some desperate charge

51

From hence he sees where Solyman descends,  
Down to the threshold of the gaping breach,  
And there it seems the mighty prince intends  
Godfredo's hoped entrance to impeach  
Argante, and with him the maid, defends  
The walls above to which the tower doth reach,  
His noble heart, when Godfrey this beheld,  
With courage new with wrath and valour swelled

52

He turned about and to good Siguric spake,  
Who bare his greatest shield and mighty bow,  
"That sure and trusty target let me take,  
Impenetrable is that shield I know,  
Over these ruins will I passage make,  
And enter first the way is eath and low,  
And time requires that by some noblefeat  
I should make known my strength and puissance great

53

He scant had spoken, scant received the charge.  
When on his leg a sudden shaft him hit,  
And through that part a hole made wide and large,  
Where his strong sinews fastened were and knit  
Clorinda, thou this arrow didst discharge,  
And let the Pagans bless thy hand for it,  
For by that shot thou savedst them that day  
From bondye vile, from death and sure decay

54

The wounded duke, as though he felt no pain,  
Still forward went, and mounted up the brench  
His high attempt at first he nould refrain,  
And after called his lords with cheerful speech,  
But when his leg wold not his weight susten,  
He saw his will did fur his power outreach,  
And more he strove his grief increased the more,  
The bold assault he left at length therefore

55

And with his hand he beckoned Guelpho near,  
And said, "I must withdraw me to my tent,  
My place and person in mine absence bear,  
Supply my want, let not the fight relent,  
I go, and will ere long again be here,  
I so and straight return" this said, he went,  
On a light steed he leaped, and o'er the green  
He rode, but rode not, as he thought, unseen

56

When Godfrey parted, parted eke the heart,  
The strength and fortune of the Christian bands,  
Courage increased in their adverse part,  
Wrath in their hearts, and vigour in their hands  
Valour, success, strength, hardiness and art,  
Exalted in the princes of the western linds  
Their swords were blunt, frut wts their trumpets blast,  
Fair sun was set, or else with clouds o'recast

57

Upon the bulwarks now appeared bold  
That fearful band that late for dread was fled  
The women that Clorinda's strength behold,  
Their country's love to war encouraged,  
They weapons got, and fight like men they would,  
Their gowns tucked up, their locks were loose and spread,  
Sharp darts they cast, and without dread or fear,  
Exposed their breasts to save their fortress dear

But that which most dismayed the Christian knights  
And added courage to the Pagans most,  
Was Guelpho's sudden fall in all men's sights,  
Who tumbled headlong down his footing lost,  
A mighty stone upon the worthy lights,  
But whence it came none wist, nor from what coast  
And with like blow, which more their hearts dismayed,  
Beside him low in dust old Raymond laid

And Lustace eke within the ditches large,  
To narrow shifts and last extremes they drive,  
Upon them so fierce the Pagans charge,  
And with good fortune so then blows they give  
That whom they hit, in spite of helm or targe,  
They deeply wound or else of life deprive  
At this their good success Argantes proud,  
Waxing more fell, thus roared and cried aloud

"This is not Antioch, nor the evening dark.  
Can help your privy sleights with friendly shade,  
The sun yet shines, your falsehood can we mark,  
In other wise this bold assault is made,  
Of praise and glory quenched is the spark.  
That made you first these eastern lands invade,  
Why cease you now? why take you not this fort?  
What! are you weary for a charge so short?"

Thus rag'd he and in such hellish sort  
Increased the fury in the brain sick knight,  
That he esteemed that large and ample fort  
Too strutt a field, wherein to prove his might,  
There where the breach had framed a new made port,  
Himself he placed, with nimble ships and light,  
He cleared the passage out, and thus he cried  
To Solymin, that stood close by his side

' Come, Solyman, the time and place behold,  
 That of our valours well may judge the doubt,  
 What stayest thou? amongst these Christians bold  
 First leap he forth that holds himself most stout  
 While thus his will the mighty champion told,  
 Both Solyman and he at once leaped out,  
 Fury the first provoked, disdain the last,  
 Who scorned the challenge ere his lips it passed

Upon their foes unlooked for they flew,  
 Each spited other for his virtue's sake,  
 So many soldiers this fierce couple slew,  
 So many shields they cleft and helms they break,  
 So many ladders to the earth they threw,  
 That well they seemed a mount thereof to make,  
 Or else some vamour fit to save the town,  
 Instead of that the Christians late beat down

The folk that strove with rage and hate before  
 Who first the wall and rampire should ascend,  
 Retire, and for that honour strive no more,  
 Scantly they could their limbs and lives defend,  
 They fled, their engines lost the Pagans tore  
 In pieces small, their rams to naught they rend,  
 And ill unfit for further service make  
 With so great force and rage their beams they brake

The Pagans run transported with their ire,  
 Now here, now there, and woeful slaughter wrought,  
 At last they called for devouring fire,  
 Two burning pines against the tower they brought,  
 So from the place of their hellish sire,  
 When all this world they would consume to naught,  
 The fury sisters come with fire in hands,  
 Shaking their snaky locks and sparkling brands

But noble Iacrea, who this while applied  
 Gave exhortations to his bold Latines,  
 When of these Knights the wondrous acts he spied,  
 And saw the champions with their burning pines,  
 He left his talk, and thither forthwith hied,  
 To stop the rage of those fell Saracines  
 And with such force the fight he there renew'd,  
 That now they fled the lost who late pursued

Thus changed the state and fortune of the fr<sup>m</sup>  
 Meanwhile the wounded duke, in grief and teen,  
 Within his great privalon rich and gay,  
 Good Sigere and Baldwin stood between ,  
 His other friends whom his mishap dismay,  
 With grief and tears about assembled been

He strove in fruse the weapon out to wind,  
 And broke the reed, but left the head behind

He bade them take the speediest way they might,  
 Of that unlucky hurt to mke him sound,  
 And to lay ope the depth thereof to sight,  
 He willed them open, search and lance the wound,  
 "Send me again," quoth he, "to end this fight,  
 Before the sun be sunken under ground , "

And leaning on a broken speir, he thrust  
 His leg strught out, to him that cure it must

Erotimus, born on the banks of Po,  
 Was he that undertook to cure the knight,  
 All what green herbs or waters pure could do,  
 He knew their power, their virtue, and their might  
 A noble poet was the man also,  
 But in this science had a more delight,

He could restore to health deith wounded men,  
 And make their names immortal with his pen

The mighty duke yet never changed cheer,  
 But grieved to see his friends lamenting stand ,  
 The leech prepared his cloths and cleansing gear,  
 And with a belt his gown about him band,  
 Now with his herbs the steely hand to tear  
 Out of the flesh he proved, now with his hand  
 Now with his hand now with his instrument  
 He shaked and plucked it, yet not forth it went.

His labour vain, his art prevauld naught,  
 His luck was ill, although his skill were good,  
 To such extremes the wounded prince he brought,  
 That with fell pain he swooned as he stood  
 But the angel pure, that kept him, went and sought  
 Divine dictaunum out of Ida wood,

This herb is rough and bears a priole flower,  
 And in his budding leaves lies all his power

Thither came Godfrey armed round about  
In trusty plate, with fierce and dreadful look,  
At first approach against Argentes stout  
Headed with poignant steel a lance he shook,  
No casting engine with such force throws out  
A knotty spear, and as the way it took,  
It whistled in the air, the fearless knight  
Opposed his shield against that weapon's might

The dreadful blow quite through his target drove  
And bored through his breastplate strong and thick,  
The tender skin it in his bosom rove  
The purple blood out streamed from the quick,  
To wrest it out the wounded Pagan strove  
And little leisure gave it there to stick,  
At Godfrey's head the lance again he cast,  
And said, "Lo, there again thy dart thou hast

The spear flew back the way it lately came,  
And would revenge the harm itself had done  
But missed the mark wherent the man did aim,  
He stepped aside the furious blow to shun  
But Sigere in his throat received the same,  
The murdering weapon at his neck out run,  
Nor aught it grieved the man to lose his breath,  
Since in his prince's stead he suffered death

Even then the Soldan struck with monstrous main  
The noble leader of the Norman band,  
He reeled awhile and staggered with the pain,  
And wheeling round fell grovelling on the sand  
Godfrey no longer could the grief sustain  
Of these displeasures, but with flaming brand  
Up to the breach in heat and haste he goes,  
And hand to hand there combats with his foes,

And there great wonders surely wrought he had,  
Mortal the fight and fierce had been the fray,  
But that dark night, from her pavilion sud,  
Her cloudy wings did on the earth display,  
Her quiet shades she intespousc'd glad  
To cause the knights the arms aside to lay  
Godfrey withdrew and to their tents they wend,  
And thus this bloody day was brought to end.

78

79

80

81

82

The weak and wounded ere he left the field,  
The godly duke to safety thence conveyed,  
Nor to his foes his engines would he yield,  
In them his hope to win the fortress hid,  
Then to the tower he went, and it beheld,  
The tower that late the Pagan lords dismayed  
But now stood bruised, broken, cracked and shivered,  
From some sharp storm as it were late delivered

From dangers great escaped, but late it was,  
And now to safety brought wellnigh it seems,  
But as a ship that under sun doth pass  
The roaring billows and the raging streams,  
And drawing nigh the wished port, stays,  
Breaks on some hidden rocks her ribs and beams,  
Or as a steed rough ways that well hath passed,  
Before his inn stumpleth and falls at last

Such hap befel that tower, for on that side  
Cainst which the Pagans' force and battery bend  
Two wheels were broke whereon the piece should ride,  
The maimed engine could no further wind,  
The troop that guarded it that put provide  
To underprop with posts, and it defend  
Till carpenters and cunning workmen come  
Whose skill should help and rear again the same

Thus Godfrey bds and that ere springing day,  
The cracks and bruises all amend they should,  
Each open passage and each privy way  
About the piece he kept with soldiers bold  
But the loud rumour, both of that they say,  
And that they do, is heard within the hold,  
A thousand lights about the tower they view,  
And what they wrought all night both saw and knew

The Twelfth Book  
of  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

*THE ARGUMENT*

Clorinda hears her eunuch old report  
Her birth her offspring and her native land  
Dismayed she fireth Godfrey's rolling fort  
The burn'd place falls smoking on the land  
With fair red long and now in desperate sort  
She fights and falls through pierc'd with his brand  
Christened she dies with sighs with plaints and tears  
He vails her death Argant's revengement swears

NOW in dark night was all the world embrarred,  
But yet the tued armes took no rest  
The cruel French kept heedful watch and ward,  
While their high tower the wo'l men newly dressed,  
The Pagan crew to reinforce prepared  
The weakened bulwarks late to earth down l'est,  
Their rampiers broke and bruised walls to mend,  
Lastly their hurts the wounded knights attend

Their wounds were dressed, part of the work was brought  
To wished end part left to other days,  
A dull desire to rest deep midnight wroughe,  
His heavy rod sleep on their eylids lays  
Yet rested not Clorinda's working thought  
Which thirsted still for fame and warlike praise,  
Argantes el'e accompanied the maid  
From place to place, which to herself thus said

"This day Argantes strong, and Solyman,  
Strunge things have done, and purchased great renown,  
Among our foes out of the walls they ran,  
Their rams they broke and rent their engines down,  
I used my bow, of nought else boast I can,  
My self stood safe meanwhile within this town,  
And happy was my shot, and prosperous too,  
But that was all a woman's hand could do

"On birds and beasts in forests wild that feed  
It were more fit mine arrows to bestow,  
Than for a feeble maid in warlike deed  
With strong and hardy knights herself to show  
Why take I not again my virgin's weed,  
And spend my days in secret all unknow?"

Thus thought, thus mused, thus detained the mind,  
And turning to the night, at last thus said

"My thoughts are full, my lord, of strange desire  
Some high attempt of war to undertake,  
Whether high God my mind therewith inspire  
Or of his will his God mankind doth make,  
Among our foes behold the light and fire,  
I will among them wend, and burn or break.  
The tower, God grant thereto I have my will,  
And that performed, betide me good or ill"

"But if it fortune such my chance should be,  
That to this town I never turn again,  
Mine eunuch, whom I deury love with thee  
I leave my faithful maids, and all my train,  
To Egypt then conducted safely see  
Those woeful damsels and that aged swain  
Help them, my lord, in that distress'd case,  
Their feeble sex, his age, deserves grace

Argantes wondering stood, and felt the effect  
Of true renown pierce through his glorious mind  
"And wilt thou go," quoth he, "and me neglect,  
Disgraced, despised, leave in this fort behind?  
Shall I while these strong walls my life protect  
Behold thy flames and fires tossed in the wind,  
No, no, thy fellow have I been in arms,  
And will be still, in peace, in death, in harms

3

4

5

6

7

"This heart of mine death's bitter stroke despiseth,  
For praise this life, for glory take this breath."  
"My soul the more," quoth she, "thy friendship prizeth,  
For this thy proffered aid required uncouth,  
I but a woman am, no loss arteth  
To this besieged city by my death,  
But if, as God forbid, this night thou fall,  
Ah! who shall then, who can, defend this wall?"

"Too late these 'scuses vain," the knight replied.  
"You bring, my will is firm, my mind is set,  
I follow you whereso you list me guide,  
Or go before if you my purpose let."  
This said, they hastened to the palace wide  
About their prince where all his lords were met,  
Clorinda spoke for both, and said, "Sir king,  
Attend my words, hear, and allow the thing

" Argantes here, this bold and hardy knight,  
Will undertake to burn the wondrous tower,  
And I with him, only we stay till night  
Bury in sleep our foes at dearest hour"  
The King with that cast up his hands on height,  
The tears for joy upon his cheeks down pour  
"Praised," quoth he, "be Macon whom we serve,  
This land I see he keeps and will preserve

"Nor shall so soon this shaken kingdom fall,  
While such unconquered hearts my state defend  
But for this let what praise or burden shall  
I give your virtues, which so far extend?  
Let fame your praises sound through nations all,  
And fill the world therewith to either end,  
Take half my wealth and Kingdom for your mite  
You are rewarded half even with the died."

This spoken, ready with a proud refuse  
 Argantes was his proffered aid to scorn,  
 Whom Aladine prevents, and with excuse  
 To Solymon thus gan his speeches torn  
 " Right noble prince, as aye hath been your use  
 Your self so still you bear and long have borne,  
 Bold in all acts, no danger can affright  
 Your heart, nor turéd is your strength with fight

13

" If you went forth great things perform you would  
 In my conceit yet far unsit it seems  
 That you, who most excel in courag[e] bold,  
 At once should leave this town in these extremes,  
 Nor would I thin these twain should leave this hold,  
 My heart their noble lives far worthier deems,  
 If this attempt of less importance were,  
 Or weaker posts so great a weight could bear

14

" But for well guarded is the mighty tower  
 With burly troops and squadrons round about,  
 And cannot harmed be with little power,  
 Nor fit the time to send whole armies out  
 This pair who passed have many a dreadful stowre  
 And proffer now to prove this venture stout  
 Alone to this attempt let them go forth,  
 Alone thru thousands of more price and worth

15

" Thou, as it best beseems a mighty king,  
 With ready bands besides the gate attend,  
 That when this couple have performed the thing,  
 And shall again their footsteps homeward bend,  
 From their strong fosc upon them following  
 Thou may'st them keep preserve, save and defend  
 Thus said the King, " The Soldin must consent,"  
 Silent remained the Turk, and discontent

16

Then Ismen said, " You twain that undertake  
 This burd attempt, a while I pray you stay,  
 Till I a wildfire of fine temper make,  
 That this great engine burn to ashes may,  
 Haply the guard that now doth watch and wake,  
 Will then lie tumbled sleeping on the hy,  
 Thus they conclude, and in their chambers sit,  
 To wait the time for this adventure fit

17

Clorinda there her silver arms off rent,  
 Her helm, her shield, her hauberk shunning oright,  
 An armou<sup>r</sup> black is jet or coal she hent,  
 Wherein withouten plume herself she dight,  
 For thus disguised amid her foes she meant  
 To pass unseen, by help of friendly night,  
 To whom her eunuch, old Arsetes, came,  
 That from her cradle nursed and kept the dame

*This aged sire had followed far and near,*  
 Through lands and seas, the strong and hardy mind,  
 He saw her leave her arms and wonted gear  
 Her drunger nigh that sudden change foresud  
 By his white locks from black that changed were  
 In following her the woeful man her pr yed  
 By ill his service and his tal en pain,  
 To leue that fond attempt, but prived in vain

"At last, quoth he, "since burdened to thine ill,  
 Thy cruel heart is to thy loss prepared  
 That my weik age, nor tears that down distil,  
 Not humble suit, nor plaint, thou list regard,  
 Attend awhile, strange things unfold I will,  
 Hear both thy birth and high estate declared,  
 Follow my counsel or thy will thrt done,"  
 She sit to hear, the eunuch thus begun

"Benopus ruled, and yet perchance doth he,  
 In m ghty Ethiop, and her deserts waste,  
 The lore of Christ both he and all his train  
 Of people black, hath kept and long embraced,  
 To him a Persian was I sold for gun,  
 And with his queen, as her chief eunuch, placed,  
 Black was this queen as jet, yet on her eyes  
 Sweet loveliness, in black turdd, lies

"The lire of love and frost of jealousie,  
 His husband's troubled soul like torment,  
 The wds. of f nd suspicion flowred mgh,  
 Like ice in lone and frig to wret content,  
 He ne'er durst up from s<sub>h</sub>it of mor thare,  
 Nor d<sub>e</sub> he vurd at beams or aer hid bent  
 Yet, when I broug<sub>t</sub> by her a bunt a pleasure,  
 Her joy to see, her will, her wish did he lure

' Her prison was a chamber, painted round  
 With goodly portraits and with stories old,  
 As white as snow there stood a virgin bound,  
 Besides a dragon fierce, a champion bold  
 The monster did with poignant spear through wound,  
 The gored beast lay dead upon the mould,  
 The gentle queen before this image laid,  
 She pluned, she mourned, she wept, she sighed, she prayed

23

At last with chid she proved, and forth she brought,  
 And thou art she, a daughter fair and bright,  
 In her thy colour wh te new terror wrought,  
 She wonderd on thy face with strange wight,  
 But yet she purposed in her fearful thought  
 To hide thee from the king, thy father's sight.  
 Lest thy bright hue should his suspect approve,  
 For sold a crow begets a silver dove

24

" And to her spouse to show she was disposed  
 A negro's babe late born, in room of thee,  
 And for the tower wherein she lay enclosed,  
 Was with her damsels only wond and me,  
 To me, on whose true faith she most reposed,  
 She gave thee, ere thou couldest christened be,  
 Nor could I since find means thec to baptize,  
 In Pagan lands thou knowest it's not the guise

25

" To me she gave thee, and she wept withal,  
 To foster thee in some far distant place,  
 Who can her griefs and plaints to reckoning tell,  
 How oft she swooned at the last embrace  
 Her streaming tears amid her kisses fill,  
 Her sighs, her dire complaints did interlace?  
 And looking up at last, ' O God,' quoth she,  
 ' Who dust my heart and inward mourning set,

26

" If mind and body spotless to this day,  
 If I have kept my bed still undefiled,  
 Not for myself a sinful wretch I pray,  
 That in thy presence am an abject wile,  
 Preserve this babe, whose mother must deny  
 To nourish it, preserve this harmless child,  
 Oh let it live, and chaste like me it make  
 But for good fortune elsewhere sample take

27

"Thou heavenly soldier which delvered hast  
 That sacred virgin from the serpent old,  
 If on thine altars I have offerings placed  
 And sacrificed myrrh, frankincense and gold,  
 On this poor child thy heavenly looks down cast  
 With gracious eye this silly babe behold."

This said, her strength and living sprite was fled  
 She sighed, she groaned, she swooned in her bed

"Weeping I took thee, in a little chest,  
 Covered with herbs and leaves, I brought thee out  
 So secretly, that none of all the rest  
 Of such an act suspicion had or doubt,  
 To wilderness my steps I first addressed,  
 Where horrid shades enclosed me round about  
 A tigress there I met, in whose fierce eyes  
 Fury and wrath, rage, death and terror lies

"Up to a tree I leaped, and on the grass,  
 Such was my sudden fear, I left thee lying  
 To thee the beast with furious course did pass  
 With curious looks upon thy visage prying,  
 All suddenly both meek and mild she was,  
 With friendly cheer thy tender body eyeing  
 At last she licked thee, and with gesture mild  
 About thee played, and thou upon her smiled

"Her fearful muzzle full of dreadful threat,  
 In thy weak hand thou tookst withouten dread,  
 The gentle beast with mill outstretched teat,  
 As nurses custom, proffered thee to feed  
 As one that wondereth on some marvel seen,  
 I stood this while amazed at the deed  
 When thee she saw well filled and satisfied,  
 Unto the woods again the tigress hied

She gone doon from the tree I came in hrist,  
 And too' the up and on my journey I and  
 Within a hill therp I stayed at last,  
 And to a tree the char'e of that command  
 To sport it the thir'thing time I puse  
 Till it was come the were brought to me  
 And to be a little ch'ien do  
 The Lord I set it up to pray, and to go

" But having passed the August of mine age,  
 When more than half my tap of life was run,  
 Rich by rewards given by your mother sage,  
 For merits past, and service yet undone,  
 I longed to leave this wandering pilgrimage,  
 And in my native soil again to won,  
 To get some seely home I had desire,  
 Loth still to warm me at another's fire.

33

\* To Egypt ward, where I was born, I went,  
 And bore thee with me, by a rolling flood,  
 Till I with savage thieves well nigh was hent,  
 Before the brook the thieves behind me stood  
 Thee to forsake I never could consent,  
 And gladly would I 'scape those outlaws wood,  
 Into the flood I leaped far from the brim,  
 My left hand bore thee, with the right I swim

34

" Swift was the current, in the middle stream  
 A whirlpool gaped with devouring jaws,  
 The gulf, on such mishap ere I could dream,  
 Into his deep abyss my carcass draws  
 There I forsook thee, the wild waters seem  
 To pity thee, a gentle wind there blows  
 Whose friendly puffs safe to the shore thee drive,  
 Where wet and weary I at last arrive

35

" I took thee up, and in my dream that night  
 When buried was the world in sleep and shade,  
 I saw a champion clad in armour bright,  
 That o'er my head shaked a flaming blade,  
 He said I charge thee execute bright,  
 That charge this infant's mother on thee laid,  
 Baptize the child high Heaven esteems her dear,  
 And I her keeper will attend her near

36

" " I will her keep, defend, save and protect,  
 I made the waters mild, the tigress tame,  
 O wretch that heavenly warnings dost reject!  
 The warrior vanished having said the same  
 I know and you maye out my way direct  
 When blushing morn from Tithon's bed forth came,  
 But for my faith is true and sure I ween,  
 And dreams are false, you still unchristened been.

37

"A Pagan therefore thee I fostered have,  
Not of thy birth the truth did ever tell,  
Since you increased are in courage brave,  
Your sex and nature's self you both excel,  
Full many a realm have you made bond and slave,  
Your fortunes last yourself remember well,  
And how in peace and war, in joy and teen,  
I have your servant, and your tutor been

38

"Last morn, from skies ere stars exiled were,  
In deep and deathlike sleep my senses drowned,  
The self same vision did again appear,  
With stormy wrathful looks, and thundering sound,  
'Villun, quoth he, 'within short while thy dear  
Must change her life, and leave this sinful ground,  
Thine be the loss, the torment, and the cure,'  
This said, he fled through skies, through clouds and air

39

"Hear then my joy, my hope, my darling, hear,  
High Heaven some dire misfortune threatened hath,  
Displeased pardie, because I did thee lere  
A lare repugnant to thy parents' faith,  
Ah, for my sake, this bold attempt forbear,  
Put off these sable arms, appease thy wrath"  
This said, he wept, she pensive stood and sad,

Because like dream herself but lately had

40

With cheerful smile she answered him at last,  
"I will this faith observe, it seems me true,  
Which from my cradle age thou taught me hast,  
I will not change it for religion new,  
Nor with vain shows of fear and dread aghast  
This enterprise forbear I to pursue,  
No, not at death in his most dreadful face  
Wherewith he scareth mankind, kept the place."

41

Approchen gan the time, while thus she spake,  
Wherem they ought that dreadful hazard try,  
Sla to Argo in us went, who should partake  
Of her renown and praise, or with her die  
Isnen . . . words more hasty stult did mal  
Thereto at gree, wher by it all did fly,  
Lest this be , we them made of hollow brass,  
Wherin er closed me, patch, and bruns one wa

42

43

And forth they went, and over dale and hill  
 They hasted forward with a speedy pace,  
 Unseen, unmarked, undescried, until  
 Beside the engine close themselves they place,  
 New courage there their swelling hearts did fill,  
 Rage in their breasts, fury shown in their face,  
 They yearned to blow the fire, and draw the sword  
 The watch descried them both, and gave the word

44

Silent they passéd on, the watch begun  
 To rear a huge alarm with hideous cries,  
 Therewith the hardy couple forward run  
 To execute their valiant enterprise  
 So from a cannon or a roaring gun  
 At once the noise, the flame, and bullet flies,  
 They run, they give the charge, begin the fray,  
 And all at once their foes break, spoil and slay

45

They passéd first through thousand thousand blows,  
 And then performéd their designation bold,  
 A fiery ball each on the engine throws,  
 The stuff was dry, the fire took quickly hold,  
 Furious upon the timber work it grows,  
 How it increased cannot well be told,  
 How it crept up the piece, and how to skies  
 The burning sparks and towering smoke upflies

46

A mass of solid fire burning bright  
 Rolled up in smouldering fumes, there bursteth out,  
 And there the blustering winds add strength and might  
 And gather close the sparséd flames about  
 The Frenchmen trembled at the dreadful light,  
 To arms in haste and fear ran all the rout,  
 Down fell the piece dreaded so much in war,  
 Thus what long days do make one hour doth mar

47

Two Christian bands this while came to the place  
 With speedy haste, where they beheld the fire,  
 Argantes to them cried with scornful grace,  
 "Your blood shall quench these flames, and quench mine ire"  
 This said, the maid and he with sober pace  
 Drew back, and to the banks themselves retire,  
 Faster than brooks which falling showers increase  
 Their foes augment, and faster on them press

The gilden port was opened, and forth stepped  
With all his soldiers bold, the Turkish king,  
Ready to aid the two his force he kept,  
When fortune should them home with conquest bring,  
Over the bars the hardy couple leapt  
And after them a band of Christians fling,  
Whom Solyman drove back with courage stout,  
And shut the gate, but shut Clorinda out

Alone was she shut forth, for in that hour  
Wherin they closed the port, the virgin went,  
And full of heat and wrath, her strength and power  
Gainst Arimon, that struck her erst, she bent,  
She slew the knight, nor Arguit in that stowre  
Wist of her parting, or her fierce intent,  
The fight, the press, the night, and darksome skies  
Care from his heart had ta'en, sight from his eyes

But when appeased was her angry mood,  
Her fury calmed, and settld was her head,  
She saw the gates were shut, and how she stood  
Amid her foes, she held herself for dead,  
While none her marked at last she thought it good,  
To save her life, some other path to tread,  
She feigned her one of them, and close her drew  
Amid the press that none her saw or knew

Then as a wolf guilty of some misdeed  
Flies to some grove to hide himself from view,  
So favoured with the night, with secret speed  
Dissevered from the press the damsel flew  
Tancred alone of her escape took lead,  
He on that quarter was arrived new,  
When Arimon she killed he thither came,  
He saw it, marked it, and pursued the dame

He deemed she was some man of mickle might,  
And on her person would he worship win,  
Over the hills the nymph her journey dight  
Towards another port, there to get in  
With hideous noise fast after spurred the knight,  
She heard and stryed, and thus her words begin,  
"What hast thou? ride softly, take thy breath,  
What bringest thou?" He answered, "War and death"

"And war and death," quoth she, "here mavest thou get 53  
 If thou for battle come," with that she stayed  
 Tancred to ground his foot in haste down set,  
 And left his steed, on foot he saw the maid,  
 Their courage hot, their ire and wrath they whet,  
 And either champion drew a tienchant blade,  
 Together ran they, and together stroke,  
 Like two fierce bulls whom rage and love provoke

Worthy of royal lists and brightest day, 54  
 Worthy a golden trump and laurel crown,  
 The actions were and wonders of that fray  
 Which sable night did in dark bosom drown  
 Yet night, consent that I their acts display  
 And make their deeds to future ages known,  
 And in records of long enduring story  
 Enrol their praise, their fame, their worth and glory

They neither shrunk, nor vantage sought of ground, 55  
 They traverse not, nor skipped from part to part,  
 Their blows were neither false nor feigned found,  
 The night, their rage would let them use no art,  
 Their swords together clash with dreidful sound,  
 Their feet stand fast, and neither stir nor start,  
 They move their hands, steadfast their feet remain,  
 Nor blow nor foin they struck, or thrust in vain

Shame bred desire a sharp revenge to take, 56  
 And vengeance taken gave new cause of shame  
 So that with haste and little heed they stroake,  
 Fuel enough they had to feed the flame,  
 At last so close their battle fierce they make,  
 They could not wield their swords, so nigh they came,  
 They used the hilts, and each on other rushed,  
 And helm to helm, and shield to shield they crushed

Thrice his strong arms he foldes about her vrust, 57  
 And thrice was forced to let the virgin go,  
 For she disdain'd to be so embrased,  
 No lover would have strained his mistress so  
 They took their swords again, and each enchristed  
 Deep wounds in the soft flesh of his strong foe,  
 Till weak and weary, faint, alive unfeath,  
 They both reined at once, at once took breath

Each other long beheld, and leaning stood  
Upon their swords, whose points in earth were pight,  
When dry break, rising from the eastern flood,  
Put forth the thousand eyes of blindfold night,  
Tancred beheld his foe's out streaming blood,  
And gaping wounds, and waxed proud with the sight,  
    Oh vanity of man's unstable mind.  
    Puffed up with every blast of friendly wind !

Why jov'st thou, wretch ? Oh, what shall be thy gain ?  
What trophy for this conquest is't thou rears ?  
Thine eyes shall shed, in case thou be not slain,  
For every drop of blood a sei of tears  
The bleeding warriors leaning thus remain,  
Each one to speak one word long time forbears,  
    Tancred the silence broke at last, and said,  
    For he would know with whom this fight he made

' Evil is our chance and hard our fortune is  
Who here in silence, and in shade debate,  
Where light of sun and witness all we miss  
That should our prowess and our praise dilate  
If words in arms find place, yet grant me this,  
Tell me thy name, thy country, and estate,  
    That I may know, this dangerous combat done,  
    Whom I have conquered, or who hath me won '

" What I will tell, you ask," quoth she, " in vain,  
Nor moved by prayer, nor constrained by power,  
But thus much know, I am one of those twain  
Which late with kindled fire destroyed the tower "  
Tancred at her proud words swelled with disdain,  
" That hast thou said," quoth he, " in evil hour  
Thy vaunting speeches, and thy silence both,  
Uncivil wretch, hath made my heart more wroth

Ire in their chisled breasts renewed the frown,  
Fierce was the fight, though feeble were their might,  
Their strength was gone, their cunning was awn,  
And fury in their steed maintained the flight,  
Their swords both points and edges sharp embay  
In purple blood, whereso they hit or light,  
    And if weak life yet in their bosoms be,  
    They lived because they both disdained to die

As Aegean seas when storms be calmed again  
That rolled their tumbling waves with troubrous blasts,  
Do yet of tempests past some shows retain  
And here and there their swelling billows casts,  
So, though their strength were gone and might were vain,  
Of their first fierceness still the fury lasts,  
Wherewith sustuned, they to their tackling stood,  
And heaped wound on wound, and blood on blood

63

But now, alas, the fatal hour arrives  
That her sweet life must leave that tender hold,  
His sword into her bosom deep he drives,  
And bathed in lukewarm blood his iron cold,  
Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives  
Her cunous square, embossed with swelling gold,  
Her knees grow weak, the pains of death she feels,  
And like a falling cedar bends and reels

64

The prince his hand upon her shield doth stretch,  
And low on earth the wounded dams<sup>e</sup>l layeth,  
And while she fell, with weak and woe<sup>ful</sup> speech,  
Her prayers last and last complaints she sayeth,  
A spirit new did her those prayers teach,  
Spirit of hope, of charity, and faith,  
And though her life to Christ rebellious were,  
Yet did<sup>e</sup> she His child and handmaid dear

65

"Friend, thou hast won, I pardon thee, nor save  
This body, that all torments can endure,  
But save my soul, baptism I dying crave,  
Come wash away my sins with waters pure "  
His heart relenting nigh in sunder rave,  
With woeful speech of that sweet creature,  
So that his rage, his wrath, and anger died,  
And on his cheeks salt tears for ruth down slide

66

With murmur loud down from the mountain's side  
A little runnel tumbled near the place,  
Thither he ran and filled his helmet wide,  
And quic<sup>k</sup> returned to do that work of grace,  
With trembling hands her bower he untied,  
Which don<sup>t</sup> he see, and saug<sup>n</sup>, knew her face,  
And lost therewith his speech and moving quite,  
Oh woe<sup>ful</sup> knowledge, th unhappy sight!

67

He died not, but all his strength unites,  
And to his virtues gave his heart in guard,  
Bridling his grief, with water he requites  
The life that he bereft with iron hard,  
And while the sacred words the knight recites,  
The nymph to heaven with joy herself prepared,  
And as her life decays her joys increase,  
She smiled and said, " Farewell, I die in peace "

As violets blue mongst lilies pure men throw,  
So paleness midst her native white begun,  
Her looks to heaven she cast, their eyes I trow  
Downward for pity bent both heaven and sun,  
Her naked hand she gave the knight, in show  
Of love and peace, her speech, alas, was done,  
And thus the virgin fell on endless sleep,—  
Love, Beauty, Virtue, for your darling weep !

But when he saw her gentle soul was went,  
His manly courage to relent began,  
Grief, sorrow, anguish, sadness, discontent,  
Free empire got and lordship on the man,  
His life within his heart they close up pent,  
Death through his senses and his visage ran  
Like his dead lady, dead seemed Tancred good,  
In paleness, stillness, wounds and streams of blood

And his weak sprite, to be unbothered  
From fleshly prison free that ceaseless strived,  
Had followed her fair soul but lately fled  
Had not a Christian squadron there arrived,  
To seek fresh water thither haply led,  
And found the princess dead, and him deprived  
Of signs of life, yet did the knight remain  
On live, nigh dead, for her himself had shun

Their guide far off the prince knew by his shield,  
And thither hasten full of grief and fear,  
Her dead, him seeming so, he there beheld,  
And for that strange mishap shed many a tear,  
He would not leave the corse's fair in field  
For food to wolves, though she in were,  
But in their arms the soldiers both upheft,  
And both lamenting brought to Tancred's tent

73

With those dear burdens to their camp they pass,  
 Yet would not that dead seeming knight awake,  
 At last he deeply groaned, which token was  
 His feeble soul had not her flight yet take  
 The other lay a still and heavy mass,  
 Her spirit had that earthen cage forsake,  
 Thus were they brought, and thus they placed were  
 In sundry rooms, yet both adjoining near

74

All skill and art his careful servants used  
 To life again their dying lord to bring,  
 At last his eyes unclosed, with tears suffused,  
 He felt their hands and heard their whispering,  
 But how he thither came long time he mused,  
 His mind astonished was with everything,  
 He gazed about, his squires in fine he knew,  
 Then weak and woeftul thus his plaints out threw

75

"What, live I yet? and do I breathe and see  
 Of this accursed day the hateful light?  
 This spiteful ray which still upbruudeth me  
 With that accursed deed I did this night,  
 Ah, coward hand, afraid why should'st thou be,  
 Thou instrument of death, shame and despite,  
 Why should'st thou fear, with sharp and trenchant knife,  
 To cut the thread of this blood guilty life?

76

"Pierce through this bosom, and my cruel heart  
 In pieces cleave, break every string and vein,  
 But thou to slaughter's vile which us'd art,  
 Think st it were pity so to ease my pun  
 Of luckless love therefore in torments' smart  
 A sad example must I still remain,  
 A woeful monster of unhappy love,  
 Who still must live, lest death his comfort prove

77

"Still must I live in anguish, grief, and care,  
 Furies my guilty conscience that torment,  
 The ugly shades, dark night, and troub'led air  
 In grisly forms her slaughter still present,  
 Madness and death about my bed repair,  
 Hell grieth wide to swallow up this tent,  
 Swift from myself I run, myself I fear,  
 Yet still my hell within myself I bear

" But where, alas, where be those riches sweet,  
 Wherein dwelt late all love, all joy, all good ?  
 My fury left them cast in open street,  
 Some beast hath torn her flesh and licked her blood,  
 Ah noble prey ! for savage beast unmeet,  
 Ah sweet ! too sweet, and far too precious food,  
 Ah, seely nymph ! whom night and dark some shade  
 To beasts, and me, far worse than beasts betrayed

" But where you be, if still you be, I wend  
 To gather up those riches dear at least  
 But if some beast hath from the hills descend,  
 And on her tender bowels made his feast,  
 Let that fell monster me in pieces rend,  
 And deep entomb me in his hollow chest  
 For where she buried is, there shall I have  
 A stately tomb, a rich and costly grave ?

Thus mourned the knight, his squires him told at last,  
 They had her there for whom those tears he shed ,  
 A beam of comfort his dim eyes outcast,  
 Like lightning through thick clouds of darkness spread  
 The heavy burden of his limbs in haste,  
 With muckle pain, he drew forth of his bed,  
 And scant of strength to stand, to move or go,  
 Thither he staggered, reeling to and fro

When he came there, and in her brest espied  
 His handwork, that deep and cruel wound,  
 And her sweet face with leaden paleness dyed,  
 Where beauty late spread forth her beams around,  
 He trembled so, that nere his squires beside  
 To hold him up he had sunk down to ground,  
 And said " O face in death still sweet and fair !  
 Thou canst not sweeten yet my grief and care

" O fair right hand, the pledge of faith and love ?  
 Given me but late, too late, in sign of peace,  
 How haps it now, thou canst not stir nor move ?  
 And you, dear limbs, now laid in rest and ease,  
 Through which my cruel blade this flood gat o're,  
 Your pains I we end, my torments never cease,  
 O hands, O cruel eyes, accursed like !  
 You gave the wound, you gave them light to strike

"But thither now run forth my guilty blood,  
Whither my plunts, my sorrows cannot wend."  
He said no more, but, as his passion wood  
Inforced him, he gan to tear and rend  
His hair, his face, his wounds, a purple flood  
Did from each side in rolling streems descend,  
He had been slain, but that his pain and woe  
Bereft his senses, and preserved him so

Cast on his bed his squires recalled his sprite  
To execute again her hateful charge,  
But tattling fame the sorrows of the knight  
And hard mischance had told this while at large  
Godfrey and all his lords of worth and might,  
Ran thither, and the duty would discharge  
Of friendship true, and with sweet words the rage  
Of bitter grief and woe they would assuage

But is a mortal wound the more doth smart  
The more it scarched is, handled or sought,  
So their sweet words to his afflicted heart  
More grief, more anguish, pain and torment brought  
But reverend Peter that would set apart  
Care of his sheep, as a good shepherd ought,  
His vanity with grave advice reproved  
And told what mourning Christian knights behoved

"O Tancred, Tancred, how far different  
From thy beginnings good these folhes be?  
What makes thee deaf? what hath thy eyesight blent?  
What must, what cloud thus overshadeth thee?  
This is a warning good from heaven down sent,  
Yet His advice thou canst not hear nor see  
Who calleth and conducts thee to the way  
From which thou willing dost and witting stray

"To worthy actions and achievements fit  
For Christian knights He would thee home recall,  
But thou hast left that course and chang'd it,  
To make thyself a knave & a traitor,  
But see, thy grief and sorrow's painful fit  
Is made the rod to scourge thy sins withal,  
Of thine own good thyself the means He makes,  
But thou His mercy, goodness, grace forsakes

"Thou dost refuse of heaven the proffered grace,  
And gaunst it still rebel with sinful ire  
O wretch! O whither doth thy rage thee chase?  
Refrain thy grief, bridle thy fond desire,  
At hell's wile gate vain sorrow doth thee place,  
Sorrow, misfortune's son, despair's foul fire  
    O see thine evil, thy plaint and woe refrain,  
    The guides to death, to hell, and endless pain!"

88

This said his will to die the patient  
Abandon'd, that second death he fear'd,  
These words of comfort to his heart down went  
And that dark night of sorrow somewhat cleared,  
Yet now and then his grief deep sighs forth sent  
His voice shrill plaints and sad laments oft reared,  
    Now to himself, now to his murdered love,  
    He spoke, who heard perchance from heaven above

89

Till Phœbus' rising from his evening fall  
To her, for her, he mourns, he calls, he cries,  
The nightingale so when her children small  
Some churl takes before their parents' eyes,  
Alone, dismayed, quite bare of comforts all,  
Tires with complaints the seas, the shores the skies,  
    Till in sweet sleep against the morning bright  
    She fall at last, so mourned, so slept the knight

90

And clad in starry veil, amid his dream,  
For whose sweet sake he mourned, appeared the maid,  
Fairer than erst, yet with that heavenly beam  
Not out of knowledge was her lovely shade,  
With looks of ruth her eyes celestial seem  
To pity his sad plight, and thus she said,  
    "Behold how fair, how glad thy love appears,  
    And for my sake, my dear, forbear these tears

91

"Thine be the thanks, my soul thou madest fit  
At unawares out of her earthly nest  
Thine be the thanks thou hast advanced it  
In Abraham's dear bosom long to rest  
There still I love thee, there for I sacred sit  
A seat prepared is among th' elect,  
There in eternal joy eternal I sit,  
Thou shall thy love enjoy, and the her knight,

92

" Unless thyself, thyself heaven's joys envy,  
 And thy vain sorrow thee of bliss deprive,  
 Live, know I love thee, that I will deny,  
 As angels, men as saints may wights on live "  
 This said, of zeal and love forth of her eye  
 An hundred glorious beams bright shining drive,  
 Amid which rays herself she closed from sight,  
 And with new joy, new comfort left her knight

93

Thus comforted he waked, and men discreet  
 In surgery to cure his wounds were sought,  
 Meanwhile of his dear love the relics sweet,  
 As best he could, to grave with pomp he brought  
 Her tomb was not of varied Spartan greet,  
 Nor yet by cunning hand of Scopas wrought,  
 But built of polished stone, and thereon laid  
 The lively shape and portrait of the maid

94

With sacred burning lamps in order long  
 And mournful pomp the corpse was brought to ground  
 Her arms upon a leafless pine were hung,  
 The hearse, with cypress, arms, with laurel crowned  
 Next day the prince, whose love and courage strong  
 Drew forth his limbs, weak, feeble, and unsound,  
 To visit went, with care and reverence meet,  
 The buried ashes of his mistress sweet :

95

Before her new made tomb at last arrived,  
 The woeful prison of his living sprite,  
 Pale, cold, sad, comfortless, of sense deprived,  
 Upon the marble gry he fixed his sight,  
 Two streams of tears were from his eyes derived  
 Thus with a sad " Alas ! " began the knight,  
 " O marble dear on my dear mistress placed !  
 My flames within, without my tears thou hast

96

" Not of dead bones art thou the mournful grave,  
 But of quick, love the fortress and the hold,  
 Still in my heart thy wonted brands I hue  
 More bitter fire, alas ! but not more cold,  
 Receive these sighs, these kisses sweet receive,  
 In liquid drops, of melting tears enrobed,  
 And one them to that body pure and chaste,  
 Which in thy bosom cold entombed thou hast

97

"For if her happy soul her eye doth bend  
On that sweet body which it lately dressed,  
My love, thy pity cannot her offend,  
Anger and wrath is not in angels blessed,  
She pardon will the trespass of her friend,  
That hope relieves me with these griefs oppressed,  
This hand she knows hath only sinned, not I,  
Who living loved her, and for love now die

98

"And loving will I die, oh happy day  
Whene'er it chanceth! but oh far more blessed  
If ~~is~~ about thy polished sides I stray,  
My bones within thy hollow grave might rest,  
Together should in heaven our spirits stay,  
Together should our bodies lie in chest,  
So happy death should join what life doth sever,  
O Death, O Life! sweet both, both blessed ever!

99

Meanwhile the news in that besieged town  
Of this mishap was whispered here and there,  
Forthwith it spread, and for too true was known,  
Her woeful loss was talked everywhere,  
Mingled with cries and plaints to heaven upthrown,  
As if the city's self new taken were

100

With conquering foes, or as if flame and fire,  
Nor house, nor church, nor street had left entire

101

But all men's eyes were on Arsetes bent,  
His sighs were deep, his looks full of despair,  
Out of his woe<sup>ful</sup> eyes no tear there went,  
His heart was hardened with his too much care,  
His silver locks with dust he foul besprent,  
He knocked his breast, his face he rent and tare,  
And while the press flocked to the eunuch old,  
Thus to the people spake Argante bold

"I would when first I knew the hardy maid  
Excluded was among her Christian foes,  
Have followed her to give her timely aid,  
O by her side this breath and life to let,  
Whi and I no, or what but I am rid  
To make the like gifts again unclad?  
By her desire, his master did me restrain  
My will, my suit was waste, my speech was vain

102

" Unless thyself thyself heaven's joys envy,  
 And thy vain sorrow thee of bliss deprive,  
 Live, know I love thee, that I will deny,  
 As angels, men as saints may wights on live "  
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"I would, when first I knew the hardy maid  
Excluded was among her Christian foes,  
Have followed her to give her timely aid,  
Or by her side this breath and life to save,  
What had I not, or what lost I unsaid  
To make the king the gate again unclose?  
But he dead is, his power did me restrain  
My will, my suit is waste, my speech was vain

99

100

101

102

"Ah, had I gone, I would from danger free  
 Have brought to Sion that sweet nymph again,  
 Or in the bloody fight, where killed w<sup>s</sup> she,  
 In her defence there nobly have been slain  
 But what could I do more? the counsels be  
 Of God and man ga<sup>n</sup>tst m<sup>e</sup> designments plain,  
 Dead is Clorinda fair, laid in cold grave,  
 Let me revenge her whom I could not save,

103

"Jerusalem, hear what Argantes saith,  
 Hear Heaven, and if he break his o<sup>u</sup>th and word,  
 Upon this head cast thunder in thy wrath  
 I will destroy and kill that Christian lord  
 Who this fair dame by night thus murdered hath,  
 Nor from my side I will unsheath this sword  
 Till Tancred's heart it cleave, and shed his blood,  
 And leave his corpse to wolves and crows for food."

104

This said, the people with a joyful shout  
 Applauded his speeches and his words approve,  
 And calmed their grief in hope the boaster stout  
 Would kill the prince, who late had slain his love  
 O promise vun<sup>t</sup> it otherwise fell out  
 Men purpose, but high gods dispose above,  
 For underneath his sword this boaster died  
 Whom thus he scorned and threatened in his pride

105

The Thirteenth Book  
OR  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

---

THE ARGUMENT

Ismeno sets to guard the forest old  
The wicked sprites, whose ugly shapes affray  
And put to flight the men whose labour would  
To their dark shades let in heaven's golden ray  
Thither goes Tancred hardy truthful bold  
But foolish pity lets him not assay  
His strength and courage heat the Christian power  
Annoys whom to refresh God sends a shower

---

BUT scant, dissolvéd into ashes cold,  
The smoking tower fell on the scorched grass,  
When new device found out the enchanter old  
By which the town besieged secured was,  
Of timber fit his foes deprive he would,  
Such terror bred that late consumed mass  
So that the strength of Sion's walls to shake,  
They should no turrets, rams, nor engines make

From Godfrey's camp a grove a little way  
Amid the valleys deep grows out of sight,  
Thick with old trees whose horrid arms disp ay  
An ugly shade, like everlasting night,  
There when the sun spreads forth his clearest ray,  
Dim, thick, uncertain gloomy seems the light,  
As when in eve in g, day and darkness strive  
Which should his foe from our horizon drive

But when the sun his char in seas doth steep,  
 Night horror darkness thick the place invade,  
 Which veil the mortal eyes with blindness deep  
 And with sad terror make walk hearts torpid,  
 Thither no groom drives forth his tender sheep  
 To browse or ease their fount in cooling shade,  
 Nor traveller nor pilgrim there to enter,  
 So awful seems that forest old, dark venture.

3

United there the ghosts and goblins meet  
 To frolic with their mates in silent night  
 With dragon's wings some cleave the welkin fleet,  
 Some nimbly run o'er hills and valleys light,  
 A wicked troop, that with allurement sweet  
 Draws sinful man from that is good and right,  
 And there with hellish pomp their banquets brought  
 They solemnise, thus the vain Pagans thought.

4

No twist, no twig, no bough nor branch, therefore,  
 The Saracens cut from that sacred spring  
 But yet the Christians spied ne'er the more  
 The trees to earth with cutting steel to bring  
 Thither went Ismen old with tresses hoar,  
 When night on all this earth spread forth her wing,  
 And there in silence deaf and in rksome shade  
 His characters and circles vain he made

5

He in the circle set one foot unshod,  
 And whispered dreadful charms in ghastly wise  
 Three times for witchcraft loath numbers odd,  
 Toward the east he gripe'd, westward thrice,  
 He struck the ear h thrice with his charmed rod  
 Wherewith dead bones he makes from grave to rise,  
 And thrice the ground with naked foot he smote,  
 And thus he cried loud, with thundering note

6

"Hear, hear, you spirits all that whilom fell,  
 Cast down from heaven with dint of roaring thunder,  
 Hear, you amid the empty air that dwell  
 And storms and showers pour on these kingdoms under  
 Hear all you devils that lie in deepest hell  
 And rend with torments damned ghosts asunder,  
 And of those kinds of death of pain and fear,  
 Thou monarch great great Dis, great Pluto hear!

7

"Keep you this forest well, keep every tree,  
Numbered I give you them and truly told,  
As souls of men in bodies cloth'd be  
So every plant a sprite shall hide and hold,  
With trembling fear make all the Christians flee  
When they presume to cut these cedars old "

This said, his charms he gan again repeat,  
Which none can say but they that use like seat

At those strange speeches, still night's splendid fires  
Quench'd their lights, and shrank away for doubt,  
The feeble moon her silver beams retires,  
And wrapt her horns with folding clouds about  
Ismen his sprites to come with speed requires,  
"Why come you not, you ever damn'd iout?  
Why tarry you so long? pardie you stay  
Till stronger charms and greater words I say

"I have not yet forgot for want of use,  
What dreadful terms belong this sacred seat,  
My tongue, it still your stubborn hearts refusc,  
That so much dредed name can well repeat,  
Which heard, great Dis cannot himself excuse,  
But hither run from his eternal seat,  
O great and fearful!"—More he would have said,  
But that he saw the sturdy sprites obeyed

Legions of devils by thousands thither come,  
Such as in sparsēd air their biding make,  
And thousands also which by Heavenly doom  
Condemned lie in deep Avernus lake,  
But slow they came, displeased all and some  
Because those woods they should in keeping take,  
Yet they obeyed and took the charge in hand,  
And under every branch and leaf they stand

When thus his cursēd work performēd was,  
The wizard to his king declared the seat,  
"My lord, let fear, let doubt and sorrow pass,  
Henceforth in safety stands your regal seat,  
Your foe, as he supposed, no mean now has  
To build agan his rams and engines great"  
And then he told at large from part to part,  
All what he late performed by wondrous art.

" Besides this help, another hap," quoth he,  
 " Will shortly chance thit burn's not profit small,  
 Within few dais Mrs. and the Sun I see  
 Their fiery beams unite in Leo shall,  
 And then extreme the scorching heat will be,  
 Which neither sun ean quench nor dews that fall,  
 So placed are the planets high and low,  
 That heat, fire, burning all the heavens foreshow.

13

" So great with us will be the warmth therefore,  
 As with the Garments or those of Inde,  
 Yet will it grieve us in this town so sore,  
 We have sweet shade and waters cold by land  
 Our foes abroad will be tormented more,  
 What shield ean they or what refreshing and?  
 Heaven will them vanquish first, then Lopis crew  
 Destroy them quite, weak, weary, faint and few.

14

" Thou shalt sit still and conquer, prove no more  
 The doubtful hazard of uncertain fight  
 But if Argentes bold, thit hates so sore  
 All cause of quiet peace, though just and right,  
 Provoke thee forth to battle, is before,  
 Find means to calm the rage of thit fierce knight,  
 For shortly Heaven will send thee ease and peace,  
 And war and trouble monast thy foes increase."

15

The king assured by these speeches fair,  
 Held Godfrey's power his might and strength in scorn,  
 And now the walls he gan in part repar,  
 Which late the ram had bruised with iron horn,  
 With wise foresight and well advis'd care  
 He fortified each breach and bulwark torn,  
 And all his folk, men, women, children small,  
 With endless toil again repaired the wall.

16

But Godfrey nould this while bring forth his power  
 To give assault against that fort in vain,  
 Till he had builded new his dreadful tower,  
 And reared high his down fallen rams again  
 His workmen therefore he dispatched that hour  
 To hew the trees out of the forest main,  
 They went and scant the wood appeared in sight  
 When wonders new their fearful hearts affright.

7

As silly children dare not bend their eye  
Where they're told strange bugbears haunt the place,  
Or as new monsters, while in bed they lie,  
Their fearful thoughts present before their face,  
So feared they, and fled, yet wist not why,  
Nor what pursued them in that fearful chase,  
Except their fear perchance while thus they fled,  
New chimeras, sphinxes, or like monsters bred

Swift to the camp they turned back dismayed  
With words confused uncertain tales they told,  
That all which heard them scorned what they said  
And those reports for lies and fables hold  
A chosen crew in shining arms arrayed  
Duke Godfrey thither sent of soldiers bold,  
To guard the men and their faint arms provoke  
To cut the dreadful trees with hardy stroke

These drawing near the wood where close ypent  
The wicked sprites in sylvan pinfolds were,  
Their eyes upon those shades no sooner bent  
But frozen dread pierced through their entrails dear,  
Yet on they stalked still and on they went,  
Under bold semblance hiding toward fear,  
And so far wandered forth with trembling pace,  
Till they approached nigh that enchanted place

When from the grove a fearful sound outbreaks,  
As if some earthquake hill and mountain tore,  
Where n the southern wind a rumbling makes,  
Or like sea waves against the scraggy shore,  
There lions grumble, there hiss scaly snakes,  
There howl the wolves, the rugged bears there roar,  
There trumpets shrill are heard and thunders fell,  
And all these sounds one sound expressed well

Upon their faces pale well might you note  
A thousand signs of heart abounding fear,  
Their reason gone, by no device they wot  
How to press nigh, or stay still where they were  
Against that sudden dread their breasts which smote  
Their courage weak no shield of proof could bear,  
At last they fled and one than all more bold  
Excused their flight, and thus the wonders told

‘ My lord, not one of us there is, I grant,  
That dare, cut down one branch in yonder spring,  
I think there dwells a sprite in every plant,  
There keeps his court great Dis’ infernal king,  
He hath a heart of hardened adamant  
That without trembling dares attempt the thing,  
And sense he wanteth who so hardy is  
To hear the forest thunder, roar and hiss ”

23

This said, Alcasto to his words gave heed,  
Alcasto leader of the Switzers grim  
A man both void of wit and void of dread,  
Who feared not loss of life nor loss of limb  
No savage beast, in deserts wild that feed  
Nor ugly monster could dishearten him,  
Nor whirlwind, thunder, earthquake, storm, or aught  
That in this world is strange or fearful thought

24

He shook his head, and smiling thus gan say,  
“ The hardness have I that wood to fell,  
And those proud trees low in the dust to lay  
Wherein such grisly fiends and monsters dwell ;  
No roaring ghost my courage can dismay,  
No shriek of birds, beast’s roar, or dragon’s yell,  
But through and through that forest will I wend,  
Although to deepest hell the paths descend ”

25

Thus boasted he, and leave to go desired,  
And forward went with joyful cheer and will,  
He viewed the wood and those thick shades admired,  
He heard the wondrous noise and tumbling shrill,  
Yet not one foot the audacious man retired,  
He scorned the peril pressing forward still,  
Till on the forest’s outmost marge he stepped,  
A flaming fire from entrance there him kept.

26

The fire increased, and built a stately wall  
Of burning coals, quick sparks, and embers hot,  
And with bright flames the wood environed all,  
That there no tree nor twist Alcasto got,  
The higher stretched the flames seemed bulwarks tall,  
Castles and turrets full of fiery shot,  
With slings and engines strong of every sort,  
What mortal wight durst scale so strange a fort ?

27

Oh what strange monsters on the battlement  
In loathsome forms stood to defend the place?  
Their frowning looks upon the knight they bent,  
And threatened death with shot with sword and mace,  
At last he fled, and though but slow he went,  
As lions do whom jolly hunters chase,

Yet fled the man and with sad fear withdrew,  
Though fear till then he never felt nor knew

That he had fled long time he never wist,  
But when far run he hid discovered it,  
Himself for wonder with his hand he blist,  
A bitter sorrow by the heut him bit,  
Amized, ashamed, disgraced, sad, silent, trist,  
Alone he would all day in darkness sit,  
Nor durst he look on man of worth or fame,  
His pride late great, now greater made his shame.

Godfredo called him, but he found delays  
And causes why he should his cabin keep,  
At length perforce he comes, but nought he says,  
Or talks like those that babble in their sleep  
His shamesfacedness to Godfrey plain bewrays  
His flight, so does his sighs and sadness deep  
Wherat amazed, 'What chance is this,' quoth he?  
"These witchcrafts strange or nature's wonders be."

"But if his courage any champion move  
To try the hazard of this dreadful spring,  
I give him leave the adventure great to prove,  
Some news he may report us of the thing."  
Thus said, his lords attorney the charmed grove,  
Yet nothing back but fear and flight they bring,  
For them unforced with trembling to retire,  
The sight, the sound, the monsters and the fire.

This happered when woeful Tancred left his bed  
To lay in marble cold his mistress dear,  
The lively colour from his cheek was fled,  
His limbs were weak his helm or targe to bear,  
Vainless when need to high attempts him led,  
No labour would he shun, no danger fear,  
His valour, boldness, heart and courage brave,  
To his faint body strength and vigour gave

To this exploit forth went the venturous knight,  
 Fearless, yet heedful silent, well advised,  
 The terrors of that forest's dreadful sight,  
 Storms, earthquakes, thunders, crues, he all despised,  
 He feared nothing, yet a motion light,  
 That quicly vanished, in his heart arised  
 When lo, between him and the charm'd wood,  
 A fiery city high as heaven up stood

33

The knight stepped back and took a sudden pause,  
 And to himself, "What help these arms?" quoth he,  
 "If in this fire, or monster's gaping jaws  
 I headlong cast myself, what boots it me?  
 For common profit, or my country's curse,  
 To hazard life before me none should be  
 But this exploit of no such weight I hold,  
 For it to lose a prince or champion bold

34

"But if I fly, what will the Pagans say?  
 If I retire, who shall cut down this spring?  
 Godfredo will attempt it every day  
 What if some other knight perform the thing?  
 These flames uprisen to forestall my way  
 Perchance more terror far than danger bring

35

But hap what shall," this said, he forward stepped,  
 And through the fire, oh wondrous boldness, leapt!

He bolted through, but neither warmth nor heat  
 He felt, nor sign of fire or scorching flame,  
 Yet wist he not in his dismayed conceit,  
 If that were fire or no through which he came,  
 For at first touch vanished those monsters great,  
 And in their stead the clouds black night did frume  
 And hideous storms and showers of hail and rain,  
 Yet storms and tempests vanished straight again

36

Amazed but not afraid the champion good  
 Stood still, but when the tempest passed he spied,  
 He entered boldly that forbidden wood,  
 And of the forest 'll the secrets eyed,  
 In all b's walk no sprite or phantasm stood  
 That stopped his way or passage free denied,  
 Save that the growing trees so thick were set,  
 That oft his sight and passage oft they let

37

At length a fair and spacious green he spied,  
Like calmest waters, plain, like velvet, soft,  
Wherein a cypress clad in summer's pride,  
Pyramid wise, lift up his tops aloft,  
In whose smooth bark upon the evenest side,  
Strange characters he found, and viewed them oft,  
Like those which priests of Egypt erst instead  
Of letters used, which none but they could read

Mongst them he pick'd out these words at last,  
Writ in the Syriac tongue, which well he could,  
"Oh hardy knight, who through these woods hast passed  
Where Death his palace and his court doth hold !  
Oh trouble not these souls in quiet placed,  
Oh be not cruel as thy heart is bold,  
Pardon these ghosts deprived of heavenly light,  
With spirits dead why should men living fight ? "

Thus found he graven in the tender rind,  
And while he mused on this uncouth writ,  
Him thought he heard the softly whistling wind  
His blasts amid the leaves and branches knit  
And frame a sound like speech of human kind,  
But full of sorrow grief and woe was it,  
Whereby his gentle thoughts all filled were  
With pity, sadness, grief, compassion, fear

He drew his sword at last, and gave the tree  
A mighty blow, that made a gaping wound,  
Out of the rift red streams he trickling see  
Thirt all bespiled the verdant plain round,  
His heart start up, yet once again stroke he,  
He nould give over till the end he found  
Of this adventure, when with plaint and moan,  
As from some hollow grave, he heard one groan

"Enough, enough !" the voice lamenting said,  
"Tancred thou hast me hurt thou didst me drue  
Out of the body of a noble maid  
Who with me liv'd, whom late I kept on live,  
And now within this woeful cypress laid  
My tender rind the upon sharp doth rive,  
Cruel, is't not enough thy foes to kill,  
But in their graves wilt thou torment them still ?

"I was Clorinda now imprisoned here,  
Yet not alone within this plant I dwell,  
For every Pagan lord and Christian peer,  
Before the city's walls last day that fell,  
In bodies new or graves I wot not clear,  
But here they are confined by magic's spell,  
So that each tree hath life, and sense each bough,  
A murderer if thou cut one twist art thou"

43

As the sick man that in his sleep doth see  
Some ugly dragon, or some chimera new,  
Though he suspect, or half perswaded be,  
It is an id'e dream, no monster true,  
Yet still he fears, he quakes, and strives to flee,  
So fearful is that wondrous form to view,  
So feared the knight, yet he both knew and thought  
All were illusions false by witchcraft wrought

44

But cold and trembling wavered his frozen heart,  
Such strange effects such passions it torment,  
Out of his feeble hand his weapon start,  
Himself out of his wits nigh, after went  
Wounded he saw, he thought, for pain and smart,  
His lady weep, complain, mourn, and lament,  
Nor could he suffer her dear blood to see,  
Or hear her sighs that deep far fetched be

45

Thus his fierce heart which death had scorn'd oft,  
Whom no strange shape or monster could dismay,  
With feign'd shows of tender love made soft,  
A spirit false did with vain plights betray,  
A whirling wind his sword heaved up aloft,  
And through the forest bare it quite away  
O'ercome retired the prince, and as he came,  
His sword he found, and reposessed the same,

46

Yet nould return he hid no mind to try  
His courage further in those forest's groves,  
But when to Godfrey's tent he proach'd nigh,  
His spirits waked, his thoughts composed been,  
"My Lord," quoth he, "a witness true am I  
Of wonders strane, believe it scruit though seen,  
What of the fire, the shades, the dreadful sound  
You heard, all true by proof myself have found

47

"A burning fire, so are those deserts charmed,  
Built like a battled wall to heaven was reared,  
Whereon with darts and dreadful weapons armed,  
Of monsters foul mis shaped whole bands appeared,  
But through them all I passed, unhurt, unharmed,  
No flame or threatened blow I felt or feared,

Then rain and night I found, but straight again  
'To day, the night, to sunshine turned the rain

"What would you more? each tree through all that wood 49  
Hath sense, hath life, hath speech, like human kind,  
I heard their words as in that grove I stood,  
That mournful voice still, still I bear in mind  
And, as they were of flesh, the purple blood  
At every blow streams from the wounded rind;  
No, no, not I, nor any else, I trow,  
Hath power to cut one leaf, one branch, one bough"

While thus he said, the Christian's noble guide 50  
Felt uncouth strife in his contentious thought.  
He thought, what if himself in person tried  
Those witchcrafts strange, and bring those charms to naught,  
For such he deemed them, or elsewhere provide  
For timber easier got though further sought,  
But from his study he at last abraid,  
Called by the hermit old that to him said ,

"Leave off thy hardy thought, another's hands 51  
Of these her plants the wood dispoilen shall,  
Now, now the fatal ship of conquest lands,  
Her sails are struck, her silver anchors fall,  
Our champion broken hath his worthless brids,  
And looseth from the soil which held him thrall,  
The time draws nigh when our proud foes in field  
Shall slaughtered lie, and Sion's fort shall yield"

This said, his visage shone with beams divine, 52  
And more than mortal was his voice's sound,  
Godredo's thought to other acts incline,  
His working brain was never idle found  
But in the Crib now did bright Titan shine,  
And scorched with scalding beams the parched ground,  
And made unfit for toil or warlikefeat  
His o'diers, weak with labour, fumt with sweat;

63

Languished the faithful dog, and wanted care  
 Of his dear lord and cabin both forgot,  
 Pinting he lvd, and gathered fresher air  
 To cool the burning in his entrails hot.  
 But breathing, which wise nature did prepare  
 To suage the stomach's heat, now booted not,  
 For little ease, alas, small help, they win  
 That breathe forth air and scalding fire such in.

64

Thus languish'd the earth, in this estate  
 Lay woeful thousands of the Christians stout,  
 The faithful people grew nigh desperate  
 Of hopéd conquest, shameful deirth they doubt,  
 Of their distress they talk and oft debate,  
 These sad complaints were heard the camp throughout  
 "What hope hath Godfrey? shall we still here lie  
 Till all his soldiers, 'll our armies die?

65

"Alas, with what device, what strength, thinks he  
 To scale these walls, or this strong fort to get?  
 Whence hath he engines new? doth he not see,  
 How wrathful Heaven against us his sword doth whet?  
 These tokens shown true signs and witness be  
 Our angry God our proud attempts doth let,  
 And scorching sun so hot his beams outspreads,  
 That not more cooling Inde nor Æthiop needs

66

"Or thinks he it an eath or little thing  
 That us despiscd, neglected, and disduned,  
 Like abjects vile, to death he thus should bring,  
 That so his empire my be still maintained?  
 Is it so great a bliss to be a King,  
 When he that wears the crown with blood is stained  
 And buys his sceptre with his people's lives?  
 See whither glory vain, fond mankind drives

67

"See, see the man, called holy, just, and good,  
 That courteous, meek, and humble would be thought,  
 Yet never cared in what distress we stood  
 If his vain honour were diminished naught,  
 Whn driéd up from us his spring and flood  
 His water must from Jord'ın streams be brought,  
 And how he sits it feasts and banquets sweet  
 And mungleth waters fresh with wines of Crete"

The French thus murmured, but the Greekish knight  
Tatine, that of this war was weary grown  
" Why die we here," quoth he, " slain without fight,  
Killed, not subdued, murdered, not overthrown ?  
Upon the Frenchmen let the penance light  
Of Godfrey's folly, let me save mine own,"  
And as he said, without farewell, the knight  
And all his comit stole away by night

His bad example many a troop prepares  
To imitate, when his escape they know,  
Clotharius his band, and Ademares,  
And all whose guides in dust were buried low,  
Discharged of duty's chains and bondage snares  
Free from their oath, to none they service owe,  
But now concluded all on secret flight,  
And shrunk away by thousands every night

Godfredo this both heard, and saw, and knew,  
Yet nould with death them chastise though he might  
But with that faith wherewith he could renew  
The steadfast hills and seas dry up to night  
He prayed the Lord upon his flock to rue,  
To ope the springs of grace and ease this drought,  
Out of his looks shone zeal, devotion, faith,  
His hands and eyes to heaven he heaves, and sent

" Father and Lord, if in the deserts waste  
Thou hidst compassion on thy children dear,  
The craggy rock when Moses cleft and brast,  
And drew forth flowing streams of waters clear,  
Like mercy, Lord, like grace on us down cast,  
And though our merits less than theirs appear,  
Thy grace supply that want, for though they be  
Thy first born son, thy children yet are we !

These prayers just, from humble hearts forth sent,  
Were nothing slow to climb the stury sky,  
But swift as winged bird themselves present  
Before the Father of the heavens high  
The Lord accepted them, and gently bent  
Upon the faithful host His gracious eye,  
And in their pain and whil distress it laid,  
He saw, and grieved to see, and thus He said

" Mine armies dear till now have suffered woe  
 Distress and danger, hells infernal power  
 Their enemy hath been, the world their foe,  
 But happy be their actions from this hour  
 What they begin to blessed end shall go,  
 I will refresh them with a gentle shower,  
 Rinaldo shall return, the Egyptian crew  
 They shall encounter, conquer, and subdue "

73

At these high words great heaven beg in to shake, 74  
 The fixed stars the planets wandering still,  
 Trembled the air, the earth and ocean quake,  
 Spring fountain river, forest, dale and hill,  
 From north to east, a lightning flash outbreak,  
 And coming drops presaged with thunders shrill  
 With joyful shouts the soldiers on the plain,  
 These tokens bless of long desired rain

74

A sudden cloud, 'tis when Helas prayed, 75  
 Not from dry earth exhaled by Phoebus beams,  
 Arose, moist heaven his windows open laid  
 Whence clouds by heaps out rush, and watery streams,  
 The world overspread was with a gloomy shade,  
 That like a dark and mirthsome even it seems,  
 The crashing rain from molten skies down fell  
 And over their banks the brooks and fountains swell

75

In summer season, when the cloudy sky 76  
 Upon the parched ground doth rain down send,  
 As duck and mallard in the furrows dry  
 With merry noise the promised showers attend,  
 And spreading broad their wings displayed he  
 To keep the drops that on their plumes descend  
 And where the streams swell to a gathered lake,  
 Therein they dive, and sweet refreshing take

76

So they the streaming showers with shouts and cries  
 Salute which heaven shed on the thirsty lands,  
 The falling liquor from the dropping skies  
 He catcheth in his lap he barehead stands,  
 And his bright helm to drink therein unties,  
 In the fresh streams he dives his swart hands,  
 Their faces some, and some their temples wet  
 And some to keep the drops large vessels set

77

Nor man alone to eas his burning sore,  
Herein doth dive and wash, and hereof drinks,  
But earth itself weak, feeble, faint before,  
Whose solid limbs were cleft with rifts and chinks,  
Received the falling showers and gathered store  
Of liquor sweet, that through her veins down sinks,  
And moisture new infused largely was  
In trees, in plants, in herbs, in flowers, in grass

Earth, like the patient was, whose lively blood  
Hath overcome at last some sickness strong,  
Whose feeble limbs had been the bait and food  
Whereon this strange disease depastured long,  
But now restored, in health and welfare stood,  
As sound as erst, as fresh, as fair, as young,  
So that forgetting all his grief and pain,  
His pleasant robes and crowns he tales again

Ceaséd the rain, the sun began to shine,  
With fruitful, sweet, benign, and gentle ray,  
Full of strong power and vigour masculine,  
As be his beams in April or in May  
O happy zeal! who trusts in help divine  
The world's afflictions thus can drive away,  
Can storms appease, and times and seasons change,  
And conquer fortune, fate, and destiny strange

The Fourteenth Book  
or  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

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*THE ARGUMENT*

The Lord to Godfrey in a dream doth shew  
His will Rinaldo must return at last  
They have ther asking i he for pardon sue  
Two knyghts to find the prince are sent in brise  
But Peter who by vision wille foreknew  
Sendeth the knyghtes to a wizzard placed  
Drap in a vault who first at large declares  
Amidas traus then how to shun those snare

---

NOW from the fresh, the soft i a tender bed  
Of her still mother, gentle night out flew,  
The fleeting balm on hills and dales she shed,  
With hopye drops of pure and precious dew  
And on the verauro of green forests spread  
The virgin primrose and the violet blue,  
And sweet breathed Zephyr on his spreading wings,  
Sleep, ease, repose, rest, peace and quiet brings

The thoughts and troubles of broad wiking day,  
They sunly dippes in my Comon's lake,  
But he whose Godherid heaven and earth doth swin,  
In his eternall light did wach and wile  
And beat on Godfrey down the grome ons raw  
Of his bright eye, still ope for Godfrey's sake,  
To whom i silent dream the Lord now sent  
Which told his will, his pleasure and intent

Far in the east, the golden gate beside  
Whence Phœnus comes, a crystal port there is,  
And ere the sun his broad doors open wide  
The beam of springing day uncloseth this,  
Hence come the dreams, by which heaven's sacred guide  
Reveals to man those high degrees of his,  
Hence towards Godfrey ere he left his bed  
A vision strange his golden plumes bespread

Such semblances, such shapes, such portraits fair,  
Did never yet in dream or sleep appear,  
I or all the forms in sea, in earth or air,  
The signs in heaven, the stars in every sphere  
All that was wondrous, uncouth, strange and rare,  
All in that vision well presented were  
His dream had placed him in a crystal pale,  
Beset with golden fires, top, bottom, side,

There while he wondereth on the circles vast,  
The stars, their motions, course and harmony,  
A knight, with shining rays and fire embraced,  
Presents himself unwares before his eye,  
Who with a voice that far for sweetness passed  
All human speech, thus said, approaching nigh,—  
“What, Godfrey, knowest thou not thy Hugo here?  
Come and embrace thy friend and fellow dear!”

He answered him, “Thy glorious shining light  
Which in thine eyes his glistering beams doth place,  
Estrangéd hath from my foreknowledge quite  
Thy countenance, thy favour, and thy face”  
This said, three tunes he stretched his hands outright  
And would in friendly arms the knight embracé  
And thrice the spirit fled, that thrice he twined  
Nought in his folded arms but air and wind

Lord Hugo smiled, “Not as you think,” quoth he,  
“I clothed him in flesh and earthly mould,  
My spirit pure, and naked soul, you see,  
A citizen of this celestial hold  
This place is heaven, and here a room for thee  
Prepared is among Christ's champions bold  
“Ah when” quoth he, “these mortal bonds unknot,  
Shall I in peace, in ease and rest there sit?”

Hago replied, "I to many yons shall run,  
 Amid the sunts in bliss here shalt thou reign,  
 But first great wars must by thy hand be done,  
 Much blood be shed and many Pagans slain,  
 The holy city by assault be won,  
 The land set free from servile yoke again,  
 Wherem thou shalt a Christian empire frame,  
 And after thee shall Baldwin rule the same

"But to increase thy love and great desire  
 To heavenward this blessed place behold  
 These shining lamps, these globes of living fire,  
 How they are turned, guided, moved and rolled  
 The angels singing hear, and all their choir,  
 Then bend thine eyes on wonder earth and mould,  
 All in that mass, that globe and compass see  
 Land, sea spring, fountain, man, beast, grass and tree

"How vile how small and of how slender price,  
 Is the reward of goodness, virtue's gain  
 A narrow room our glory vain upties,  
 A little circle doth our pride contain,  
 Earth like an isle amid the water lies,  
 Which sei sometime is called, sometime the main,  
 Yet naught therem responds a name so great,  
 It's but a lake, a pond, a marish strait"

Thus said the one, the other bended down  
 His looks no ground, and half in scorn he smiled,  
 He saw at once earth, sea flood castle town,  
 Strangly fordivid strange all compiled  
 And won thred folly man so far should drown,  
 To se virgin iut on things so base and wild,  
 That sweet empie searcheth and dumb fame,  
 And eap, eascheaven's bliss, yet proffereth heaven the same

The thoughts answered "Since the Lord not yet  
 They sofuy aupt from this cage of clay  
 But he whose Gr vain my voyage let  
 In his eternal lgen the best and surcast way  
 And bent on GIthy happy foot is set  
 Of his bright n nor from this passage strav,  
 To whom aile young Rinaldo call,  
 Which told me in charge, else naught at all

8

9

10

xi

12

"For as the Lord of hosts, the King of bliss,  
Hath chosen thee to rule the faithful band,  
So he thy stratagems appointed is  
To execute, so both shall win this land  
The first is thine, the second place is his,  
Thou art this army's head, and he the hand,  
No other champion can his place supply,  
And that thou do it doth thy state deny

"The enchanted forest, and her charmed tinen,  
With cutting steel shall he to earth down hew,  
And thy werk armies which too feeble been  
To scale again these walls reinforced new,  
And fument lie dispersed on the green,  
Shall take new strength new courage at his view,  
The high built towers, the eastern squadrons all,  
Shall conquered be, shall fly, shall die shall fall

He held his peace, and Godfrey answered so  
"Oh, how his presence would recomfort me !  
You that man's hidden thoughts perceive and know  
If I say truth, or if I love him, see  
But say, what messengers shall for him go ?  
What shall their speeches, what their errand be ?  
Shall I entreat, or else command the man ?  
With credit neither well perform I can

"The eterna' Lord, the other knight replied,  
"That with so many graces hath thee blest,  
Will that among the troops thou hast to guide,  
Thou honoured be and feared of most and leist  
Then speak not thou lest blemish some betide  
Thy sacred empire if thou make request,  
But when by sent thou mov'd art to ruth,  
Then yield forgive, and home recall the youth

Guelpho shall pray thee, God shall him inspire,  
To pardon this offence, this fault com mit  
By hasty wrath, by rash and headstrong ire,  
To call the knight again yield thou to it  
And though the youth enwrapped in fond desire,  
From hence in love and looseness idle sit,  
Yet fear it not he shall return with speed,  
When most you wish him and when most you need

"Your servant Peter, to who e sapient heret  
 Hi, i Heaven his secrcts open<sup>t</sup> this and shewe,  
 Your messenger direct em to that part,  
 Where of the prince they shill hear certain news,  
 And leare the warre the manner, and the ut  
 To bring him back to these the warden crews,  
 That all the soldiers, wounded and morgone,  
 Heaven may unite a, am and join in one

18

"Put this conclusion shill my speeches end,—  
 Here that his blood shill mixd be with thine,  
 Whence bairons bold and worthys shall descend  
 That man, great exploit shill bring to fine"  
 Thus said, he ran th d from his sleeping friend  
 Like smok e in wind or mist in Titan's chime,  
 Sheen fled likewise, and in his troubled thought  
 With wonder pleasure, joy, with marvel sought.

19

The duke looked up, and saw the azur sky  
 With recent bruns of silver morning spread,  
 And starded up for praise and virtue he  
 In art and truel, sin and shame in bed  
 His arms he took in his wold arm to his thigh,  
 To h e r when all his lords them sped,  
 And there in council gave the process fit,  
 For e re i th by a redom, wher is rulea by vnt

20

I o d Crele to there, within who e perle breit  
 Heaven had inted that new and warden thon h,  
 He p'r ce, we do the to the duke val e red—  
 "God a tree mild, thou han e led lond, unlessou hit  
 Oh I' thy mer grant me, y' request  
 I w'd n'te, stul by i, e ne make wron ght,  
 If you e once, I eant e late commit  
 My e to hel i' p chance urth

21

" And if not he, who else dares undertake  
23  
Of this enchanted wood to cut one tree?  
Gurst death and danger who dares baffle male  
With so bold face, so fearless heart as he?  
Beat down these walls, these gates in pieces break,  
Leap o'er these rampires high, thou shalt him see,  
Restore therefore to this desirous band  
Their wish, their hope, their strength, their shield their hand ,

" To me my nephew, to thyself restore  
24  
A trusty help when strength of hand thou needs,  
In idleness let him consume no more,  
Recall him to his noble acts and deeds!  
Known be his worth as was his strength of yore  
Where'er thy standard broider cross outspreads,  
Oh, let his fame and praise spread far and wide,  
Be thou his lord, his teacher and his guide!"

Thus he entreated, and the rest approve  
25  
His words, with friendly murmurs whispering low  
Godfrey as though their suit his mind did move  
To that whereon he never thought till now,  
" How can my heart?" quoth he, " if you I lose,  
To your request and suit but bend and bow?  
Let rigour go, that right and justice be  
Wherein you all consent and all agree

" Rinaldo shall return, let him restrain  
26  
Henceforth his headstrong wrath and hasty ire,  
And with his hardy deeds let him take pain  
To correspond your hope and my desire  
Guelpho, thou must call home the knight again,  
See that with speed he to these tents retire,  
The messengers appoint as likes thy mind,  
And teach them where they should the young man find."

Up start the Dine that bire Prince Sweno's brind,  
27  
" I will," quoth he, " that message undertake,  
I will refuse no prins by sea or land  
To give the knight this sword, kept for his sake"  
This man was bold of courage, strong of hand,  
Guelpho was glad ne aid the prolier make  
" Thou shal," quoth he " Rinaldo shal thon have  
To ga' thon her alight stout were and gave"

Ubaldo in his youth had I known and seen  
 The fishions strage of many an incouth land  
 And travelled over all the realms between  
 The Arctic circle and not Nicoe's stird,  
 And is a man whose wit his guide had been,  
 Their customs us he could, tonges understand,  
 Forthly when spent his youthful seasons were  
 Lord Guelpho enterprised and held him dear

To these committed was the charge and care 29  
 To find and bring again the champion bold,  
 Guelpho commands them to the fort repair,  
 Where Boemond doth his seat and sceptre hold,  
 For public fame sud that Bertoldo's heir  
 There lived, there dwelt, there staved, the hermit old,  
 That I new they were misled by false report,  
 Among them came, and parleyed in this sort

"Sir I nightis" quoth he "If you intend to ride, 30  
 And follow each report fond people say,  
 Yet follow but a rash and truthless guide  
 That leids unmen amiss and makes them strav,  
 Near Ascalon go to the salt seaside  
 Where a swift brook fills in with hidious swet,  
 An agid sire our friend, there shall you find,  
 All what he saith, that do, that keep in mind

" Of this great voyage which you undertake, 31  
 Much by his skill, and much by mine advise  
 Hath he forknown and welcome for my sake  
 You both shall be, the man is land and wise  
 Instructed thus no further question make  
 The twin elected for this enterprise,  
 But humbly yielded to obey his word  
 For whet the hermit sud, that sud the Lord

They took their leave and on their journey went,  
 Their will could brook no stay, their zeil, no let,  
 To Ascalon their voyage straight they bent,  
 Whose broken shores with brackish waves are wet,  
 And there they heard how grunst the cliss, besprent  
 With bitter foam, the roaring surges bet,  
 A tumbling brook their passage stopped and stayed,  
 Which late fallen ran had proud and puissant made,

So proud that over all his brawls he grew,  
And through the fields ran swift his shaft from bow,  
While here they stopped and stood, before them drew  
An aged site, grave and benign in show,  
Crowned with a beechen garland gathered new,  
Clad in a linen robe that brought down low,  
In his right hand a rod, and on the flood  
Against the stream he marched, and dry shod yode.

As on the Rhene, when winter's freezing cold  
Congeals the streams to thick and hardened glass,  
The beauties fair of shepherds' daughters bold  
With wanton windings run, turn, play and pass  
So on this river passed the wizard old,  
Although unfrozen soft and swift it was,  
And thither stalked where the warriors stayed,  
To whom, their greetings done, he spoke and said

"Great pains, great travail, lords, you have begun,  
And of a cunning guide great need you stand,  
Far off, alas! is great Bertoldo's son,  
Imprisoned in a waste and desert land,  
What soil remains by which you must not run,  
What proaontory, rock, sea, shore or sand.  
Your search must stretch before the prince be found,  
Beyond our world, beyond our half of ground!"

"But yet vouchsafe to see my cell I pray,  
In hidden caves and vaults though builded low,  
Great wonders there, strange things I will bewray,  
This good for you to hear, and fit to know  
Tis said he bids the river make them way,  
The flood retired, and backward gan to flow,  
And here and there two crystal mountains rise,  
So fled the Red Sea once, and Jordan thrice

He took their hands, and led them headlong down  
Under the flood, through vast and hollow deeps  
Such light they had as when through shadows brown  
Of thickest deserts feeble Cynthia peeps  
Their spacious caves they saw all overflow  
There all his waters pure great Neptune keeps,  
And thence to moisten all the earth he brings  
Sets rivers floods lakes fountains wells and springs

Whence Ganges, Indus, Vol & Ister, Po,  
 Whence Euphrates whence Tigris' spring they view,  
 Whence Tirus whence Nilus comes also,  
 Although his head till then no creature knew,  
 But under these & wealthy stream doth go,  
 That sulphur yields and ore rich, cruel and sore,  
 Which the sunbeams doth polish, purg'd and fine,  
 And makes it silver pure and gold divine

And all his banks the rich and wealthy stream  
 With fair beset with pearl and precious stone  
 Like stars in sky or Jumps on stage that seem,  
 The darkness there was dry, the night was gone,  
 There sparkled, clothed in his rare beam,  
 The heavenly sapphire there the jacinth shone,  
 The carbuncle there shined, the diamond shewen,  
 There glistened bright there smilac, the emerald green

Amazed the knights amid these wonders passed,  
 And fixed so deep the marvels in their thought,  
 Till not one word they uttered, till at last  
 Ubaldo spake and thus his guide besought  
 "O father tell me by what skill thou hast  
 These wonders done? and to what place us brought?  
 For well I know not if I wake or sleep  
 My heart is drowned in such amazement deep."

" You are within the hollow womb quoth he,  
 Of fertile earth, the nurse of all things made,  
 And but you brought and guided are by me,  
 Her sacred entrails could no wight invade  
 My palace shortly shall you splendent see,  
 With glorious light, though built in night and shade  
 A Pagan was I born, but yet the Lord  
 To grace, by baptism, hath my soul restored

" Nor yet by help of devil or aid from hell,  
 I do this uncouth work and wondrous sort  
 The Lord forbid I use or charm or spell  
 To ruse foul Dis from his infernal seat  
 But of the herbs of every spring and well,  
 The hidden power I know and virtue great,  
 And all that kind hath hid from mortal sight  
 And all the stars their motions and their might

38

39

40

41

42

"For in these caves I dwell not buried still  
From sight of Heaven, but often I resort  
To tops of Lebanon or Carmel hill,  
And there in liquid air myself disport,  
There Mars and Venus I behold at will  
As bare is erst when Vulcan took them short,  
And how the rest roll, glide and move, I see  
How their aspects benign or froward be

43

"And underneath my feet the clouds I view,  
Now thick, now thin, now bright with Iris bow,  
The frost and snow, the rain the hail the dew,  
The winds, from whence they come and whence they blow,  
How Jove his thunder strikes and lightning new,  
How with the bolt he strikes the earth below.  
How comite, crinite, crudate stars are framed  
I knew my skill with pride my heart inflamed

44

"So learned, cunning, wise, myself I thought,  
That I supposed my wit so high might climb  
To know all things that God had framed or wrought,  
Fire and sea, earth, man, beast, sprite, phize and time  
But when your hermit me to baptism brought,  
And from my soul had wished the sin and crime,  
Then I perceived my sight was blindness still,  
My wit was folly, ignorance my skill

45

"Then saw I, that like owls in shining sun,  
So gnust the beams of truth our souls are blind  
And at myself to smile I then begun,  
And at my heart, puffed up with folly's wind,  
Yet still these ills as I before had done  
I practised such was the hermit's mind  
Thus hath he changed my thoughts my heart, my will,  
And rules mine at my knowledge, and my skill

46

"In him I rest, on him my thoughts depend  
My lord my teacher, and my guide is he,  
This noble work I strive to bring to end  
He is the architect, the val' men we,  
The hardy youth home to this camp to send  
From prison strong in care, my charge shall be  
So He commands and we are this foretold  
Your coming oft, to seal the champion bold

47

While this he said, he brought the champions twain  
 Down to a vault, wherein he dwells and lies,  
 It was a cave high, wide, large, ample, plain,  
 With goodly rooms, halls, chambers, galleries,  
 All what is bred in rich and precious vein  
 Of wealthy earth and hid from mortal eye,  
 There shines, and fair adorned was every part  
 With riches grown by kind, not framed by art

An hundred grooms, quick, diligent and neat,  
 Attendance gave about these strangers bold,  
 Against the wall there stood a cupboard great  
 Of massive plate, of silver, crystal, gold.  
 But when with precious wines and costly meat  
 They filled were, thus spake the wizard old —  
 ' Now has the time, sir knights, I tell and show  
 What you desire to hear, and long to know

" Leonida's craft, her sleight and hidden guile  
 Has partly wot, her acts and arts untrue,  
 How to your camp she came, and by what wile  
 The greatest lords and princes thence she drew,  
 You know she turned them first to monsters vile,  
 And kept them since closed up in secret mew,  
 Lastly, to Giza ward in bonds them sent,  
 Whom young Rinaldo rescued as they went

" What chanced since I will at large declare,  
 To you until now, a story strange and true  
 When first her prey, got with such pain and care,  
 I scaped and gone the witch perceivèd and knew  
 Her hands she wrung for grief, her clothes she rent,  
 And full of woe these heavy wordsouthrew

Alas! my knights are slum, my prisoners free,  
 He of that conquest never boast shall he,

" He in their place shall serve me, and sustain  
 Their paines their torments suffer sorrows bear  
 And they his absence shall lament in vain,  
 And with his loss and theirs with many a tear  
 The taking to herself she did and un  
 A false truncked castle is not shall bear,  
 In her she liveth where the valiant knyght  
 His durance and slain her men in sight.

' knilaor there hra dost and left his own,  
And on his back a Pagan's harness tied,  
Perchance he deemed so to pass unknown,  
And in those arms less noted false to ride,  
A headless corse in fight late overthrown,  
The witch in his forsaken arms did hide,  
And by a brook exposed it on the sand  
Whither she wished would come a Christian band

' Their comin, might the dame foreknow right well  
For secret spies she sent forth thousand wrys,  
Which every day news from the camp might tell,  
Who purted thence, booties to search or preys  
Beside, the sprites conjured by sacred spell,  
All what she asks or doubts, reveals and says,  
The body therefore placed she in that part  
That furthered best her sleight, her craft, and art,

" And near the corpse a varlet false and sly  
She left, attired in shepherd's homely weed,  
And taught him how to counterfeit, and lie  
As time required and he performed the deed,  
With him your soldiers spoke of jealousy  
And false suspect mongst them he strewed the seed  
That since brought forth the fruit of strife and jar,  
Of civil brawls, contention, discord, war

" And as she wished so the soldiers thought  
By Godfrey's practice that the prince was shun,  
Yet vanished that suspicion false to nought  
When truth spred forth her silver wings again  
Her false deices thus Armida wrought,  
This was her first deceit, her foremost train  
What next she practised, shall you hear me tell,  
Against our knight, and what thereof befell

" Armida hunted him through wood and plain  
Till on Orontes' flowery bank he stayed  
There, where the stream did part and meet again  
And in the midst a gentle island made,  
A pillar fair was pight beside the river,  
Near which a little frigate floating lay  
The marble white the prince did long behold,  
And this inscription read, there wnt in go a

" Whoso thou art whom will or chance doth bring  
 With happy steps to flood Oronites sides,  
 Know that the world hath not so strange a thing,  
 Twixt east and west, as this small island ludes,  
 Then pass and see, without more turving  
 The hasty youth to pass the stream provides,  
 And for the cogg was narrow, small and strait  
 Alone he rowed, and bade his squares there wait

58

" Landed he stalks about, yet naught he sees  
 But verdant groves, sweet shades, and mossy rocks  
 With caves and fountains flower'd herbs and trees  
 So that the words he read he takes for mocks  
 But that green isle was sweet at all degrees  
 Wherewith enticed down sits he and unlocks  
 His closed helm and bares his visage fair,  
 To take sweet breath from cool and gentle air

59

" A rumbling sound amid the waters deep  
 Meanwhile he heard, and thither turned his sight,  
 And tumbling in the troubled stream too keep  
 How the strong waves together rush and fight  
 Whence first he saw, with golden tresses, peep  
 The rising visage of a virgin bright,  
 And then her neck, her breasts and all, as low  
 As he for shame could see, or she could show

60

" So in the twilight does sometimes appear  
 A nymph a goddess or a fiery queen,  
 And though no siren but a sprite this were  
 Yet by her beauty seemed it she had been  
 One of those sisters false which haunted near  
 The Tyrrhene shores and kept those waters sheer  
 Like theirs her face, her voice was and her sound,  
 And thus she sung, and pleased both skies and ground

61

" Ye happy youths, who April fresh and May  
 Attire in flower ng green of lusty age,  
 For glory vain, or virtue's idle ray,  
 Do not your tender limbs to toil engage  
 In calm streams, fishes birds, in sunshine play,  
 Who followeth pleasure he is only sage,  
 So nature saith, yet gaunt her sacred will  
 Why still rebel you, and why strive you still?

62

“ ‘ O fools who youth possess yet scorn the same  
 A precious, but a short abiding treasure,  
 Virtue itself is but an idle name,  
 Prized by the world above reason all and measure,  
 And honour, glory, pruse renown and fame,  
 That men’s proud hearts bewitch with tickling pleasure  
     An echo is a shade a dream, a flower  
     With each wind blasted, spoiled with every shower

“ ‘ But let your happy souls in joy possess  
 The wavy castles of your bodies fan,  
 Your passed harms salve with forgetfulness.  
 Haste not your coming evils with thought and care,  
 Regard no blazing star with burning tress  
 Nor storm nor threatening sky nor thundering sur,  
     This wisdom is, good lite, and worldly bliss  
     Kind teacheth us, nature commands us this

“ Thus sung the spirit false, and stealing sleep  
 To which her tunes enticed his heavy eyes,  
 By step and step did on his senses creep,  
 Still every limb therein unmoved lies,  
 Not thunders loud could from this slumber deep  
 Of quiet death true image, make him rise  
     Then from her ambush forth Armida start  
     Swearing revenge, and threatening torments smart

“ But when she lookéd on his face awhile  
 And saw how sweet he breathed how still he lay,  
 How his fair eyes though closed seemed to smile,  
 At first she stayed astound with great dismay  
 Then sat her down, so love can art beguile  
 And as she sat and looked, fled fast away  
     Her writh that on his forehead gazed the maid,  
     As in his spring Narcissus tooting Iud,

And with a veil she wipéd now and then  
 From his fair cheeks the globes of sil went,  
 And cool sur gathered with a trembling sun,  
 To mitigate the rage of melting heat  
 Thus who would think it, his hot eye glance can  
 Of that cold frost dissolve the hardness heart  
     Wh ch late congealed the heart of that fair dame,  
     Who late a foe, a lover now became

64

65

66

67

"Of woodbines, blyes, and of roses sweet,  
 Which proudly flowered through that wanton plain  
 All platted fast, well knit, and joined meet,  
 She framed a soft but surely holding chyn.  
 Wherewith she bound his neck his hands and feet,  
 Thus bound, thus taken, did the prince remain,  
 And in a couch which two old dragons drew,  
 She laid the sleeping knight, and thence she flew.

"Nor turned she to Damiscus' kingdoms large,  
 Nor to the fort built in Asphaltus lake,  
 But jealous of her dear and precious charge,  
 And of her love ashamed, the way did take,  
 To the wide ocean whither shiff or barge  
 From us doth sell or never voyage make,  
 And there to frolic with her love a while  
 She chose a waste, a sole and desert isle

"An isle that with her fellows bears the name  
 Of Fortunite, for temperate air and mould,  
 There in a mountain high alight the dame,  
 A hill obscured with shades of forests old,  
 Upon whose sides the witch by art did frame  
 Continual snow, sharp frost and winter cold  
 But on the top, fresh pleasant, sweet and green,  
 Beside a lile a palice built this queen

"There in perpetual sweet and flowering spring,  
 She lives at ease, and joys her lord at will,  
 The hungry youth from this strange prison bring  
 Your labours must, directed by my skill,  
 And overcome each monster and evill thing  
 That guards the palice or that keeps the hill,  
 Nor shall you want a guide, or engines fit,  
 To bring you to the mount, or conquer it,

"Beside the stream a shrill shrill you find  
 A dame in visage young, but old in years  
 Her curled locks about her front are twined  
 A parti coloured robe of silk she wears  
 This shrill conduct you swift as tur or wind  
 Or that flat bird that Joves hot weapon bears  
 A fithful pilot, cunning trusty, sure,  
 As Tiphys was, or skilful Palinurus.

"At the hill's foot, whereon the witch doth dwell,  
 The serpents hiss, and cast their poison vilde,  
 The ugly boars do rear their bristles full,  
 There gape the bears, and roar the hounds wild,  
 But yet a rod I have can easily quell  
 Their rage and wrath, and make them meek and mild  
 Yet on the top and height of all the hill,  
 The greatest danger lies, and greatest ill

"There welleth out a fair, clear, bubbling spring,  
 Whose waters pure the thirsty guests entice,  
 But in those liquors cold the secret stung  
 Of strange and deadly poison closed lies,  
 One sup thereof the drinker's heart doth bring  
 To sudden joy, whence laughter vain doth rse,  
 Nor that strange merriment once stops or stays,  
 Till, with his laughter's end, he end his days

"Then from those deadly, wicked streams refrain  
 Your thirsty lips, despite the dainty cheer  
 You find exposed upon the grassy plain,  
 Nor those false damsels once vouchsafe to hear,  
 That in melodious tunes their voices strain,  
 Whose faces lovely, smiling, sweet, appear,  
 But you their looks, their voice, their songs despise,  
 And enter fair Armida's paradise

"The house is builded like a maze within,  
 With turning stairs, false doors, and winding ways,  
 The shape whereof plotted in vellum thin  
 I will you give that all those sleights bewrays,  
 In midst a garden lies where many a gin  
 And net to catch frail hearts, false Cupid lays,  
 There in the verdure of the arbours green,  
 With your brave champion lies the wanton queen

"But when she haply riseth from the knight,  
 And hath withdrawn her presence from the place,  
 Then take a shield I have of diamond bright,  
 And hold the same before the young man's face,  
 That he may glass therein his garments light,  
 And wanton soft attire, and view his case,  
 That with the right shame and disdun may move  
 His heart to leave that base and servile love

" Now resteth nought that needful is to tell,  
But that you go secure, safe, sure and bold,  
Unseen the palace may you enter well,  
And pass the dangers all I have foretold,  
For neither art, nor charm, nor magic spell,  
Can stop your passage or your steps withhold,  
Nor shall Armida so you guarded be,  
Your coming aught forknow or once foresee.

" And eke as safe from that enchanted fort  
You shall return and scape unhurt away,  
But now the time doth us to rest exhort,  
And you must rise by peep of springing day  
This said he led them through a narrow port  
Into a lodging fair wherein they lay  
There glad and full of thoughts he left his guests  
And in his wonted bed the old man rests

The Fifteenth Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

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*THE ARGUMENT*

The well instructed Knights forsake their host,  
And come where their strange bairn in harbour lay  
And setting sul beheld on Egypt's coast  
The monarch's ships and armes in array  
Their wind and pilot good the seas in post  
They pass, and of long journeys make short way  
The fur sought isle they find Armid's charms  
They scorn they shun her slights despise her arms

---

THE rosy fingered morn with gladsome ray  
Rose to her task from old Tithonus' lip  
When their grave host came where the warriors lay,  
And with him brought the shield, the rod, the map  
"Arise," quoth he, "cre lately broken day,  
In his bright arms the round world fold or wrap,  
All what I promised, here I have them brought,  
Enough to bring Arimid's charms to nought."

They started up, and every tender limb  
In sturdy steel and stubborn plate they dight,  
Before the old man stalked, they followed him  
Through gloomy shades of sad and sable night,  
Through vaults obscure again and entries dim,  
The way they came their steps remeasured right,  
But at the flood arrived, "Farewell," quoth he,  
"Good luck your aid, your guide good fortune be"

The flood received them in his bottom low  
 And list them up above his billows thin,  
 The waters so cast up a branch or bough,  
 By violence first plunged and dived therein  
 But when upon the shore the waves them allow  
 The knights for their fair guide to look begin,  
 And gazing round a little bank they spied,  
 Wherein a damsel sit the stern to guide

2

Upon her front her locks were curl'd new,  
 Her eyes were courteous, full of peace and love  
 In look a saint in angel bright in shew  
 So in her visage grace and virtue strove  
 Her robe seemed sometimes red and sometimes blue,  
 And chang'd still as she did stir or move,  
 That look how oft man's eye beheld the sunne  
 So oft the colours chang'd, went and came

4

The feathers so, that tender, soft, and plun,  
 About the dove's smooth neck close couch'd been,  
 Do in one colour never long remain,  
 But change their hue aginst glimpse of Phœbus' shcen,  
 And now of rubies bright a vermeil chain,  
 Now make a carknet rich of emerilds green  
 Now mingle both, now riter, turn i d change  
 To thousand colours, rich, pure, fair, and strunge

5

"Enter this boar, you happy men," she says,  
 "Wherein through raging waves secure I ride,  
 To which all tempest, storm, and wind obeys  
 All burdens light, benign is stream and tide  
 My lord, that rules your journeys and your wyes  
 Hath sent me here your servant and your guide."  
 This said, her shallop drove she gunst the sand,  
 And anchor cast amid the steadiest land

6

They entered in, her anchors she upwound,  
 And hunched forth to set her pinnace fit  
 Spread to the wind her sails she broad unbound  
 And at the helm sit down to govern it,  
 So call'd the flood that all his banks he drowned  
 To be the greatest ship of burthen fit  
 Yet was her sail, the little swift and light,  
 That it lies lowest abh leir it he might

7

Swifter than thought the friendly wind forth bore  
The sliding boat upon the rolling wave,  
With cedar form and froth the billows roar  
About the cable murmur roar and rave  
At last they came where all his watery store  
The flood in one deep channel did engrave,  
And forth to greedy seas his streams he sent  
And so his waves, his name, himself he spent

The wondrous boat scant touched the troubled main  
But all the sea still hushed and quiet was.  
Vanished the clouds, ceased the wind and rain,  
The tempests threatened overblow and pass,  
A gentle breathing air made even and plain  
The faire face of heaven a smooth looking glass,  
And heaven itself smiled from the skies above  
With a calm clearness on the earth his love

By Ascalon they sailed, and forth drove,  
Towards the west their speedy course they frame,  
In sight of Gaza till the bark arrived  
A little port when first it took that name,  
But since by others' loss so well it thrived  
A city great and rich that it became,  
And there the shores and borders of the land  
They found was full of armed men as sand.

The passengers to landward turned the right  
And there saw pitched many a stately tent,  
Soldier and footman, captain, lord and knight,  
Between the shore and city came and went  
Huge elephants strong camels coursers light,  
With horned hoofs the sandy ways outrent  
And in the haven many a ship and boat  
With mighty anchors fastened swim and float,

Some spread their sails some with strong oars sweep  
The waters smooth, and brush the bosom wave  
Their breasts in sunder cleave the welding deep,  
The broken seas for anger foam and rave,  
When thus their guide began "Sir knights, take heed  
How all these shores are spread with squadrons brave  
And troops of hardy knights, yet on these shores  
The monarch scant hath gathered half his bands

' Of Egypt only these the forces are  
 And 'nd from other lands they here attend,  
 For twixt the noon-day sun and morning star,  
 All realms at his command do bow and bend,  
 So that I trust we shal return from far,  
 And bring our journey long to wished end,  
 Before this king or his lieutenant shall  
 These armies bring to Zion's conquered wall "

13

While thus she said, as souring eagles fly  
 Mongst other birds secure through the air,  
 And mounting up behold with wileful eye,  
 The radiant beams of old Hyperion's hair,  
 Her gondola so passed swiftly by  
 Twixt ship and ship withouten fear or care  
 Who should her follow, trouble, stop or stay,  
 And forth to sea made lucky speed and way

14

Themselves fornenst old Kiffis to n ther fund,  
 A to in that first to sailors doth appear  
 As they from Syria pass to Egypt land  
 The sterne coasts of barren Rhinocere  
 They passed and seas where Casius hill doth stand  
 That with his trees o'erspreads the waters near  
 Against whose roots breakeith the brackish wave  
 Where Jove his temple Pompey hath his grave

15

Then Dimintz next, where ther behold  
 Ho, to the sea his tribute Nilus pays  
 By his seven mouths renowned in stories old,  
 And by an hundred more i' noble w'rs  
 They pass the town built by the Grecian bold,  
 Of him called Alexandria till our dayes,  
 And Paraoh's tower and relic removed of yore  
 Far from the land now joined to the shore

16

Bona Crea and Rhodes they left by north unseen,  
 And stuled along the coasts of Afric lands,  
 Whose sea to us sur, but realms more w'rd been  
 All full of monsters and of desert sands  
 With her five cities then they left Cyrene,  
 Where that old temple of false Hammurabi stands  
 Next Ptolomais, and that sacred wood  
 Whence spring the silent streams of Lethe flood

17

The greater Syrie, that valors often cast  
 In peul great or death and loss extreme,  
 They compassed round about, and surely presa,  
 The Croc Judder and flood Mys'is strem,  
 Then Tripoli, gynst which is Malta placed,  
 That low and hid to lurk in seas doth seem  
 The little Syrie then, and Alzerbés isle,  
 Where dwelt the foll that Lotos ate erewhile

18

Next Tunis on the crooked shore ther spied,  
 Whose bay a rock on either side defends  
 Tunis all towns in beauty wealth and pride  
 Above as far as Liby's bounds extends,  
 Gaint which, from fur Sicilie's fertile side,  
 His rug'ed front great Lilybream bards

19

The dame there pointed out where somet mes stood  
 Rome's stately rival whilom, Carthage proud,

20

Great Carthage low in ashes cold doth lie,  
 Her rums poor the herbs in height scurt pris,  
 So cities full so perish in doms high,  
 Their pride and pomp lies hid in sand and grass  
 Then why should mortal man regine to die,  
 Whose life is tur, breath, wind, and body, glass

From thence the se's next Biscay's walls they clift  
 And far Sardinie on their right hand left

21

Numidie's mighty plains they coasted then,  
 Where winderung shepherds used their flocks to feed,  
 Then Bugia and Arghier, the infamous den  
 Of pirates false, Oran ther leit with spced,  
 All Tingitar they swiftly overran,  
 Where elephants and angry lions breed,  
 Where now the reilns of Fez and Maroc be,  
 Gaint which Grinada's shores and coasts they see

22

Now are they there, where first the sea brake in  
 By great Alcides' help is stories segn  
 I tue may it be that where those floods begin  
 It whilom was a firm and solid main  
 Before the sea there through did passige run  
 And parted Afric from the land of Spyn  
 Abila hence, thence Croc great upsprings  
 Such power hath time to change the face of things

I our tunes the sun hid spread his mornin' 23  
 Since first the dame launched south her wondrous barge,  
 And never yet took part in crew or bair.  
 But surely swerved bore the bair his her charrage,  
 Nor thro' h' the sea nor jolly ship made wan,  
 And boldly sailed upon the ocean large,  
 But if the sea in midst of earth was great,  
 Oh what was this a hateful crath hath her made?

Now deep engulfed in the mighty flood 24  
 They saw not Gades, nor the mountains near,  
 I led w'is the land and towns on land that stood  
 Heaven covered so, set seemed the levens to b'ar  
 At first, fair bair, quoth Ubaldo good,  
 That in this endless wan do we abide us here  
 If ever man before here could tell  
 Or other lands here be wherein men dwell

"Great Hercules, quoth she "when he had quailed  
 The monsters fierce in Afric and in Spum  
 And all along your coasts and countries ruled,  
 Yet durst he not cross the ocean wan,  
 Within his pillars would he have impaled  
 The overdriving wit of mankind wan  
 Till Lord Uasses did those bounders press,  
 To see and know he so desitous w'is

"He passed tho' e pillars and in open w'ise 26  
 Of the broad sea first his bold sail untwined,  
 But yet the greedy ocean was his grave,  
 Naught helped him his skill aginst tide and wind  
 With him all witness of his voyage brave  
 Lies buried there, no truth thereto we find,  
 And they whom storm hath forced that wan since,  
 Are drowned all, or unreturned from thence

"So that this mighty sea is yet unsought 27  
 Where thousand isles and kingdoms lie unknown,  
 No void of men as some have vainly thought,  
 But peopled well, and wonned like your own  
 The land is fertile ground but scant well wrought,  
 Air wholesome temperate sun grass proudly grown  
 "But," quoth Ubaldo "dame I pray thee teach  
 Of that hid world what be the laws and speech?"

"As diverse be their nations," answered she,  
 "Their tongues, their rites, their laws so different are,  
 Some pray to beasts, some to a stone or tree,  
 Some to the earth, the sun, or morning star,  
 Their merits unwholesome vile, and hateful be,  
 Some eat man's flesh, and captives ta'en in war,  
 And all from Calpe's mountain west that dwell,  
 In faith profane, in life are rude and fell."

"But will our gracious God," the knight replied,  
 "That with his blood all sinful men hath bought,  
 His truth forever and his gospel hide  
 From all those lands, as yet unknown, unsought?"  
 "Oh no," quoth she, "his name both far and wide  
 Shall there be known, all learning thither brought,  
 Nor shall these long and tedious ways for ever  
 Your world and theirs, their lands, your kingdoms sever

"The time shall come that sailors shall disdain  
 To talk or argue of Alcides' strait,  
 And lands and seas that nameless yet remain,  
 Shall well be known, their boundaries, site and seat,  
 The ships encompass shall the solid main,  
 As far as seas outstretch their waters great,  
 And measure all the world, and with the sun  
 About this earth, this globe, this compass, run

"A knight of Genes shall have the hardiment  
 Upon this wondrous voyage first to wend,  
 Nor winds nor waves that ships in sunder rent,  
 Nor seas unused, strange clime, or pool unkenned,  
 Nor other peril nor astonishment  
 That makes frail hearts of men to bow and bend.  
 Within Abilas' strait shall keep and hold  
 The noble spirit of this sailor bold

"Thy ship, Columbus, shall her canvas wing  
 Spread o'er that world that yet concealed lies,  
 That scant swift fame her looks shall after bring,  
 Though thousand plumes she have, and thousand eyes,  
 Let her of Boreas and Alcides sing,  
 Of thee to future age let this suffice,  
 That of thine arts she some forewarning give,  
 Which shall in verse and noble story live"

Thus talking, swift twixt south and west they run,  
 And sliced out twixt froth and foam their way,  
 At once they saw before, the setting sun,  
 Behind, the rising beam of springing day,  
 And when the morn her drops and dews begun  
 To scatter broad upon the flowering law,  
 Far off a hill and mountain high they spied,  
 Whose top the clouds environ, clothe and hide,

And drawing neir, the hill at ease they view,  
 When all the clouds were molten, fallen and fled,  
 Whose top pyramid-wise did pointed shew,  
 High, narrow, sharp, the sides yet more outspread,  
 Thence now and then fire, flame and smoke outflow,  
 As from that hill, whereunder lies in bed  
 Enceladus, whence with impious sway  
 Bright fire breaks out by night, black smoke by day

About the hill lay other islands small,  
 Where other rocks, crags, cliffs, and mountains stood,  
 The Isles Fortunate these elder time did call,  
 To which high Heaven they feign'd so kind and good,  
 And of his blessings rich so liberal,  
 That without tillage earth gives corn for food,  
 And grapes that swell with sweet and precious wine  
 There without pruning yields the fertile vine

The olive fat there ever buds and flowers,  
 The honey drops from hollow oaks distil,  
 The falling brook her silver streams downpours  
 With gentle murmur from their native hill,  
 The western blast tempereth with dews and showers  
 The sunny rays, lest heat the blossoms kill,  
 The fields Elysian, as fond heathen said,  
 Were there, where souls of men in bliss remain

To these their pilot steer'd, "And now," quoth she,  
 "Your voyage long to end is brought well-near,  
 The happy Isles of Fortune now you see,  
 Of which great fame, and little truth, you hear,  
 Sweet wholesome, pleasant, fertile, fit they be,  
 Yet not so rich as fame reports they were."

This said, tow'nds an island fresh she bore,  
 The first of ten, that lies next Afric's shore,

When Churk thus, " If, worthy governess,  
 To our good sped such turrice be no let,  
 Upon this isle that Heaven so far doth bless,  
 To view the place, on land i while us set,  
 To know the foll ind wht God they confess,  
 And all whereby man's heut my knowledge get,  
 That I may tell the wonders therein seen  
 Another day, and say, there have I been "

She answered him, " Well fits this high desire  
 Thy noble heart, yet cannot I consent ,  
 For Heaven's decree, firm stible, and entire,  
 Thy wish repugns and gainst thy will is bent,  
 Nor yet the time hath Titn's gliding fire  
 Met forth, prefixed for th s discouernment,  
 Nor is it lawful of the ocean man  
 That you the secrets I now, or known explan

" To you withouten needle, map or card  
 It's given to pass these seas, and there arrive  
 Where in strong prison lies your k night imbrined,  
 And of her prey you must the witch deprive  
 If further to aspire you be prepared  
 In vain gainst fate and Heaven's decree you stric  
 While thus she sud, the first seen isle give place  
 And high iand rough the second showed his face

They saw how eastward stretched in order long,  
 The happy islands sweetly flowering lay ,  
 And how the seas betwnt those isles enthrong,  
 And how they shouldered land from land away  
 In seven of them the people rude among  
 The shady trees their sheds had bu lt of clay.  
 The rest lay waste, unless wild beasts unseen  
 Or wanton nymphs roamed on the mountuns ~~near~~

A secret place they found in one of those  
 Where the cleft shore sea in his bosom takes  
 And twxt his stretched arms doin fold und close  
 An ample bay, a rocl the haven makes,  
 Which to the main doth his broad back oppose  
 Wheron the roaring billow cleaves und breal s  
 And here and there two crags like tuu is high,  
 Point forth a port to all that sail thereby

The quiet scene below lie safe and still  
 The green wood like a garland grows about,  
 Sweet caves within, cool shades and waters shrill,  
 Where lie the nymphs on moss and moss soft,  
 No anchor there needs hold her fragile barge,  
 Nor cable twisted sare, though breaking oft  
     Into th' desert silent, quiet, glad  
     Entered the dame, and there her haven made

"The palace proudly built," quoth she "Behold,  
 That sits on top of wonder mountain's height  
 Of Christ's true faith there lies the champion bold  
 In idleness love, fancy, folly light,  
 When Phabus shill his rising beams unfold  
 Prepare you grunst the hill to mount upright  
 Nor let this stay in your bold hearts breed care,  
 For save that one, all honor unluck we,

"But yet this evening if you make good speed,  
 To that hill's foot with daylight might you pass  
 Thus said the dame their guide, and they agreed  
 And took their leave and leaped forth on the grass  
 They found the way thereto the hill doth lead,  
 And soothly went that neither tired was,  
     But at the mountain's foot thereto both arrived  
     Before the sun his team in waters dived

They saw how from the crags and clefts below  
 His proud and stately pleasant top grew out  
 And how his sides were clad with frost and snow,  
 The he ght was green with herbs and flowers sout,  
 Little hairy locks the trees about him grow  
 The rocks of ice keep watch and ward about  
     The tender roses and the lilies new  
     Thus art can nature change, and kind subdued

Within a thick and dark and snar plot,  
 At the hill's foot that night the warriors dwell  
 But when the sun his rays bright shining lot,  
 D spread of golden light the eternal well,  
     Up, up they cried and fiercely up they got,  
 And climbed boldly grunst the mountain fell  
     But forth there crept, from whence I cannot say,  
     An ugly serpent which forest ill'd their way

45

14

45

46

47

Armed with golden scales his head and crest  
 He lifted high, his neck swelled great with ire,  
 Flamed his eyes, and hidning with his breast  
 All the broad path, he poison breathed and fire,  
 Now reached he forth in folds and forward pressed,  
 Now would he back in rolls and heaps retire,  
     Thus he presents himself to guard the place,  
     The knights pressed forward with assured pace

Charles drew forth his brand to strike the snake,      49  
 Ubildo cried, ' Stay, my companion dear,  
 Will you with sword or weapon battle make  
 Against this monster that affronts us here?'  
 This said, he gan his charmed rod to shake,  
 So that the serpent durst not hiss for fear,  
     But fled, and dead for dread fell on the grass,  
     And so the passage plain, eath, open was

A little higher on the way they met      50  
 A lion fierce that hugely roared and cried,  
 His crest he reared high, and open set  
 Of his broad gaping jaws the furnace wide,  
 His stern his bridle o'er smote, his rage to whet.  
 But when the sacred staff he once espied  
     A trembling fear through his bold heart was spread  
     His native wrath was gone, and swift he fled

The hury couple on their way forth wend,      51  
 And met a host that on them roar and gripe,  
 Of savage beasts, before unseen, unkend,  
 Differing in voice, in semblance, and in shape,  
 All monsters which hot Afric doth forthsend,  
 Twixt Nilus, Atlas, and the southern cape,  
     Were all therec met and ill wild beasts besides  
     Hyrcan's breeds or Hircane forest bides

But yet that fierce, that strange and swage host      52  
 Could not in presence of those worthies stand,  
 But fled away, their heart and courage lost,  
 When Lord Ubildo shook his charming wand  
 No other let the passage stopped or crossed,  
 Till on the mountain's top them cleas they stand  
     Save if at the ice the frost, and drifted snow,  
     Oft made them sieble wear, suot and slow

But having passed all that frozen ground  
And overgone that winter sharp and keen,  
A warm, mild, pleasant, gentle sky they found  
That overspread a large and ample green  
The winds breathed soft and mirth, and balm around  
The blists were firm, unchanged, stable been,  
Not as elsewhere the winds now rise nor fall,  
And Phœbus there the sunne sets not at all

53

Not as elsewhere now sunshine bright now shower,  
Now heat now cold there interchang'd are,  
But everlasting spring, mild heaven down pours,—  
In which nor sun nor storm, nor clouds appear,—  
Nursing to fields their grass to kiss, his flowers  
To flowers then smell, to trees the leaves they bear  
There by a like a stately palace stands,  
That overlooks all mountains sides and bounds

54

The passage hard aginst the mountain steep  
These travellers hard fuit and wear made  
That through those grassy plains they scantly crept  
They walked they rested oft they went they staved  
When from the rocks that seemed for joy to weep  
Before their feet a dropping crystal plaved  
Enticing them to drink, and on the flowers  
The plenteous spring a thousand streams down pours

55

All which, united in the springing greeves,  
Ate forth a channel through the tender green  
And underneath eternal shade did pass,  
With murmur shrill cold pure and scanty seen  
Ict so transpircnt, that perceiv'd was  
The bottom rich red sandes that golden been  
And on the brims the silken grass aloft  
Proffered them seats, sweet, easy, fresh and soft

56

" See here the stream of laughter see the spring,  
Quoth the " of danger and of deadly pain,  
Here fond desire must by fur governing  
Be ruled our lust bridled with wido's rein,  
Our ears be stopp'd while these Sirens sing  
Their notes enticing man to pleasure win'  
Thus pass'd they forward where the stream did make  
An ample pond, a large and spacious lake

57

There on a table was all dainty food  
 That sea, that earth, or liquid air could give,  
 And in the crystal of the laughing flood  
 They saw two naked virgins bathe and dive,  
 That sometimes toying, sometimes wrestling stood,  
 Sometimes for speed and skill in swimming strode,  
 Now underneath they dived, now rose above,  
 And ticing buts laid forth of lust and love

These naked wantons, tender, fair and white,  
 Moved so far the warriors' stubborn hearts,  
 That on their shapes they gazed with delight.  
 The nymphs applied their sweet alluring arts,  
 And one of them above the waters quite,  
 Lift up her head, her breasts and higher parts,  
 And all that might weak eyes subdue and take,  
 Her lower beauties veiled the gentle lake

As when the morning star, escaped and fled  
 From greedy waves, with dewy beams up flies.  
 Or as the Queen of Love, new born and bred  
 Of the Ocean's fruitful froth, did first arise  
 So vented she her golden locks forth shed  
 Roand pearls and crystal moist therein which lies  
 But when her eyes upon the knights she cast,  
 She start, and feigned her of their sight agast

And her fair locks, that in a knot were tied  
 High on her crown, she gan at large unfold,  
 Which falling long and thick and spreading wide,  
 The ivory soft and white mantled in gold  
 Thus her fair skin the dame would clothe and hide,  
 And that which hid it no less fair was hold,  
 Thus clad in wves and locks, her eyes divine,  
 From them ashamed did she turn and twine

Withal she smil'd and she blushed withal,  
 Her blush, her smilings, smiles her blushing graced  
 Over her face her amber tresses fall,  
 Whereunder Love himself in ambush placed  
 At last she warbled forth a treble small,  
 And with sweet looks her sweet songs interlaced.

"Oh happy men! that have the grace," quoth she,  
 "This bliss, this heaven, this paradise to see."

58

59

60

61

62

‘ This is the place wherein you may assuge  
 Your sorrow past, here is that joy and bliss  
 That flourished in the antique golden age,  
 Here needs no law here none doth aught amiss  
 Put off those arms and fear not Mars his rage,  
 Your sword, your shield, your helmet needless is,  
 Then consecrate them here to endless rest,  
 You shall love’s champions be, and soldiers blest

63

‘ The fields for combat here are beds of down,  
 Or heap’d hilles under shady brakes,  
 But come and see our queen with golden crown,  
 That all her servants blest and happy makes,  
 She will admit you gently for her own,  
 Numbered with those that of her joy partakes  
 But first within this lake your dust and sweat  
 Wish off, and at that table sit and eat.’

64

While thus she sung, her sister lured them nigh  
 With many a gesture kind and loving shew,  
 To music’s sound as dimes in court apply  
 Their cunning feet, and dance now swift now slow  
 But still the knights unmoved passed by,  
 These vain delights for wicked charms they know,  
 Nor could their heavenly voice or angel’s look,  
 Surprise their hearts, if eve or eir they took

65

For if that sweetnes once but touched their hearts  
 And proffered there to lndie Cupid’s fire  
 Straight armēd Reason to his charge up stirrs,  
 And quencheth Lust, and killeth fond Desire,  
 Thus scorned were the dimes, their wiles and arts  
 And to the palace gates the knights retire,  
 While in their stream the damsels dived and  
 Abhomed, disgraced, for that repulse they had

66

## The Sixteenth Book

or

## GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

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### THE ARGUMENT

The searchers pass through all the palace bright  
Where in sweet prison lies Rinaldo pent  
And do so much that full of rage and spite  
With them he goes sad shamed discontent  
With plaints and prayers to tell her knight  
Armenia strives he bears but thence he went  
And she forlorn her prince great and fair  
Destroys for grief and flies thence through the air

---

THE palace gicat is builded rich and sound,  
And in the centre of the inmost hold  
There lies a garden sweet, on fertile ground,  
Fairer than that where grew the trees of gold  
The cunning sprites had buildings reared around  
With doors and entries false a thousandfold,  
A labyrinth they made that fortress brave,  
Like Daedal's prison, or Porsenna's grave

The Knights passed through the castle's largest gate,  
Though round about an hundred ports there shinc  
The door leaves framed of carved silver plate,  
Upon their golden hinges turn and twine,  
They staved to view this wondrous wit and state,  
The workmanship excelled the substance fine,  
For all the shapes in that rich metal wrought,  
Save speech, of living bodies wanted naught

Alcides there sat telling tales, and spun  
 Among the feeble troops of damsels mild,  
 He that the fieri gates of hell had won  
 And heaven upheld, false Love stood by and smiled  
 Armed with his club for Iole forth run,  
 His club with blood of monsters soul defiled,  
 And on her back his lion's skin had she,  
 Too rough a bark for such a tender tree

I evond w<sup>e</sup>re made a set whose w<sup>e</sup>re flood  
 The hoary froth crushed from the surges blue  
 Wherein two navies great well ring'd stood  
 Of white ships, fire from their arms outflow,  
 The waters burned about their vessels good  
 Such flames the gold thercin enchanted bren.  
 Cesar his Romane hence the Asia Kings  
 Thence Antony and Indian princes brings

The Cyclades seemed to swim amid the main,  
 And hill grinst hill and mount grinst mountain smote,  
 With such great fury met those iranies twain,  
 Here burnt a ship there sank a bark or boat,  
 Here darts and wild fire flew there drowned or lun  
 Of princes dead the bodies fleet and float,  
 Here Cesar wins and wonder conquered been  
 The Eastern ships, there fled the Egyptian queen

Antonius e<sup>t</sup> h m<sup>e</sup>lf to flight betook  
 The empire lost to which he would aspire,  
 Yet fled not he nor f<sup>e</sup>lt for fear forsooth,  
 But follow'd he drawn on by sond desire  
 Well w<sup>e</sup>re hit w<sup>e</sup>re i<sup>t</sup> within his troubled loo  
 Strive and contend howe courage shame and we  
 Oft looked he brief, oft gazed he on the fight,  
 But oftener on his mistress and her flight

Th<sup>e</sup> n in the seere c<sup>e</sup>eks of fruitful Nile  
 C<sup>e</sup> in I<sup>e</sup> tip he would sit death w<sup>e</sup>nt,  
 And in the pleasure of her lovely smile  
 Sweet e<sup>t</sup> bitter's role of cursed fire  
 All em<sup>e</sup>nd w<sup>e</sup>re wh<sup>e</sup>re canois hand compil  
 In i<sup>t</sup> such in i<sup>t</sup> of it a princ<sup>e</sup>'l gate  
 He h<sup>e</sup>ld his e<sup>t</sup> stories w<sup>e</sup>nt first and last  
 Which wen they forward p<sup>e</sup>re sed, and in they passed

As through his channel crooked Meander glides  
With turns and twines, and rolls now to, now fro,  
Whose streams run forth there to the salt sea sides  
Here back return and to their springward go  
Such crooked paths, such ways this palace hides ;  
Yet all the m<sup>e</sup>re their map described so,  
That through the labyrinth they got in fine,  
As Theseus did by Ariadne's line

When they had passed all those troubled ways,  
The garden sweet spread forth her green to show,  
The moving crystal from the fountains plus,  
Fair trees, high plants, strange herbs and flowerets new,  
Sunshiny hills, dales hid from Phœbus' rays,  
Groves, arbours, mossy caves, at once they view,  
And that which beauty most, most wonder brought,  
Nowhere appeared the art which all this wrought

So with the rude the polished mingled was  
That natural seem'd all and every part,  
Nature would craft in counterfeiting pass,  
And imitate her imitator art  
Mild was the air, the skies were clear as glass,  
The trees no whirlwind felt, nor tempest smart,  
But ere the fruit drop off, the blossom comes,  
This springs, that falls, that ripeneth and this blooms

The leaves upon the self same bough did hide  
Beside the young the old and ripened fig,  
Here fruit was green, there ripe with vermeil side,  
The apples new and old grew on one tree,  
The fruitful vine her arms spread high and wide  
That bended underneath their clusters big,  
The grapes were tender here, hard, young and sour,  
There purple ripe, and nectar sweet forth pour

The joyous birds, hid under greenwood shade,  
Sung merry notes on every branch and bough,  
The wind that in the leaves and waters play'd  
With murmur sweet, now sung, and whistled now,  
Ceased the birds, the wind loud answer made,  
And while they sung, it rumbled soft and low,  
Thus were the hap or cunning chance of art,  
The wind in this strange music bore his part

Her breasts were niled, for the day was hot,  
 Her locks unbound wavered in the wanton wind,  
 Some deil she sweat, tired with the game you not,  
 Her sweat drops bright, white, round like pearls of Inde,  
 Her humid eyes a fier smile forthshot  
 Thit like sunbeams in silver fountains shined,  
 O'er him her looks she hung, and her soft breast  
 The pillow was, where he and love took rest

His hungry eyes upon her face he fed,  
 And feeding them so, pined himself away,  
 And she, declining often down her head,  
 His lips, his cheeks, his eyes I ssed, as he lay,  
 Wherewith he sighed, as if his soul had fled  
 From his frail breast to hers, and there would stay  
 With her belov'd sprite the armed pur  
 These follies all beheld and this hot fire

Down by the lovers' side there pendent was  
 A crystal mirror, bright pure, smooth, and neat,  
 He rose, and to his mistress held the glass,  
 A noble prie, graced with that service greet,  
 She with glad looks he with inflamed, this,  
 Beauty and love beheld, both in one seat,  
 Yet them in sundry objects each espies,  
 She, in the glass he saw them in her eyes

Her, to command to serve, it pleased the knight,  
 He proud of bondage of her empire, she,  
 ' My dear he said, "thit blescest with thy sight  
 Even blessed angels turn thine eyes to me,  
 For printed in my heart and portrayed right  
 Thy worth thy beauties and perfections be,  
 Of which the form, the shape and fashion best,  
 Not in this glass is seen, but in my brest

<sup>4</sup> And if thou me disdun yet be content  
 At least so to behold thy lovely hue,  
 That while thereon thy looks are fixed and bent  
 Thy happy eyes themselves may see and view  
 So rare a shape no crystal can present,  
 No glass contain that heaven of beauties true,  
 Oh let the skies thy worthy mirror be!  
 And in clear stars thy shape and image see"

As the fierce steed for rage withdrawn from war  
 Wherin the glorious beast had alwys won,  
 That in vile rest from fight sequestered far,  
 Feeds with the mares it larg, his service done  
 If arms he see, or hear the trumpet's jar,  
 He neigheth loud and thither fist doth run,  
 And wisheth on his back the armed knight  
 Longing for jousts for tournament and fight

So fared Rinaldo when the glorious light  
 Of their bright harness glistened in his eyes,  
 His noble sprite twirked at that sight  
 His blood began to warm, his heart to rise,  
 Though, drunk with ease, devoid of won ed might  
 On sleep till then his wakened virtue lies  
 Ubaldo forward stepped, and to him hield  
 Of diamonds clear that pure and precious shold

Upon the targe his lool's amized he bent,  
 And therin all his warrior habit spred,  
 His civet, balm, and perfumes redolent,  
 How from his lool's they smoked and mantle wide,  
 His sword that many a Pagan stout hid shent,  
 Bewrapped with flowers, hung idly by his side,  
 So nicely decked that it seemed the knight  
 Wore it for fashion's sake but not for fight

As when, from sleep and idle dreams abrud,  
 A man awaked call's home his nits again,  
 So in beholding his attire he played,  
 But yet to view himself could not sustain,  
 His looks he downward cast and nught he saw,  
 Grieved, stamed and he would have diid fain,  
 And oft he wished the earth or ocean wide  
 Would swallow him and so his errors hide

Ubaldo took the time, and thus begun,  
 All Europe now and Asia be in war,  
 And all that Christ adore and fame have won,  
 In battie strong, in Syria fighting are,  
 But thee alone, Bertoldo's noble son,  
 This little corner keep, exiled fu  
 From all the world, buried in sloth and shame,  
 A carpet champion for a wanton dame

33

"What lethurge hath in drowsiness up penned  
 Thy courage thus? what sloth doth thee infect?  
 Up, up, our camp and Godfrey for thee send,  
 Thee fortune praise and victory expect,  
 Come, fatal champion bring to happy end  
 This enterprise begun, and all that sect  
 Which oft thou shal en hast to earth full low  
 With thy sharp brand strike down, I ill, overthrow."

34

This said the noble infant stood a space  
 Confused, speechless, senseless, ill ashamed,  
 But when that shame to just disdain gave place,  
 To fierce disdain from courage sprung untamed,  
 Another redness blushed through his face,  
 Whence worth, anger shone, displeasure flamed,  
 His nice ruffe in scorn he rent and tore  
 For of his bondige vyle that witness bore,

35

That done, he hasted from the charmed fort,  
 And through the wave passed with his searchers twun,  
 Armida of her mount and chiefest port  
 Wondered to find the furious keeper slun,  
 A while she feirred but she knew in short,  
 That her dear lord was fled, then saw she plun,  
 Ah, woeful sight! how from her gates the man  
 In haste, in fear, in writh, in anger ran

36

"Whither, O cruel! leavest thou me alone?"  
 She would have cried, her greet her speeches stayed  
 So that her woe ful words are backward gone,  
 And in her heart a bitter echo made,  
 Poor soul, of greater skill than she was none  
 Whose knowledge from her thus her joy conceived  
 This wist she well, yet hid desire to prove  
 If art could keep, if charms recall her love

37

All what the witches of Thessalia land,  
 With lips unpure ver ever said or spake,  
 Words that could mle heaven's rolling circles stand,  
 And draw the damned ghosts from Limbo lile  
 All well she knew, but yet no time she fand  
 To use her knowledge or her charms to make,  
 But left her arts and forth she ran to prove  
 If single beauty were best charm for love

She ran, nor of her honour took regard,  
Oh where be all her vaunts and triumphs now?  
Love's empire great of late she made or marred,  
To her firs subjects humbly bend and bow,  
And with her pride mixed was a scorn so hard,  
That to be loved she loved, yet whilst they woo  
Her lovers all she hates, that pleased her will  
To conquer men, and conquered so, to kill

But now herself disduned, abindoned,  
Ran after him, that from her fled in scorn,  
And her desprise'd beauty labourid  
With humble plaints and prayers to adorn  
She ran and hasted after him that fled,  
Through frost and snow, through briar, bush and thorn  
And sent her cries on message her before,  
That reached not him till he had reached the shore

"Oh thou that leav'st bat half behind," quoth she  
"Of my poor heart, and half with thee dost carry  
Oh take this part, or render that to me,  
Else kill them both at once, ah tarry, tarry  
Hear my last words no parting kiss of thee  
I crave, for some more fit with thee to marry  
Keep them, unkind, what fear'st thou if thou stay?  
Thou mayst deny, as well as run away

At this Rinaldo stopped, stood still, and stayed,  
She came, sad breathless weary, faint and weak,  
So woebegone was never nymph or maid  
And yet her beauty's pride grief could not break,  
On him she looked she gazed but nught she said,  
She would not, could not, or she durst not speak,  
At her he looked not glanced not, if he did,  
Those glances shameficed were close, secret hid

As cunning singers, ere they strum on high,  
In loud modious tunes their gentle voice,  
Prebere the hearer's ears to harmony  
With feignings set low notes and warbles choice  
So she not having yet forgot pardin  
Her wanted shifts and alights in Cupid's toye,  
A sequence first of sighs and sobs furtherest,  
To breed compassion deir then spake it last

' Despised bondslave, since my lord doth hate  
 These locks, why keep I them or hold them dear?  
 Come cut them off, that to my servile state  
 My habit answer may, and all my gear  
 I follow thee in spite of death and fate  
 Through battles fierce where dangers most appear,  
 Courage I have and strength enough perchance  
 To lead thy courser spare, and bear thy lance

48

" I will or bear, or be myself, thy shield,  
 And to defend thy life, will lose mine own  
 This breast, this bosom soft shall be thy bield  
 Gaint storms of thows darts and weapons thrown  
 Thy foes, purdie, encounter n<sub>o</sub> thee in field,  
 Will spare to strike thee, mine affection known,  
 Lest me they woud not w<sub>ll</sub> sharp vengeance take  
 On thee for this despised beauty's sake

49

" O wretch! due I still want, or help invoke  
 From this poor beauty, scorned and disdained?  
 She said no more her tears her speeches broke  
 Which from her eyes like streams from springs down runned  
 She would have caught him by the hand or clovd  
 But he stepped backward, and himself restrained,  
 Conquered his will, his heart ruth softened not,  
 There plainis no issue love no ent'rence got

50

Love entered not to lindle in his breast,  
 Which Reason late hid quenched his wanted flame,  
 Yet enter'd Pity in the place at leist,  
 Love's sister, but a chaste and sober dame,  
 And sturr'd him so that hardly he suppressed  
 The springing tears that to his eyes up cume  
 But yet even thicke his plaints repressed were,  
 And, as he could, he looked, and feign'd cheer

51

" Mistrum" quoth he " for your distress I grieve,  
 And wold wend n<sub>o</sub>, if I might or could  
 From your wise heart that fond affection drive  
 I cannot hate nor scorn you though I would  
 I feel no vengeance wrongs I'll forgive,  
 Nor you my servant nor me I hold  
 Truth is, you err'd and your estate forgot,  
 Too great your hys w<sub>ll</sub> and your love too hot

52

‘ But those are common faults, and faults of kind,  
 Excused by nature, by your sex and years,  
 I erred likewise if I pardon find  
 None can condemn you, that our trespass bears,  
 Your dear remembrance will I keep in mind,  
 In joys, in woes, in comforts, hopes and fears,  
 Call me your soldier and your knight, as far  
 As Christian faith permits, and Asur’s war

53

“ Ah, let our faults and follies here take end,  
 And let our errors past you satisfy,  
 And in this angle of the world ypend,  
 Let both the fame and shame thereof now die,  
 From all the earth where I am known and kenned,  
 I wish this fact should still concealed be  
 Nor yet in following me, poor knight, disgrace  
 Your worth, your beauty, and your princely race

54

“ Stay here in peace I go, nor wend you <sup>sav</sup>  
 With me, my guide your fellowship ~~can~~ <sup>can</sup> let,  
 Stay here or hence depart some ~~evere~~ <sup>evere</sup>,  
 And calm your thoughts, you are <sup>of</sup> “ Large and wise ”  
 While thus he spoke, her passions abode no stay,  
 But here and there she turned and rolled her eyes,  
 And staring on his face a while, at last  
 Thus in foul terms, her bitter wrath forth burst

55

“ Of Sophia fair thou never wert the child,  
 Nor of the Azzun race <sup>is</sup> sprung thou art,  
 The mad <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ wives thee bore, some tigress wild  
 On Crucifixus’ cold crags nursed thee apart,  
 Ah, cruel man! in whom no token mild  
 Appears, of pity, ruth, or tender heart,  
 Could not my griefs, my woes, my plights, and all  
 One sigh strum from thy breast, one tear make full ?

56

“ What shall I say, or how renew my speech?  
 He <sup>comes</sup> ~~comes~~ the Jewes me, bids me call him man  
 The Victor hath his foe within his reach,  
 Yet pardons her, that merits death and pine,  
 Here <sup>or</sup> he counsels me, how he can trench,  
 Like an iste <sup>renocri</sup> es, grunst love divine,  
 O heavens, O gods! who do these men of shame,  
 Thus spoil your temples, and blaspheme your name?

57

"Fie no! complaints farewell! with arms and art  
 I will pursue to death this spiteful Knight,  
 Not earth's low centre, nor sea's deepest part  
 Not heaven nor hell can shield him from my might,  
 I will overtake him, take him, clewe his heart,  
 Such vengeance fits a wrong'd lover's spite,  
 In cruelty that cruel knight surpass  
 I will but what may in my words, alas?

63

"O fool! thou shouldest have been cruel then,  
 For then this cruel well deserved thine ire,  
 When thou in prison hadst entrapped the man,  
 Now dead with cold too late thoulest fire,  
 But though my w<sup>t</sup>, my cunning nothing can,  
 Some other means shall work my heart's desire,  
 To thee my beauty thine be all these wrongs,  
 Vengeance to thee, to thee revenge belongs

64

"Thou shalt be his reward with murdering brand  
 That dare this traitor of his head deprive,  
 O you my lovers, on this rock doth stand  
 The cruse of her love for whom you strive,  
 I, the sole heir of ill Damascus land,  
 For this revenge myself and kingdom give,  
 If by this price my will I cannot gain,  
 Nature gives beauty, fortune, wealth in vain

65

"But then, when gift you beauty, thee I scorn,  
 I hate the kingdom which I have to give,  
 I hate myself and rue that I was born,  
 Only in hope of sweet revenge I live,  
 Thus raging with fell ire she gan return  
 From that bare shore in haste and homeward drove,  
 And is true witness of her frantic ire  
 Her locks waved loose, face shone, eyes sparkled fire

66

When she came home she called with outcries shrill,  
 A thousand devils in Limbo deep that won  
 Black clouds the skies with horrid darkness fill,  
 And pale for dread became the eclipsed sun,  
 The whirlwind blustered big on every hill  
 And hell to roar under her feet begun,  
 You might have heard how through the palace wide,  
 Some spirits howled, some barked, some hissed, some cried

67

A shade, that run before me  
6  
I knowed all the place where I was,  
Wher' ev're I goe, we valiantly  
Knewe I was hell, though I were not.  
I was not the host, th' invader of hell,  
I were he he in the arm'd host of hell,  
And with judgements did I smite them,  
Nor of conquest boast'd I in their overthrow.

As out the clouds strowe like asperges  
67  
And the r' the little rain doon it,  
I in the dissolved by wind of the north  
Or like sunburnt noon shade, and shower past  
The palace vanish'd so, nor in his tent  
I sat right by rooks and cranes, by bind the spiced  
She in her couch which two red serpent drew,  
Sate down, and as she useth in the flow-

She broke the clouds and cast the yielding sky  
68  
And bout h' r' gathered tempest arm'd and wild,  
The birds that view the south pole flew h' by,  
And left the unknown countries far behind  
The stars of Hercules she pass'd when he  
Trav'led Spain and France nor her sight inclin'd  
To north or south, but still the sun did ride  
Over seas and straits, till Syria's coasts she spied

Nor went she forward to Darius' fur  
69  
Is it of her country dear she fled the sight  
And guided to Asphaltes h' the ch' ,  
Where stood her castle there she ends her flight,  
And from her damsels fair, she made repair  
To a deep vault far from resort and light  
Where in sad thoughts & thousand doubts she erst  
Till grief and shame to writh gave place at last

"I will not hence, quo h' she, "till Egypt's lord  
70  
In aid of Zion's king his host shall move  
Then will I use all helps that charms afford,  
And change my shape or sex if so behove  
Well can I handle bow or lance, or sword,  
The worthes all will aid me, for my love  
I seek revenge, and to obtain the same  
Farewell, regard of honour, friendl' shame

"Nor let mine uncle and protector me  
Reprove for this, he most deserves the blame,  
My heart and sex, that weak and tender be,  
He bent to deeds that maidens ill became,  
His niece a wandering damsel first made he,  
He spurred my youth, and I cast off my shame,  
His be the fault, if aught against mine estate  
I did for love, or shall commit for hate"

73

This said, her knights, her ladies, pages, squires  
She all assembleth, and for journev fit  
In such fair arms and vestures them attires  
As showed her wealth, and well declared her wit,  
And forward march'd, full of strange desues,  
Nor rested she by day or night one whit,  
Till she came there, where all the eastern bands,  
Their kings and princes, lay on Gazi's sands.

74

The Seventeenth Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

---

*THE ARGUMENT.*

Egypt's great host in battle ray forth brought,  
The Caliph sends with Godfrey's power to fight  
Armida who Ronaldo's run sought  
To them adjoins herself and Syria's might  
To satisfy her cruel will and thought  
She gives herself to him that kills her knight  
He takes his fatal arms and in his shield  
His ancestors and their great deeds beheld

---

GAZA the city on the frontier stands I  
Of Juda's realm, as men to Egypt ride,  
Built near the sea, beside it of dry sands  
Huge wildernesses lie and deserts wide  
Which the strong winds lift from the parched lands  
And toss like roaring waves in roughest tide,  
That from those storms poor passengers almost  
No refuge find, but there are drowned and lost.

Within this town, won from the Turks of yore, 2  
Strong garrison the king of Egypt placed,  
And for it nearer was, and fitted more  
That high emprise to which his thoughts he cast,  
He left great Memphis and to Gaza bore  
His regal throne, and there, from countries vast  
Of his huge empire all the puissant host  
Assembled he, and mustered on the coast

Come in, my Ma e i hit minne times these were,  
 And in those times how stood the state of things,  
 What power this monarc had what armis they bear,  
 What no: sons subject and what friends he brus  
 For from all lands the sou hern occurr neit  
 Or morning star, come pr nces duke and kings,  
 And uply thou of hilt the world well nigh  
 The armes Iora, ad captiuus crast de cry

When Egypt from the Greelish emperor  
 Rebelled ixt and Christ a true faith denied,  
 Of Mahomet's discouer a warrior  
 There set he a thone and rulea that Iungdom wide  
 Caliph he iight, and Caliphs since at leut  
 Are his successors named till besee  
 So Niles old his Iungs long time hid been  
 That Ptolemies and Pharaohs called had been

Es ablished was that Iungdom in short while,  
 And grew a great that over Afric lands  
 And Labir iclins it stretch d minn a mile,  
 From Syr i's e astis as far as Cirene standis  
 And o: by iord pressed, unst the course of Nile  
 Thoro is the li t chme i herc bunt Sverc strud,  
 Hence bounded in with andy de ets wic  
 And chance i th I upfurnis each flood embraceu

But by his nights still cruel w<sup>r</sup>s m<sup>r</sup>united  
 So wise his words, so quick his wit appears,  
 That of the kingdom large o<sup>r</sup> which he reigned  
 The charge seemed not too weighty for his w<sup>r</sup>ts  
 His <sup>r</sup>gentness Afric's lesser l<sup>m</sup>s constrained  
 To tremble at his name, 'till Inde him fears,  
 And other realms that would his friendship hold,  
 Some armed soldiers sent, some gifts, some gold

This mighty prince assembled had the flower  
 Of all his realms <sup>r</sup>unst the Frenchmen stout,  
 To break their rising empire and their power  
 Not of sure conquest had he fear or doubt  
 To him Armida came, even at the hour  
 When in the plains old Giza's walls without,  
 The lords and leaders all their armies bring  
 In battle ray, mustered before the r king

He on his throne was set, to which on height  
 Who clomb in hundred ivory stairs first told,  
 Under a pentice wrought of silver bright,  
 And trod on carpets made of silk and gold  
 His robes were such as best beseeamen might  
 A king, so great, so grave so rich, so old,  
 And twined of sixty ells of lawn and more  
 A turban strange adorne<sup>d</sup> his tresses hour

His right hand did his precious sceptre wield,  
 His beard <sup>r</sup>as grey, his look <sup>r</sup>as severe and grave,  
 And from his eyes not yet made dim <sup>r</sup>ith cold  
 Sparled his former worth and vigour brave,  
 His gestures all the i<sup>m</sup>ajesty upheld  
 And state <sup>r</sup>as his old age and empire crave,  
 So Phidias carved Apelles so, pardie,  
 Erst painted Jove, Jove thundering down from sky

On either side him stood a noble lord,  
 Whereof the first held in his up<sup>i</sup> ght hand  
 Of severe justice the unpartail sword  
 The other bare the sc<sup>r</sup>ol, and cruces scanned,  
 Keeping his folk in peace and good record  
 And termed <sup>r</sup>is lord chancellor of the land  
 But marshal was the first, and used to lead  
 His armies forth to war oft with good speed

Of bold Circassians with their halberts long,  
 About his throne his guards stood in a ring,  
 All richly arm'd in gilden corslets strong,  
 And by their sides their crook'd swords down hung  
 Thus set, thus seated his grave lords am'ng,  
 His hosts and armies great beheld the king  
     And every band as by his throne it went,  
     Their ensigns low inclined and arms down bent

Their squadrons first the men of Egyp shou',  
 In four troops, and each his several guide,  
 Of the high country two, two of the low  
 Which Nile had won out of the salt seaside,  
 His fertile slime first stopped the waters flow.  
 Then b'urdened to firm land the plough to bide,  
     So Egypt still increased within far placed  
     That part is now where ships erst anchor cast

The foremost band the people were that dwelled  
 In Alexandria's rich and fertile plain,  
 Along the western shore, whence Nile expell'd  
 The greedy billows of the swelling main,  
 Araspes was the i guide, who more excelled  
 In wit and craft than strength or unlike pain,  
     To place an ambush close or to devise  
     A treason false, was none so sly, so wise

The people next that gurst the morning rays  
 Along the coasts of As a have then seat,  
 Arontes led them whom no world e pruse  
 Fannibled but high birth and titles great,  
 His helm never made him sweat in toilsome rays  
 Nor was his sleep e'er broke with trumpet's threat,  
     But from soft ease to try the toil of fight  
     His fond ambition brought this carpet knight

The third seemed not a troop or squardon small,  
 But an huge host, nor seemed it so much grain  
 In Egyp grew as to sustain them all,  
 Yet from one town thereof came all that train,  
 A town in people to huge shires equal,  
 That did a thousand streets and more contain,  
     Great Cme it hight, whose commons from each side  
     Cme swimming out to war, Cumpson their guide

13

14

15

16

17

Next under Gzel march'd they that plough  
 The fertile lands above that town which lie  
 Up to the place where Nilus tumbling low  
 Falls from his second circuit from high,  
 The Egyptians weaponed were with sword and bow,  
 No weight of helm or hauberk list they try,  
 And richly arm'd, in their strong foes no dread  
 Of death but great desire of spoil they breed

The mil'd folk of Barca these succeed,  
 Unarm'd half, Alucon led that band  
 That long in deserts liv'd in extreme need,  
 On spoils and preys purchased by strength of hand  
 To battle strong unfit, their king did lead  
 His arm'd next brought from Zemira land  
 Then he of Tripoli, for sudden fight  
 And skirmish short, both ready, bold and light

Two captuns next brought forth their bands to show  
 Whom Stony sent and Happy Araby,  
 Which never felt the cold of frost and snow,  
 Or force of burning heat, unless fame lie,  
 Where incense pure and all sweet odours grow,  
 Where the sole phoenix doth revive not die,  
 And midst the perfumes rich and flowerets brue  
 Both birth and burial, cradle hath and grave

Their clothes not rich their garments were not gay  
 But weapons like the Egyptian troops they had  
 The Arabians next that have no certain stay,  
 No house, no home no mansion good or bad,  
 But ever, as the Scythian hordes strav,  
 From place to place their wandering cities gad  
 These have both voice and stature feminat,  
 Hair long and black, black face, and fiery eyne

Long Indian canes, with iron arm'd they bear,  
 And 's upon their nimble steeds they ride,  
 Like a swift storm their speedy troops appear,  
 If winds so fast bring storms from heavens wide  
 By Syphax led the first Arabians were,  
 Aldine the second squadron bid no guide,  
 And Abrizar proud brought to the fight  
 The thrid, a thief a murderer, not a knight

Then from the mansions bright of fresh Aurore  
 Adrastus came, the glorious king of Ind,  
 A snakes green skin spotted with black he wore,  
 That was made rich by art and hard by kind,  
 An elephant this furious giant bore,  
 He fierce as fire, his mountur swift as wind,  
 Much people brought he from his kingdoms wide,  
 'Twixt Indus, Ganges, and the salt sea side

The king's own troop come next, a chosen crew,  
 Of all the camp the strength, the crown, the flower,  
 Wherein each soldier hid with honours due  
 Rewarded been, for service ere that hour,  
 Their arms were strong for need, and fair for show,  
 Upon fierce steeds well mounted rode this power,  
 And heaven itself with the clear splendour shone  
 Of their bright armour, purple, gold and stone

Mongst these Alarco fierce, and Odemare  
 The muster master was, and Hidraort,  
 And Rimedon, whose rashness took no cue  
 To shun death's bitter stroke in field or fort,  
 Tigrines, Rapold stein, the men that fire  
 By sea, that robb'd in each creek and port,  
 Oimond, and Mirlabust the Arabian named,  
 Because that land ebelious he reclaimed.

There Purga Arimon, Orindo are,  
 Brimble the sceler, and with him Suifant  
 The brazier of wild horses brought from far,  
 Then the great wiesteler strong Aridamant,  
 And Tisipherne, the thunderbolt of war  
 Whom none surpassed whom none to match durst vaunt  
 At tilt at tourney, or in combat brave  
 With spear or lance, with sword with mace or glove

A false Armenian did this squadron guide,  
 That in his youth from Christ's true faith and light  
 To the blind love of Paganism did slide,  
 That Clement late, now Emireno, bright  
 Yet to his king he faithful was, and tried  
 True in all causes his in wrong, and right  
 A cunnin' leader and a soldier bold  
 For strength and courage, young, for wisdom, old

" Great Emperor, behold me here " she said  
 " For thee, my country, and my faith to fight,  
 A dame a virgin but a royal mind  
 And worthy seems this war a princess bright,  
 For by the sword the sceptre is upstiyed,  
 This hand can use them both with skill and might,  
 This hand of mine can strike and at each blow  
 Thy foes and ours kill, wound, and overthrow

" Nor yet suppose this is the foremost day  
 Wherein to war I bent my noble thought,  
 But for the surety of the realms and stay  
 Of our religion true etc this I wrought  
 Yourself best know if this be true I say,  
 Or if my former deed rejoiced you aught.  
 When Godfrey's hardy knights and princes strong  
 I captive took, and held in bondage long

" I took them, bound them and so sent them bound  
 To thee a noble gift, with whom they hid  
 Condemned low in dungeon under ground  
 For ever dwelt in woe and torment sad  
 So might thine host in easy war have found  
 To end this doubtful war, with conquest glad  
 Had not Rinaldo fierce my knights all slain,  
 And set those lords, his friends at large again

" Rinaldo is well known, and there a long  
 And true rehearsal made she of his deeds  
 " This is the knight that since hath done me wrong  
 Wrong yet untold that sharp recompement needs  
 Displeasure therefore, mixed with season strong,  
 This thirst of war in me, this courage breeds,  
 Now how he injured me time serves to tell,  
 Let this suffice, I seek recompement well,

" And will procure it, for all shrisis that fly  
 I hit not in vain, some work the shooers will,  
 And Joe's right hand with thunders cast from sky  
 I hit even vengeance oft for secret ill  
 But if some ciumpum are his knight dev  
 To mortal battle and by si ht him fall,  
 And with his helme head will me present  
 Thus oft my soul shall please, my heart content

"So please, that for reward enjoy he shall,  
The greatest gift I can or may afford,  
Myself, my beauty, wealth, and kingdoms all,  
To marry him, and take him for my lord,  
This promise will I keep whate'er befall,  
And thereto bind myself by oath and word

Now ne that deem, this purchase worth his pain,  
Let him step forth and speak, I none disdain

While thus the princess said, his hungry eyne  
Adrastus fed on her sweet beauty's light,  
"The gods forbid," quoth he, "one shaft of thine  
Should be discharged gaunst that discourteous knight,  
His heart unworthy is, shootress divine,  
Of thine artillery to feel the might,

To weak thine ire behold me prest and fit,  
I will his head cut off, and bring thee it

"I will his heart with this sharp sword divide,  
And to the vultures cast his carcass out"  
Thus threatened he, but Tisapherne envied  
To hear his glorious vaunt and boasting stout,  
And said, "But who art thou, that so great pride  
Shou shewest before the king, me and this rout?

Pride here art some such, whose worth exceeds  
Thy vaunting much yet boast not of their deeds"

The Indian fierce repiled, "I am the man  
Whose acts his words and boasts have we surprised,  
But if elsewhere the words thou now begin  
Had uttered been, that speech had been thy last  
Thus quarrelled they, the monarch staved them then,  
And twixt the angry knights his sceptre cast,  
Then to Armidis said, "Fair Queen, I see  
Thy heart is stout, thy thou, his courageous be,

"Thou worthy art that their disdain and ire  
At thy commands these knights should both appease,  
I hat against thy foe their courage hot as fire  
Now arm's employ, bo be when and where you please,  
There all their power and force and what desire  
They have to serve thee, man that shon a cause  
The monarch held his peace when this was said,  
And they new master of their service made.

Nor they alone but all that famous were  
 In feats of arms bost that he shall be dead,  
 All offer her their oaths all say and swear,  
 To take revenge on his condemned head  
 So many arms moved she against her deare,  
 And swore her darling under foot to tread,  
 But he, since first the enchanted isle he left,  
 Safe in his barge the roaring waves still clest

53

By the same way returned the well taught bost  
 By which it came, and made like haste, like speed,  
 The friendly wind, upon her sail that smote,  
 So turned is to return her ship had need  
 The youth sometimes the Pole or Bear did note,  
 Or wandering stars which clearest nights forthspred  
 Sometimes the floods, the hills or mountuns steep,  
 Whose woody fronts overshad the silent deep

54

Now of the camp the man the state inquires,  
 Nor asks the customs strings of sundry lands,  
 And sailed, till clad in berms and bright attires  
 The fourth day's sun on the eastern threshold stands,  
 But when the western seas had quenched those fires,  
 The frigate struck against the shore and sands,  
 Then spoke their guide, "The land of Palestine  
 This is, here must your journey end and mine"

55

The Knights she set upon the shore all three,  
 And vanished thence in twinkling of an eye,  
 Uptose the right in whose deep birchnes be  
 All colours hid of things in earth or sky,  
 Nor could they house or hold or harbour see,  
 Or in that desert sign of dwelling spy  
 Nor trick of man or horse, or rugh that might  
 Inform them of some path or passage right.

56

When they had mured what was they travel should,  
 From the west shore their steps at last they twined,  
 And so far off at last their eyes behold  
 Something they wist not what that clearely shined  
 With rays of silver and with berms of gold  
 Which the dark folds of night's black mantle lined  
 Forward they went and marched against the light,  
 To e and find the thing that shone so bright

57

High on a tree they saw an armour new,  
That glistened bright aginst Cynthian's silver sun,  
Therein, like stars in skies the diamonds show  
Fret in the golden helm and hauberk gave,  
The mighty shield all scor'd full they view  
Of pictures fair, ranged in meet array,  
To keep them safe an aged man beside,  
Who to salute them rose, when them he spied

The two who first were sent in th' pursuit  
Of their wise friend well knew the aged face  
But when the wizard sage their first salute  
Received and quitted him with kind embrace,  
To the young prince, that s' lent stood and mute,  
He turned his speech, "In this upas'd place  
‘For you alone I wait, my lord,’ quoth he,  
“My chiefest care your state and welfare be

"For though you not it not, I am your friend  
And for your profit work, as these can tell,  
I taught them how Armida's charms to end,  
And bring you thither from love's hateful cell  
Now to my words, though sharp perchance attend  
Nor be aggrieved although they seem too fell  
But keep them well in mind, till in the truth  
A wise and holier man instruct thy youth

"Not underneath sweet shades and fountains shrill,  
Among the nymphs, the furies, leaves and flowers  
But on the steep the rough and craggy hill  
Of virtue stands this bliss, this good of ours  
By toil and travel, not by sitting still  
In pleasure's lap, we come to honour's bowers,  
Why will you thus in sloth's deep valley lie?  
The royal eagles on high no intams fly

'Nature lifts up thy forehead to the skies,  
And fills thy heart with high and noble thought  
That thou to heaven and me shouldst lift thine eyes  
And purchase fame by deeds well done and wrought,  
She gives thee me, by which hot courage flies  
To conquests, not through brawls and battles fought  
For civil jars, nor that thereby you might  
Your wicked malice wreak and cursed spite

"But that your strength spurr'd forth with noble wrath,63  
 With greater fury might Christ's foes assault,  
 And that you bridle should with lesser scorn  
 Each secret vice, and kill each inward fault  
 For so his godly anger ruled hath  
 Each righteous man beneath heaven's stony vault,  
 And at his will unites it now hot now cold,  
 Now lets it run, now doth it fettered hold'

Thus parleyed he, Rinaldo hushed and still64  
 Great wisdom heard in those few words compiled,  
 He marked his speech, a purple blush did fill  
 His guilty cheeks down went his eyesight mild  
 The hermit by his bishful looks his will  
 Well understood and said, "Look up, my child,  
 And painted in this precious shield behold  
 The glorious deeds of thy forefathers old

"Thine elders' glory herein see and I now,65  
 In virtue's path how they tipt all their days,  
 Whom thou art far behind a runner slow  
 In this true course of honour, fame and praise  
 Up, up thyself incite by the fair show  
 Of knightly worth which this bright shield bewrays,  
 That be thy spur to praise!" At last the knight  
 Looked up, and on those portraits bent his sight

The cunning wort man had in little space66  
 Infinite shapes of men there well expressed,  
 For there described was the worthy race  
 And pedigree of all the house of Est  
 Came from a Roman spring o'er all the place  
 Flowed pure streams of crystal east and west,  
 With laurel crowned stood the princes old  
 Their wars the hermit and their battles told

He showed them Cius first, which first in prey67  
 To people strange the falling empire went,  
 The Prince of Est, that did the sceptre sway  
 O'er such a chose land by free consent  
 His weaker neighbours to his rule ob<sup>ie</sup>,  
 Need made them sto<sup>ie</sup>; constraint doth force content  
 After, when Lord Honorus called the tribe  
 Of swine Goths into his land<sup>to</sup>un

And when all Italy did burn and flame 68

With bloody war, by this fierce people mad,

When Rome a captive and a slave became,

And to be quite astrovèd was most afraid.

Aurelius, to his everlasting fame,

Preserved in peace the folk that him obeyed

Next whom was Forest, who the rage withstand

Of the bold Huns, and of their tyrant proud

Known by his look was Attila the fell, 69

Whose dragon eyes shone bright with anger's swirl

Worse faced than a dog who viewed him well

Supposed they saw him grim and heard him bark

But when in single fight he lost the bell

How through his troops he fled there might you mark

And how Lord Forest after fortified

Aquilea's town, and how far it he did

For there was wrought the fatal end and fine, 70

Both of himself and of the town he kept

But his great son renowned Acaune,

Into his father's place and honour stepped

To cruel fate, not to the Huns, Altine

Give place and when time served again forth leapt

And in the vale of Po built for his seat

Of many a village small a city great

Against the swelling flood he banked it strong, 71

And thence uprose the fair and noble town

Where they of Est should by succession lo

Command, and rule in bliss and high renown

Gurst Odwacer then he fought but wrong

Oft spoileth right, fortune treads courage down,

For there he died for his dear country's sake,

And of his father's praise did so partake

With him died Alfonso, Azzo was 72

With his dear brother into exile sent,

But homewards they in arms again repass—

The Herule king oppressed—from banishment

His front through pierced with a dart, alas,

Next them of Est the Epamino das went,

That smiling seemed to cruel death to yield

When Totila was fled, and save his shield

Of Boniface I speak, Valerian,  
 His son, in praise and power succeeded him  
 Who durst sustain, in years though scant a man,  
 Of the proud Goths an hundred squardrons trim  
 Then he that against the Sclaves much honour won,  
 Ernesto, threatening stood with visage grim,  
 Before him Aldoird, the Lombard stout  
 Who from Monselce boldly erst shut out

73

There Henry was and Berengare the bold  
 That served great Charles in his conquests high,  
 Who in each battle give the onset would,  
 A hardy soldier and a captain sly,  
 After, Prince Lewis did he well uphold  
 Against his nephew, King of Italy,  
 He won the field and took that king on lie  
 Next him stood Otho with his children five

74

Of Almeric the image next they view,  
 Lord Marquis of Ferrara first create,  
 Founder of many churches that upthrew  
 His eyes like one that used to contemplate  
 Ganst him the second Azzo stood in view,  
 With Berengarius that did long debate,  
 Till after often change of fortune stroke,  
 He won, and on all Italy laid the yoke

75

Albert his son the Germans warred among  
 And there his praise and fame was spread so wide  
 That having foiled the Dines in battle strong,  
 His daughter young became great Otho's bride  
 Behind him Hugo stood with warfare long,  
 That broke the horn of all the Romans' pride,  
 Who of all Italy the marquis hight,  
 And Tuscan whole possessed as his right

76

After Tebuldo, puissant Bonifice  
 And Beatrice his dear possessed the stage,  
 Nor was there left heir male of that great race,  
 To enjoy the sceptre, state and heritage,  
 The Princess Maud alone supplied the place,  
 Supplied the want in number, sex and age,  
 For far above each sceptre, throne and crown  
 The noble dame advanced her veil and gown

77

With manlike vigour shone her noble lool ,  
And more than manlike writh her face o'erspreid,  
There the fell Normans, Guchurd there forsook  
The field, till then who never feared nor fled ,  
Henry the Fourth she beat and from him took  
His standard, and in Church it offered ,  
Which done, the Pope back to the Vatican  
She brought, and placed in Peter's chair again

As he that honoured her and held her dear,  
Azzo the Fifth stood by her lovely side ,  
But the fourth Azzo's offspring fur and near  
Spread forth, and through Germania fructified  
Sprung from the branch did Guelpho bold appear,  
Guelpho his son by Cumigond his bride ,  
And in Bavaria's field transplanted new  
The Roman graft flourished, increased and gicw

A branch of Est there in the Guelfin tree  
Engrafted was, which of itself was old,  
Whereon you might the Guelfoes fairer see,  
Renew their sceptres and their crowns of gold,  
Of which Heaven's good aspects so bended be  
That high and broad it spread and flourished bold,  
Till underneath his glorious branches laid  
Half Germany, and all under his shade

This regal plant from his Italian rout  
Sprung up as high, and blossomed fair above,  
For menst Lord Guelpho, Bertold issued out,  
With the sixth Arzo whom all virtues love ,  
This was the pedigree of worthies stout,  
Who seemed in that bright shield to live and move  
Rinaldo wakéd up and cheered his face,  
To see these worthies of his house and race

To do like acts his courage wished and sought,  
And with that wish transported him so far  
That all those deeds which filled aye his thought,  
Towns won, forts taken, armies killed in war,  
As if they were things done indeed and wrought,  
Before his eyes he thinks they present are,  
He hastily arms him, and with hope and haste,  
Sure conquest met, prevented and embraced

But Charles, who had told the down and fall  
83  
Of the young prince of Dunes, his late dear lord  
Give him the fatal weapon, and withhold,  
Young knight,' quoth he, "take with good luck this sword,  
Your just strong, valiant hand in battle shall  
Employ it long for Christ's true faith and word,  
And of his former lord revenge the wrongs  
Who loved you so, that deed to you belongs."

He answer'd "God for his mercy's sake,  
Grant that this hand which holds this weapon good  
For thy dear master may sharp vengeance take  
My cleave the Prince's heart and shed his blood."  
To this but short reply did Charles make  
And thanked him much nor more on terms they stood  
For lo the wizard sage that was their guide  
On their dark journey hastes them forth to ride

"High time it is," quoth he, "for you to wend  
Where Godfrey you waits and many a night,  
There may we well arrive ere night doth end  
And through this darkness can I guide you right.  
This said up to his couch they all ascend,  
On his swift wheels forth rolled the chariot light,  
He gave his coursers fleet the rod and run  
And galloped forth and eastward drove amain

While so lent so through mists and shade they fly,  
The hermit thus bespake the young man stout  
"Of thy great house, thy race, thine offspring high,  
Here hast thou seen the bane the bole, the root,  
And as these worthies born to chivalry  
And deeds of arms it hath tofore brought out,  
So is it, so it shall be fertile still  
Nor time shall end, nor age that seed shall kill

"Would God as drawn from the forgetful lip  
87  
Of antique time I have thine elders shown,  
That so I could the catalogue unwrap  
Of thy great nephews yet unborn unknown  
That ere this light they view their fate and hap  
I might foretell and how their chance is thrown,  
That like thine elders so thou mightst be old  
Thy children many, famous stout and bold

" But not by art or skill, of things future  
 Can the plain truth revealed be and told,  
 Although some knowledge doubtful, dark, obscure  
 We have of coming things in clouds uprolled,  
 Nor all which in this cause I know for sure  
 Dare I foretell for of that father old,  
 The hermit Peter, learned I much, and he  
 Withouten veil heaven's secrets gre it doth see

" But this, to him revealed by grace divine,  
 By him to me declared, to thee I say,  
 Was never race Gieek, barb'rous, or Latine,  
 Great in times past, or famous at this day,  
 Richer in hardy knights than this of thine,  
 Such blessings Heaven shall on thy children lay  
 That they in fame shall pass, in praise o'ercome,  
 The worthies old of Sparta, Cartnage, Rome

" But mongst the rest I chose Alphonsus bold,  
 In virtue first, second in place and name,  
 He shall be born when this frail world grows old,  
 Corrupted, poor, and bare of men of fame,  
 Better than he none shal none can, or could,  
 The sword or sceptre use or guide the same,  
 To rule in peace or to command in fight,  
 Thine offspring's glory and thy house's light

" His younger age fo:etokens true shall yield  
 Of future valour, puissance, force and might,  
 From him no rock the savage beast shall shield,  
 At tilt or tourney match him shall no knight  
 After, he conquer shall in pitched field  
 Great armies and win spoils in single fight,  
 And on his locks, rewards for knightly praise,  
 Shall garlands wear of grass, of oak, of brys

" His graver age as well that eild it fits,  
 Shall happy peace preserve and quiet blest,  
 And from his neighbours strong mongst whom he sits  
 Shall keep his cities safe in wealth and rest,  
 Shall nourish arts and cherish pregnant wits,  
 Make triumphs great, and feast his subjects best,  
 Reward the good, the evil with pains torment,  
 Shall dangers all foresee, and seen, prevent.

"But if it hap against those wicked bands  
Th' sea and earth invest with blood and war,  
And in these wretched times to noble lands  
Give laws of peace false and unjust that are,  
That he be sent, to drive their guilty bands  
From Christ's pure altars and high temples far,  
Oh, what revenge, what vengeance shall be bring  
On that false sect, and their accursed king !"

93

"Too late the Moor, too late the Turkish king,  
Gainst him should arm their troops and legions bold  
For he beyond great Euphrates should bring,  
Beyond the frozen tops of Taurus cold,  
Beyond the land where is perpetual spring,  
The cross, the eagle white, the lily of gold,  
And by baptizing of the Ethiops brown  
Of red Nile reveal the springs unknown."

94

I thus said the hermit and his prophet  
The prince receypted with content and pleasure,  
The secret thought of his posterity  
Of his conceyld joys heaped up the measure.  
Mein while the morning bright was mounted high,  
And chang'd Heaven's silver wealth to golden treasure,  
And high above the Christian tents they view  
How the broad ensigns trembled, wav'd and blou,

95

When thus began their tender wage begun,  
"See how bright Phœbus cleers the darksome skies  
He hat with gentle beams the friendly sun  
Sh' tent, the town, the hills and dales deene,  
Sh' e him self undin, is your voyage done,  
From dñe et af in travel est which her,  
Hence without fear of harm or doubt off e  
"March to the camp, I may no never go"

96

To : take we and make a quic return  
Aదివ్వ వెంతిచుపించి కొమ్మాలు  
అదివ్వ వెంతిచుపించి తిని మా  
లో దిప్పించి చుపించి కొమ్మాలు  
"అదివ్వ వెంతిచుపించి కొమ్మాలు  
T : నీ తిని వెంతిచుపించి కొమ్మాలు  
A : అదివ్వ వెంతిచుపించి కొమ్మాలు  
To : అదివ్వ వెంతిచుపించి కొమ్మాలు

97

## The Eighteenth Book

OR

## GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

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### *THE ARGUMENT*

The charms and spirits false therein which lie  
Rinaldo chaseth from the forest old,  
The host of Egypt comes, Vafrin the spy  
Entereth their camp, stout, crafty, wise and bold,  
Sharp is the fight about the bulwarks high  
And parts of Zion, to assault the hold  
Godfrey hath aid from Heaven, by force the town  
Is won, the Pagans slain, walls beaten down

---

A RRIVED where Godfrey to embrace him stood,  
"My sovereign lord," Rinaldo meekly said,  
"To venge my wrongs against Gernando proud  
My honour's care provoked my wrath unstayed;  
But that I you displeased, my chieftain good,  
My thoughts yet grieve, my heart is still dismayed,  
And here I come, prest all exploits to try  
To make me gracious in your gracious eye"

To him that kneeled, folding his friendly arms  
About his neck, the duke this answer gave  
"Let pass such speeches sad, of passed harms  
Remembrance is the life of grief, his grave,  
Forgetfulness, and for amends, in arms  
Your wonted valour use and courage brave,  
For you alone to happy end must bring  
The strong enchantments of the charm'd spring

"That aged wood whence heretofore we got,  
To build our scaling engines, timber fit,  
Is now the fearful seat but how none rot,  
Where ugly fiends and damned spirits sit,  
To cut one twist thereof adventureth not  
The boldest knight we have nor without it

This will can bated be where others doubt  
There venture thou, and show thy courage stout"

Thus said he, and the knight in speeches flew  
Proffered his service to attempt the thing,  
To hard issues his courage willing flew,  
To him proue was no spurn, words were no sting,  
Of his dear friends then he embraced the crew  
To welcome him which came for in a ring  
About him Guelphio, Imered and the rest  
Stood, of the camp the greatest, chief and best

When with the prince these lords had iterate  
Their welcomes oft, and oft their dear embrace  
Towards the rest of lesser worth and state,  
He turned, and them received with gentle grace.  
The merry soldiers bout him shout and prate,  
With cries is joyful and is cheerful face  
As if in triumph's chariot bright is sun,  
He had returned Afric or Asia won

Thus march'd to his tent the champion good,  
And there sit down with all his friends around,  
Now of the war he asked now of the wood,  
And unanswered each demand they list propound,  
But when they left him to his ease, up stood  
The hermit, and, fit time to speak once found,  
" My lord," he said " your travails wondrous we,  
For have you striv'd, err'd, wandered far

" Much are you bound to God above who brought  
You safe from false Armida's charmed hold  
And thee a straying sheep whom once he bought  
Hath now again reduc'd to his fold  
And giv'n his heathen foes these men of night  
Hath chosen thee in place next Godfrey hold  
Yet mavest tho' not, polluted thus with sin,  
In his high service war or fight begin

"The world, the flesh, with their infection wile  
 Pollute the thoughts impure, thy spirit stun,  
 Not Po, not Gauges, not seven mouthed Nile,  
 Not the wide seas, can wash thine clean again,  
 Only to purge all faults which thee defile  
 His blood hath power who for thy sins was slain  
 His help therefore invoke, to him bowray  
 Thy secret faults, mourn, weep, complun and pray "

This said, the knight first with the witch unchriste  
 His idle loves and follies vain lamented,  
 Then kneeling low with heavy looks downcast,  
 His other sins confessed and all reported,  
 And meekly pardon craved for first and last  
 The hermit with his zeal was well contented,  
 And said "On yonder hill next morn go pray  
 That turns his forehead gninst the morning ray

"That done, march to the wood, whence each one brings  
 Such news of fauns, goblins fiends and sprites,  
 The giants monsters, and all dreadful things  
 Thou shalt subdue, which that dark grove unites  
 Let no strange voice that mourns or sweetly sings,  
 Nor beauty, whose glad smile frail hearts delights,  
 Within thy breast misrule ruth or pity rise,  
 But their false looks and pravers false despise

Thus he advised him, and the hardy knight  
 Prepared him gladly to this enterprise  
 Thoughtful he passed the day, and end the night,  
 And ere the silver morn began to rise,  
 His arms he took, and in a coat him dight  
 Of colour strange, cut in the warlike guise,  
 And on his wan sole, silent forth he went  
 Alone and left his friends and left his tent

It was the time when gninst the breaking day  
 Febribious night yet strove and still repined  
 For in the east appeared the morning grec,  
 And yet some hours in Jove's high palace shined  
 When to Mount Oueret he took his way  
 And round about his eyes he did red,  
 A huchan hence from thence as morning cre  
 The bright that overth that earthly this aye

Thus to himself he thought, how many bright  
 And splendid lamps shine in heaven's temple high,  
 Day hats his golden sun, her moon the night,  
 Her fixed and wandering stars the azure sky,  
 So framed all by their Creator's might  
 That still they live and shine, and never shall die  
 Till in a moment, with the last day's brand  
 They burn, and with them burns sea, air, and land

13

Thus is he mused, to the top he went,  
 And there kneeled down with reverence and fear,  
 His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent  
 His thoughts above all heavens uplifted were  
 "The sins and errors, which I now repent  
 Of mine unbridled youth, O Father dear,  
 Remember not, but let thy mercy fail,  
 And purge my faults and evne offences all."

14

Thus privyd he with purple wings upflew  
 In golden weed the moring's lusty queen  
 Beholding with the radiant beams she threw  
 His helm, his harness, and the mountain green,  
 Upon his breast and forehead gently blew  
 The air, that balm and natus breathed unseer  
 And o'er his head let down from clearest skies  
 A cloud of pure and precious evn there flies

15

The heavenly dew was on his garment, spread,  
 So much compred, his clothes pale waxes seem,  
 And sprinkled so that all that pineness fled  
 And tencie, of nurest white, bright runs outstrewn  
 So cheered is the florall hue withold  
 With the sweet comfort of the morning beam,  
 And so, returned to youth, a serpent old  
 As is her self young and native gold

16

17

Forward he passed, and in the grove before  
He heard a sound that strange, sweet, pleasing was,  
There rolled a crystal brook with gentle roar,  
There sighed the winds as through the leaves they pass,  
There did the nightingale her wrongs deplore,  
There sung the swan, and singing died, alas!

There lute, harp, cittern, human voice he heard,  
And all these sounds one sound right well declared

A dreadful thunder clap at last he heard,  
The aged trees and plants well nigh that rent,  
Yet heard the nymphs and sirens afterward,  
Birds, winds, and waters, sing with sweet consent  
Whereat amazed he staved, and well prepared  
For his defence, heedful and slow forth went  
Nor in his way his passage nught withheld,  
Except a quiet, still, transparent flood

On the green banks which that fair stream inbound,  
Flowers and odours sweetly smiled and smelled,  
Which reaching out his stretch'd arms around  
All the large desert in his bosom held,  
And through the grove one channel passage found,  
That in the wood, in that, the forest dwelled  
Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees were made,  
And so exchanged their moisture and their shade

The knight some way sought out the flood to pass,  
And as he sought, a wondrous bridge appeared,  
A bridge of gold, a huge and weighty mass,  
On arches great of that rich metal reared,  
When through that golden way he entered was,  
Down fell the bridge, swollen the stream, and wherein  
The work awas, nor sign left where it stood,  
And of a river calm became a flood

He turned amazed to see it troubled so,  
Like sudden brooks inclosed with molten snow,  
The billows fierce that tossed to and fro,  
The whirlpools suel'd down to their bosoms low,  
But on he vent to search for wonders more,  
Through the thick trees there high and broad which row,  
And in that forest huge and desert wide,  
The more he sought, more wonders still he spied

23

Whence odors come, I seemed the joyful ground  
 I saw'd the vesture of her flowers veen,  
 As I went here, a offspring there he found,  
 He buss'd the rose, there the lilies spread  
 The wood over and about him round  
 I nourished with blossoms new, new leaves new seed,  
 And on the boughs and branches of those trees,  
 The bark was sofened, and renew'd the green

24

The manna on each leaf did perish & die  
 The honey sild from its tender rind,  
 And he heard that wondrous harmony,  
 Of voices and sweet complaint of lovers kind,  
 The human voice sung a triple hymn  
 To which respond the birds, the streams, the wind,  
 He we unseen those nymphs, those am'rs were  
 Unto the lutes, harps, viols unto they b'ut

25

He lo ked, he livened, yet saw the lights deride  
 In th' that true & such he both heard and sae,  
 A mystic in ample plain his spacie  
 And master by a nothen path w'it he  
 The myrtles pied over into branches wide,  
 His boughs pine or plum or cypress tree  
 And for to call her plants in a song  
 That for her and that for her queen

And wantonly they cast them in a ring  
28  
And sun'd and danced to move his weaker sense,  
Rinaldo round about emironing,  
As centres are with their circumference,  
The tree they compred etc, and gan to sing,  
That woods and streams admired their excellence,  
" Welcome, deir lord, welcome to this sweet grove  
Welcome our lady's hope, welcome her love

" Thou com'st to cure our princess, faint and sick  
29  
I or love, for love of thee, faint and distressed  
Late black, late dreadful was this forest thicke,  
Fit dwelling for sad folk with grief oppressed,  
See with thy coming how the branches quicke  
Reined are, and in new blossoms dressed "  
This was their song, and after, from it went  
First a sweet sound, and then the myrtle rent

If antique times admired Silenus old  
30  
That oft appeared set on his lazy seas,  
How would they wonder if they had beheld  
Such sights as from the myrtle high did pass?  
Thence came a lady fair with locks of gold,  
That like in shape in face and beauty was  
To sweet Armide, Rinaldo thinks he spies  
Her gestures, smiles and glances of her eyes

On him a sad and smiling look she cast,  
31  
Which twenty passions strange it once bewraye  
" And art thou come," quoth she, " returned at last  
To her from whom but late thou ran'st thy ways?  
Com'st thou to comfort me for sorrows past?  
To ease my woe now nights and cruel daze?  
Or comest thou to work me grief and harm?  
Why milt thou speak?—why not thy face disarm?

" Comest thou a friend or foe? I did not frame  
32  
Thy golden budge to entertain my foe  
Nor opened flowers and fountains as you came,  
So welcome him with joy that brings me woe  
Put off thy helm, rejoice me with the flame  
Of thy bright eyes whence first my fires did grow  
Hes me, embrice me if you further venture,  
Love keeps the gate the fort is easie to enter

Frus is she woos she rolls her rueful eyes  
With pitous look, and change h oft her cheer,  
A hundred sighs from her faire heart upflies,  
She weeps, she mourns, it is gret ruth to hear,  
The hardest bres\* sweet pity moules,  
What sorrihet resistis a woman's tear?  
By ye the knyght, wrec, wary, not unkind,  
Drew for h his sword and from her careles twined

31

Now was the tree he marched she thither sturt,  
It for hir stepped, emb red the plant and cried.  
"Ah never do me such a spueful part,  
To cut my tree, this forest's joy and pride,  
Let up thy word, else pierce therewith the heart  
Of the forfaden and ne pree Armine,  
For through this bres\*, and through this heat and ire  
To thys tree his sword shall presage find

34

He hif hi brand, nor cared though of she praved,  
And other form to other shape did change,  
S hasons ers I use when men in dreams we had  
Of in this life fancies form and ryme  
He took wel i h free obscure was made,  
With helles; arm his rich, and vestures straine,  
A vre, b fre him hich he s and  
Lure I fuisse arm'd with an hundred hande

35

The heavens grew clear, the air waned calm and still,      38  
 The wood returned to his wonted state,  
 Of witchcrafts free, quite void of spirits ill,  
 Of horror full, but horror there innate,  
 He further proved if aught withstood his will  
 To cut those trees as did the charms of late,  
 And finding naught to stop him, smiled, and said,  
 "O shadows vain! O fools, of shades afraid!"

From thence home to the campward turned the knight,      39  
 The hermit cried, upstarting from his seat,  
 "Now of the wood the charms have lost their might,  
 The sprites are conquered ended is the seat,  
 See where he comes!" In glistering white all dight  
 Appeared the man, bold, stately high and great,  
 His eagles silver wings to shine begun  
 With wondrous splendour gainst the golden sun

The camp received him with a joyful cry,      40  
 A cry the dales and hills about that filled  
 Then Godfrey welcomed him with honours high,  
 His glory quenched all spite, all envy killed  
 "To yonder dreadful grove," quoth he, "went I,  
 And from the fearful wood, as me you willed,  
 Have driven the sprites away, thither let be  
 Your people sent, 'the way is safe and free'.

Sent were the workmen thither, thence they brought      41  
 Timber enough, by good advice select,  
 And though by skillless builders framed and wrought  
 Their engines rude and rams were late elect,  
 Yet now the forts and towers from whence they fought  
 Were framed by a cunning architect,  
 Will am, of all the Genoese lord and guide,  
 Which late ruled all the seas from side to side.

But forced to retire from him at last,      47  
 The Pagan fleet the seas moist empire won,  
 His men with all their stuff and store in haste  
 Home to the camp with their commander run,  
 In skill in wit, in cunning him surpassed  
 Yet never engineer beneath the sun,  
 Of carpenters an hundred large he brought  
 That what their lord devised made and wrought.

The duke let go the captive dove at large,  
And she that had his counsel close betwix  
Trutress to her great Lord touched not the marge  
Of Salem's town, but fled far thence afraid  
The duke before all those which had or charge  
Or office high the letter read, and said

" See how the goodness of the Lord foreshows  
The secret purpose of our crafty foes

" No longer then let us protract the time,  
But scale the bulwark of this fortress high,  
Through sweat and labour gainst those rocks sublime  
Let us ascend, which to the southward lie,  
Hard will it be that we in arms to climb,  
But yet the place and passige both know I,  
And that high wall by site strong on that part,  
Is least defenced by arms, by work and art

" Thou, Raymond, on this side with all thy might  
Assault the wall and by those crags ascend  
My squadrions with mine engines huge shall fight  
And grinst the northern gate my puissance bend,  
That so our foes beguiled with the sight,  
Our greatest force and power shall there attend,  
While my great tower from thence shall nimbly slide,  
And batter down some worse defended side,

" Camillo, thou not far from me shalt rear  
Another tower, close to the walls brought"  
This spoken Raymond old, that sate him neare,  
And whilst he talld great things tossed in his thought,  
Said " To Godfredo's counsel, given us here,  
Nought can be added, from it taken nought  
Yet this I further wish that some were sent  
To spy their camp, their secret and intent,

" That now their number and their squadrions brave  
De conte and through the reictis disguised mask."  
Quoth Tintered " To a subtle squire I have,  
A person fit to understand this tell  
A man quicke ready, bold, sly to deceave  
To insinuer weare and well advised to tel.  
Well hangur ed and that well уме and place  
Can chanre his lool, his voice, his gait, his grace "

53

54

55

56

57

Sent for, he came, and when his lord him told  
 What Godfrey's pleasure was and what his own,  
 He smil'd and said forthwith he gladly would  
 "I go," quoth he, "careless what chance be thrown,  
 And where encamp'd be these Pagans bold,  
 Will walk in every tent & spy unknown,  
 Their camp even at noon day I enter shall,  
 And number all their horse & footmen all

"How great, how strong, how arm'd this army is,  
 And what their guide intends, I will declare,  
 To me the secrets of that heart of his  
 And hidden thoughts shall open lie and bare."  
 Thus Vafrine spoke, nor longer stayed on this,  
 But for a mantle changed the coat he ware,  
 Naked was his neck and bout his forehead bold,  
 Of linen white full twenty yards he rolled

His weapons were a Syrian bow and quiver,  
 His gestures barbarous like the Turkish train,  
 Wondered all they that heard his tongue deliver  
 Of every land the language true and plain  
 In Tyre a born Phœnician, by the river  
 Of Nile a knight bred in the Egyptian main,  
 Both people would have thought him, forth he rides  
 On a swift steed o'er hills and dales that glides

But ere the third day came the French forth sent  
 Their pioneers to even the rougher ways,  
 And ready made each warlike instrument,  
 Nor aught their labour interupts or stays,  
 The nights in bus' toil they likewise spent  
 And with long evenings lengthened forth short days,  
 Till naught was left the hosts that hinder might  
 To use their utmost power and strength in fight

That day, which of the assault the day forerun,  
 The good duke in priser spent well nigh,  
 And all the rest because they had misdone,  
 The instrument receive and mercy cry,  
 Then oft the duke his engines great begun  
 To show where least he would their strength apply  
 His foes rejoiced, deluded in that sort  
 To see them bent against their surest port

59

60

61

62

The archers shot their arrows sharp and keen,  
 Dipped in the bitter juice of poison strong,  
 The shad<sup>y</sup> face of heaven was scantily seen,  
 Hid with the clouds of shafts and quarries long;  
 Yet v<sup>e</sup> capons shud with greater fury been  
 Cast from the towers the Pagan troops among,  
     For thence flew stones and chifts of marble rocks,  
     Trees shod with iron, timber, logs and blocks

68

A thunderbolt seemed every stone, it brake  
 His limbs, and armours on whoni so it light,  
 That life and soul it did not only take  
 But all his shape and face disfigured quite,  
 The lances staved not in the wounds they make,  
 But through the gor<sup>e</sup>d hodi took their flight  
     From side to side, through flesh, through skin and rind  
     They flew, and flying, left sad death behind

69

But yet not all this force and fury drove  
 The Pagan people to forsake the wall  
 But to revenge these deadly blows they strove,  
 With darts that fly, with stones and trees that fall,  
 For need so cowards oft courageous prove,  
 For liberty they fight, for life and all,  
     And oft with arrows, shafts, and stones that fly,  
     Give bitter answer to a sharp reply.

70

Thiswhile the fierce assailants never cease,  
 But sternly still maintain a threefold charge,  
 And gunst the clouds of shafts draw nigh at case,  
 Under a penuse made of many a targe  
 The armed towers close to the bulwark's press,  
 And strive to grapple with the battled marge,  
     And launch their bridges out, meanwhile below  
     With iron fronts the rams the walls down throw

71

Let still Rinaldo unresolv'd went,  
 And far unworthy him this service thought,  
 It mong<sup>t</sup> the common sort his pains he spent;  
 Renown so got the prince esteemed naught  
 His roguish looks on every side he bent,  
 And where most harm most danger was, he fought,  
     And where the wall high strong and surest was,  
     That part would he assault, and that way pass

72

And turning to the worthies him behind. 73  
 All hardy knights, whom Dudon late did guide,  
 Oh shame, quoth he "this wall no war doth find,  
 When battered is elsewhere each part, each side  
 All pain is safety to a valiant mind,  
 Each wary is craft to him that dares ab de,  
 Come let us scale this wall, though strong and high,  
 And with your shields keep off the darts that fly."

With him united all while thus he spake 74  
 Their targets hard above their heads they threw,  
 Which joined in one an iron pentice make  
 That from the dreadful storm preserved the crew  
 Defended thus their speedy course they tol e,  
 And to the wall without resistance drew,  
 For that strong pentice protected well  
 The knights, from ill that flew and all that fell

Against the fort Rinaldo gan upreir 75  
 A ladder huge, an hundred steps of height,  
 And in his arm the same did easily beu  
 And move as winds do reeds or rushes light,  
 Sometimes a tree, a rock, a dart or spear,  
 Fell from above yet forward climb the knight,  
 And upward fearless piercéd, careless still,  
 Though Mount Olympus fell, or Ossa hill

A mount of runs, and of shafts a wood 76  
 Upon his shoulders and his shield he bore,  
 One hand the ladder held whereon he stood,  
 The other bare his targe his face before,  
 His hardy troop, by his example good  
 Provoked, with him the place assaulted sore,  
 And ladders long against the wall they clip  
 Unlike in courage yet, unlike in hap

One died, another fell, he forward went, 77  
 And these he comforts, and he threatneth those  
 Now with his hand outstretched the battlement  
 Wellnigh he reached when all his armed foes  
 Ran thither, and their force and fury bent  
 To throw him headlong, down yet up he goes,  
 A wondrous thing, one knight whole armed bands  
 Alone, and hanging in the air, withstands

Withstands, and forceth his great strength so far,  
 That like a palm whercon huge weight doth rest  
 His forces so resisted stronger art,  
 His virtues higher rise the more oppressed,  
 Till all that would his entrance bold debar  
 He backward drove upleaped and possessed  
 The wall, and safe and easy with his blade  
 To all that after came, the passage made

There falling such as durst and did withstand,  
 To noble Eustace that was like to fall  
 He reached forth his friendly conquering hand,  
 And next himself helped him to mount the wall  
 Thuswhile Godfiedo and his people fand  
 Their lives to greater harms and dingers thrall  
 For there not man with man, nor knight with knight  
 Contend, but engines there with engines fight

For in that place the Pynons reared a post,  
 Which late had served some gallant ship for mast,  
 And over it another beam they crossed,  
 Pointed with iron sharp, to it made fast  
 With ropes which as men would the dormant tossed,  
 Now out, now in, now back, now forward crist  
 In his swift pulleys oft the men withdrew  
 The tree, and oft the riding ball forth threw

The mighty beam redoubled oft his blows,  
 And with such force the engine smote and hit  
 That her broad side the tower wide open throns.  
 Her joints were broke, her rafter cleft and split,  
 But yet ganst every hip whence mischief growes,  
 Prepared the piece, ganst such extremes made fit,  
 Launch forth two scythes, sharp cutting, long and broid  
 And cut the ropes whercon the engine rode

As in old rock which age or storme wind  
 Tears from some craggy hill or mountain steep  
 Doth break, both bruise, and into dust doth grind  
 Woods, houses, humlets, herds, and folas of sheep  
 So fell the beam and down with it all hind  
 Of arms of weapons and of men did sweep  
 Wherwith the towers once or twice did strike,  
 It ablid the walls, the hills and mountains quide

Victorious Godfrey boldly forward came,  
And had great hope even then the place to win  
But lo, a fire, with stench, with smoke and flame  
Withstood his passage, stopped his entrance in  
Such burning Aetna yet could never fume,  
When from her entrails hot her fires begin,  
Nor yet in summer on the Indian plain,  
Such vapours warm from scorching air down rain

83

There balls of wildfire there fly burning spears  
This flame was black that blue, this red as blood,  
Stench wellnigh chol'd them, noise deaf'd their ears,  
Smoke blinds their eyes fire kindleth on the wood,  
Nor those raw hides which for defence it wears  
Could save the tower in such distress it stood.  
For now they wrinkle, now it sweats and fies,  
Now burns, unless some help come down from skies

84

The hardy duke before his folk abides,  
Nor changed he colour countenance or place,  
But comforts those that from the scalded hides  
With water strove the approaching flames to chase  
In these extremes the prince and those he guides  
Half roasted stood before fierce Vulcun's face,  
When lo, a sudden and unlook'd for blast  
The flames against the kindlers bick'ward cast

85

The winds drove back the fire, where heaped lie  
The Pagans' vapors where their engines were,  
Which kindling quickly in that substance dry,  
Burnt all their store and all their warlike gear  
O glorious captain! whom the Lord from high  
Defends whom God preserves, and holds so dear,  
For thee heaven fights, to thee the winds, from far,  
Called with thy trumpet's blast, obedient are!

86

But waked Ismen to his harm that saw  
How the fierce blast drove back the fire and flame,  
By art would nature change, and thence withdraw  
Those noisome winds else calm and still the same.  
Twixt two false wizards without fear or awe  
Upon the walls in open sight he came  
Black, grisly, loathsome, grim and ugly faced,  
Like Pluto old, betwixt two furnes placed,

87

And now the wretch those dreadful words begun,  
Which trouble make deep hell and all her flock,  
Now trembled is the ur the golden sun  
His fearful beams in clouds did close and lock,  
When from the tower, which Ismen could not shun,  
Out fled a mighty stone late half a rock,  
Which light so just upon the wizards three,  
That driven to dust their bones and bodies be

To less than naught their members old were torn,  
And shivered were their heads to pieces small,  
As small as are the bru sed grains of corn  
When from the mill dissolved to meal they fall,  
Their damned souls, to deepest hell down borne  
Far from the joy and light celestial.  
The furies plunged in the infernal lake  
O mankind, at their ends ensample take !

This while the engine which the tempest cold  
Had saved from burnin' with his friendly blast,  
Appioach'd had so near the battered hold  
That on the walls her brdge at ease she cast  
But Solyman ran thither fierce and bold,  
To cut the plank whereon the Christians passed  
And had performed his will, save that upreared  
High in the skies a turrett new appeared,

Fir in the ur up climb the fortress tall,  
Higher than house, than steeple, church or tower,  
The Pa\_gans trembled to behold the wall  
And citi subject to her shot and pover,  
Yet kept the Turk his stand, though on him fall  
Of stones and darts a sharp and arid shower,  
And still to cut the bridge he hop s and strives  
And those that fear with cheerful speech revives

The angel Michael, to all the rest  
Unseen, appeared before Godefredo's eyes  
In pure and heavenly armour richly arm'd,  
Bri bri than Titan's rive in clar es' shies  
"Godefro, quoth he ' this is the moment best  
To free thi town thi long in honore lies  
See see what lions in thine i a I bring  
For the men here, and hewers lions to

"Lift up thine eyes, and in the air behold  
 The sacred armies how they mustered be,  
 That cloud of flesh in which for times of old  
 All mankind wrapped is I take from thee,  
 And from thy senses their thick mist unfold  
 That face to face thou mayest these spirits see,  
 And for a little space right well sustain  
 Their glorious light and view those angels plain

93

Behold the souls of every lord and knight  
 That late bore arms and died for Christ's dear sake  
 How on thy side against this town they fight,  
 And of thy joy and conquest will partake  
 There where the dust and smoke blind all men's sight  
 Where stones and ruins such an heap do make  
 There Hugo fights, in thickest cloud unbarred,  
 And undermines that bulwark's groundwork hard

94

See Dudon yonder, who with sword and fire  
 Assails and helps to scale the northern port,  
 That with bold courage doth thy folk inspire  
 And rears their ladders against the assaulted fort  
 He that high on the mount in grave attire  
 Is clad and crowned stands in kingly sort,  
 Is Bishop Ademur, a blessed spirit  
 Blest for his faith, crowned for his death and merit

95

But higher lift thy happy eyes, and view  
 Where all the sacred hosts of Heaven appear  
 He looked and saw where winged armies flew  
 Innumerable, pure, divine and clear  
 A battle round of squadrons threc they show  
 And all by threes those squadrons ringed were  
 Which spreading wide in rings still wider go,  
 Moved with a stone calm water circleth so

96

With that he winked, and vanished was and gone  
 That wondrous vision when he looked again,  
 His worthies fighting viewed he one by one,  
 And on each side saw signs of conquest plain,  
 For with Rinaldo against his yielding fons,  
 His knights were entered and the Pagans slain  
 This seen the duke no longer stay could brook  
 But from the beauteous bold his ensign took

97

And on the bridge he stepped, but there was stayed  
 By Solyman, who entrance all denied,  
 That narrow tree to virtue great was made  
 The field as in few blows right soon was tried,  
 'Here will I give my life for Sion's aid  
 Here will I end my days,' the Soldan cried,  
 "Behind me cut or break this bridge, that I  
 May kill a thousand Christians first, then die

98

But thither fierce Rinaldo threatening went,  
 And at his sight fled all the Soldan's train,  
 "What shall I do? If here my life be spent,  
 I spend and spill, quoth he. "my blood in vain!"  
 With that his steps from Godfrey back he bent,  
 And to him let the passage free remun  
 Who threatening followed as the Soldan fled  
 And on the walls the purple Cross disspread

99

About his head he tossed, he turned, he cast,  
 That glorious ensign, with a thousand twines.  
 Thereon the wind breathes with his sweetest blast.  
 Thereon with golden rays glad Phoebus shines,  
 Earth laughs for joy, the streams forbeu their hirste  
 Floods clap their hands on mountuns dance the pines,  
 And Sion's towers and sacred temples smile  
 For their deliverance from that bondage vile

100

And now the armies reared the happy cry  
 Of victory, glad, joyful loud, and shrill  
 The hills resound, the echo shovereth high,  
 And Tancred bold, that fights and combats still  
 With proud Argentes brought his tower so nigh,  
 That on the wall, against the boister's will,  
 In his despite his bridge he also laid,  
 And won the place, and there the Cross displayed

101

But on the southern hill, where Raymond fought  
 Against the townsmen and their aged King  
 His hardy Giscoigns grimed small or naught,  
 Their engine to the walls they could not bring,  
 For thither all his strength the prince had brought,  
 For life and safety sternly combating,  
 And for the wall was feeblest on that coast  
 There were less soldiers best, and engines most.

102

Besides, the tower upon that quarter found  
 Unsore uneasie and uneven the way,  
 Not art could help but that the rougher ground  
 The rolling mass did often stop and stay,  
 But now of victory the joyful sound  
 The king and Raymond heard amid their fray  
 And by the shout they and their soldiers know,  
 The town was entered on the plain below

103

Which heard, Raymundo thus bespake this crew,  
 'The town is won, my friends and doth it yet  
 Resist? are we kept out still by these few?  
 Shall we no share in this high conquest get?'—  
 But from that part the king at last withdrew,  
 He strove in vain their entrance there to let,  
 And to a stronger place his folk he brought  
 Where to sustain the assault a while he thought

104

The conquerors at once now entered all  
 The walls were won, the gates were opened wide,  
 Now bruis'd, broken down, destroyed full  
 The ports and towers that buterv durst abide,  
 Rigeth the sword death murdereth great and small  
 And proud twixt woe and horror sad doth ride  
 Here runs the blood in ponds there stands the gore  
 And drownes the knights in whom it lived before

105

## The Thirteenth Book

of

## GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

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### THE ARGUMENT

Tancred in single combat kills his foe  
Argentes strong the king and Soldan fly  
To David's tower and save their person so  
Ermair vail instructs Valentine the spy  
With him she rides away and as they go  
Finds where her lord lies dead on earth doth lie  
First she laments then cures him Godfrey bears  
Ormondo's treason and what marks he bears

---

NOW death or fear or care to save their lives  
From their forsaken walls the Pagans chase  
Yet neither force nor fear, nor wisdom drives  
The constant knight Argentes from his place,  
Alone against ten thousand foes he strives,  
Yet drearless, doubtless, careless seemed his face,  
Nor death, nor danger, but his pride he fears,  
And still unconquered though o'erset, apper us

But mongst the rest upon his helmet gay  
With his broad sword Tancred came and smote  
The Pagan knew the prince by his mail,  
By his strong blows, his armour and his coat,  
For once ther thou hit, and when in he struck that fray,  
No time ther chose to end their combat hot,  
But Tancred failed i herefore the Pagan knight  
Cried, "I wretched, comest thou thus, thus la i to fight."

' Too late thou comest, and not alone to war,  
 But yet the fight I neither shun nor fear,  
 Although from knightly land thou comest far,  
 Since here an engineer thou dost appear,  
 That tower, that troop thy shield and safety are  
 Strange kind of arm in single fight to bear  
 Yet shift thou not escape, O conqueror strong  
 Of ladies fane, sharp钢, to wea, i that wron,

Lord Tincred smiled, with disdain and scorn,  
 And answered thus " To end our strife," quoth he  
 " Behold at last I come, and my return,  
 Though late perchance will be too soon for thee  
 For thou shalt wish, of hope and help forlorn,  
 Some sea or mountain placed twixt thee and me  
 And well shud I know before we end this stry  
 No fear of cowardice hath caused me thus

" But come aside, thou by whose prowess dies  
 The monsters, knights and giant, in all lands,  
 The killer of weak women their debt,  
 This said, he turned to his fighting bands,  
 And bids them all retire ' Forbear he cries,  
 " To strike this knight, on him let none lay hands  
 For mine he is, more than a common foe  
 By challenge new and promise old also '

' Descend,' the fierce Circassian in reply,  
 ' Alone, or all this troop for succour take  
 To deserts waste, or place frequented high,  
 For vantage none I will the fight forsake  
 Thus given and taken was the bold debt,  
 And through the press agreed so, they balaie,  
 Their hatred made them one and as they went,  
 Each knight his foe did for despite defend

Great was his thirst of praise great the desire  
 That Tincred had the Pugn's blood to spill,  
 Nor could that quench his wrath or calm his ire  
 If other hand his foe should foil or kill  
 He saved him with his shield and cried " Retire!  
 To all he met, " and do thus knight none ill "  
 And thus defending gurst his friends his foe,  
 Through thousand angry weapons safe they go

They left the city, and they left behind  
 Godfredo's camp, and far beyond it passed,  
 And came where into creeks and bosoms blind  
 A winding hill his corners turned and cast,  
 A valley small and shady dale they find  
 Amid the mountains steep so laid and placed  
 As if some theatre or closéd place  
 Had been for men to fight or beasts to chase

There staved the champions both with rueful eyes  
 Arantes gan the fortress won to view,  
 Tancred his foe withouten shield espies,  
 And far away his target therefore threw,  
 And said, ' Whereon doth thy sad heart devise ?  
 Thinkst thou this hour must end thy life untrue ?  
 If this thou fear, and dost foresee thy fate,  
 Thy fear is vain, thy foresight comes too late

"I think," quoth he, "on this distressed town,  
 The aged Queen of Judah's ancient land,  
 Now lost, now sacked, spoilt and trodden down  
 Whose fall in vain I striv'd to withstand  
 A small revenge for Sion's fort o'erthrown,  
 That head can be, cut off by my strong hand  
 This said, together with great heed they flew  
 For each his foe for bold and hardy knew

Tancred of body active was and light,  
 Quick, nimble, ready both of hind and foot  
 But higher by the head, the Pagan knight  
 Of limbs far greater was, of heart as stout  
 Tancred lay low and traversed in his fight,  
 Now to his word retired now struck out,  
 Oft with his sword his foe's fierce blows he broke  
 And rather chose to ward than bear his stroke

But bold and bolt upright Argantes fought,  
 Unlike in gesture like in skill and art,  
 His sword outstretched before him far he brought  
 Nor would his weapon touch, but pierce his heart  
 To catch his soul Prince Tancred strove meight  
 But at his breast or helm's or closed p'nt  
 He threatened death and wold with stretched out brand  
 His entrance close, and fierce assaults withstand

With a full ship I do h i p alle in it,  
When the sun wi d stir no th m i t l e s sun  
Where this in numishness is that in tal i t  
I needs that tang this see and com i n u,  
And shifft from po to po i n h u m h i t  
Meanwhile the other with um self nu  
And on her nimble fot approach i m h .  
Her wepon w i nnes tumbl h down fr in hi b

The Chr i m i n it to enter on his f  
Volding his point which it hi bre i v i s bert  
Argutes al i s fuc a trust on i thot  
Which while the Prince w rite in l o h pre i n  
Hi reval hand the I u n t u a  
That all defenc his q u i l t f r e c e t  
And piercet i s side hich done he au an l e n k  
The crast man is n his ar rif be uide

Tancred bit his lip f r scorn and hame,  
Nor lon er stood on points of force and st ill  
But to revenge so fierel and fast he can e  
As if his hame could not overtake h e will  
And at his visor umm, jus ,na st une  
To his proud boar i n unawer sharp bu still  
Argutes brole the thurst and at half sw oad  
Shut ady hold in stepped the Christian her

With his left foot fist forward g m he stride  
And with his left the Princ i n i t arm bent  
With his right hand me unwhile the min s right arm  
He cut, he wounded, mangled i n i d re i t  
So his victorious teacher, I ncred cried,  
His conquered scholir hath this me i t sent  
Argutes chrful struggled turned and tumed  
Yet could not so his captive arm unbend

His sword at last he let bring by the chun,  
And griped his hardy foe in both his hinds  
In his strong arms Tancred crugt him a ,un,  
And thus each other held and wrapped i i binds  
With greater might Alcides did not strain  
The g ant Antheus on the Lyb in binds  
On holdfast knots heir brawny arm s ther east  
And whijn he l i teth most each held embred

Such was their wrestling, such their shocls and throws  
That down at once they tumbled both to ground.  
Argantes,—were it hap or skill, who knows,—  
His better hand loose and in freedom found,  
But the good Prince his hand more fit for blows,  
With his huge weight the Pagan underbound,  
But he, his disadvantage great that knew,  
Let go his hold, and on his feet up flew

Far slower rose the unwieldy Saracine,  
And caught a rip ere he was reared upright  
But is against the blustering winds a pine  
Nor bends his top, now lifts his head on height,  
His courage so, when it gan most decline,  
The man reinforced, and advanced his might,  
And with fierce change of blows renewed the fray,  
Where rage for skill, horror for art, bore sway

The purple drops from Tancred's sides down railed,  
But from the Pagan ran whole streams of blood.  
Wherewith his force grew weak, his courage quailed,  
As fires die which fuel want or food  
I minded that saw his feeble arm now failed  
To strike his blows that scant he stirred or stood.  
Assured his anger, and his wrath allayed,  
And stepping back thus gently spoke and said

"Yield, base knight and chance of war or me  
Confess to have subdued thee in this fight,  
I will no trophy, triumph, spoil of thee  
Nor glory wish nor seek a victory right  
More terrible than erst, herewith grew he  
And all twilid his fury, rage and might  
And said, 'Durst thou of val'rye speak or think,  
Or move Argantes once to yield or shrink?'

"Use, use thy val'rye, thee and fortune both  
I scorn and punish will thy foolish pride  
As a hot brand flames most ere it forth go'th,  
And dung blazeth bright on every side.  
So he, when blood was lost with anger wrath,  
Revised his courage when his purpose died  
And could his luc - hour which now arc'd high,  
Run to with his end, and nobly die

He joined his left hand to her sister strong,  
And with them both let fall his weighty blade  
Tancred to ward his blow his sword up slung,  
But that it smote aside, nor there it stayed,  
But from his shoulder to his side along  
It glanced, and many wounds at once it made  
Yet Tancred feared naught, for in his heart  
Found coward dread no place, fear had no part

23

His fearful blow he doubled, but he spent  
His force in waste, and all his strength in vain.  
For Tancred from the blow against him bent,  
Leaped aside, the stroke fell on the plain  
With thine own weight o'erthrown to earth thou went,  
Argantes stout, nor couldst thyself sustin,  
Thyself thou threwest down, O happy man,  
Upon whose fall none boast or triumph can !

24

His gaping wounds the fall set open wide,  
The streams of blood about him made a lake,  
Helped with his left hand, on one knee he tried  
To rear himself, and new defence to make  
The courteous prince stepped back, and "Yield thee" cried,  
No hurt he proffered him, no blow he strike  
Meanwhile by stealth the Pagan false him gave  
A sudden wound, threatening with speeches brave

Herewith Tancredi furious grew, and said,  
"Villain, dost thou my mercy so despise ?"  
Therewith he thrust and thrust again his blade,  
And through his ventil pierced his dazzled eyes  
Argantes died, yet no complaint he made,  
But as he furious lived he careless dies,  
Bold, proud, disdainful, fierce and void of fear  
His motions last, last looks, last speeches were

26

Tancred put up his sword, and pruses glad  
Gave to his God that saved him in this fight  
But yet this bloody conquest feebled hid  
So much the conqueror's force, strength and might,  
That through the way he feared which homeward led  
He had not strength enough to walk upright,  
Yet as he could his steps from thence he bent,  
And foot by foot a heavy pace forth went,

27

His legs could bear him but a little stound  
 And more he hastes, more tired, less was his speed,  
 On his right hand, at last, laid on the ground  
 He leaned, his hund weak like a shaking reed,  
 Dazzled his eyes the wold on wheels ran round,  
 Day wrapped her brightness up in sable weed,  
 At length he swoon'd, and the victor knight  
 Nought differred from his conquerred foe in fight

But while these lords their private fight pursue,  
 Made fierce and cruel through their secret hate,  
 The victor's ire destroyed the faithless crew  
 From street to street, and chised from gate to gate  
 But of the sacked town the image true  
 Who can describe, or paint the woeeful state,  
 Or with fit words this spectacle express  
 Who can? or tell the city's great distress?

Blood, murder, death, each street, house, church defiled,  
 There heaps of slain appear, there mountains high,  
 I here underneath the unburied hills up piled  
 Of bodies dead the living buried lie,  
 There the sad mother with her tender child  
 Doth tear her tresses loose, complain and fly,  
 And there the spoiler by her amber hair  
 Draws to his lust the virgin chaste and fair.

But through the way that to the west hill wodd  
 Whereon the old and stately temple stands,  
 All soiled with gore and wet with lukewarm blood  
 Rinaldo ran, and chased the Pagan bands,  
 Above their heads he heaved his curta<sup>n</sup> good,  
 Life in his grace, and death lay in his hands,  
 Nor helm nor target strong his blows off bears  
 Best armed there seem'd he no arms that wears,

For gaunst his arm'd foes he only bends  
 His force, and scorns the naked folk to wound,  
 Them whom no courage arms, no arms defends,  
 He chas'd with his looks and dreadful sound  
 Oh who can tell how far his force extends?  
 How these he scorns, threats those, lays them on ground?  
 How with unequal harm, with equal fear  
 Fled all, all that well armed or naked were

Fast fled the people weak, and with the same  
 A squadron strong is to the temple gone  
 Which, burned and builded oft, still keeps the name  
 Of the first founder, wise King Solomon,  
 That prince this stately house did whilom frame  
 Of cedar trees of gold and marble stone,  
 Now not so rich, yet strong and sure it was,  
 With turrets high, thick walls, and doors of brass

33

The knight arriv'd where in warlike sort  
 The men that ample church had fortified  
 And closed found each wicket, gate and port,  
 And on the top defences ready spied,  
 He left his frowning looks, and twice that fort  
 From his high top down to the groundwork eyed,  
 And entrance sought, and twice with his swift foot  
 The mighty place he measured about

34

Like as a wolf about the closed fold  
 Rangeth by night his hop'd prey to get,  
 Enraged with hunger and with malice old  
 Which kind twixt him and harmless sheep hath set  
 So searched he high and low about that hold,  
 Where he might enter without stop or let,  
 In the great court he stayed, his foes above  
 Attend the assault, and would their fortune prove

35

There lay by chance a posted tree thereby,  
 Kept for some needful use, whate'er it were,  
 The armed galley not so thick nor high  
 Their tall and lofty masts at Genes uprear,  
 This beam the knight against the gates made fly  
 From his strong hands all weights which lift and bear,  
 Like a light lance that tree he shook and tossed,  
 And bruised the gate, the threshold, and the post

36

No marble stone, no metal strong outbore  
 The wondrous might of that redoubled blow,  
 The brazen hinges from the walls it tore,  
 It broke the locks and laid the doors down low,  
 No iron rim, no engine could do more,  
 Nor cannons great that thunderbolts forth throw,  
 His people like a flowing stream inthron'd,  
 And after them entered the victor strong,

37

The woeful slughtter black and loathsome made  
 That house, sometime the sacred house of God,  
 O heavenly justice, if thou be delayed,  
 On wretched sinners sharper fills thy rod !  
 In them this place profaned which invade  
 Thou kindled ire, and mercy all forbode,

Until with their hearts' blood the Pagans vile  
 This temple washed which they did latt defile.

But Solyman this while himself fast sped  
 Up to the fort which David's tower is named,  
 And with him all the soldiers left he led,  
 And against each entrance new defences framed .  
 The tyrant Alidine eke thither fled,  
 To whom the Soldan thus, far off, exclaimed,  
 "Come, come, renowned king, up to this rock,  
 Thyself, within this fortress safe uplock.

"For well this fortress shall thee and thy crown  
 Defend, a while here may we safe remain "  
 "Alas !" quoth he, "alas, for this fair town,  
 Which cruel war beats down even with the plain,  
 My life is done mine empire trodden down,  
 I reigned, I lived, but now nor live nor reign,  
 For now, alas ! behold the fatal hour  
 That ends our life, and ends our lingly power."

"Where is your virtue, where your wisdom grave,  
 And courage stout ? the angry Soldan said,  
 "Let chance our kingdoms take which erst she gave,  
 Yet in our hearts our lingly worth is laid,  
 But come and in this fort your person save,  
 Refresh your weary limbs and strength decayed "

Thus counselled he and did to safety bring  
 Within that fort the weak and agud king

His iron mace in both his hands he bent,  
 And on his thigh his trusty sword he tied,  
 And to the entrance fierce and fearless went,  
 And kept the strut, and all the French defied  
 The blows were mortal which he givē or lent,  
 For whom he hit he slew, else by his side  
 I hid low on earth that all fled from the place  
 Where they beheld that great and dreadful mice

But old Raymond with his hardy crew  
By chance came thither, to his great mishap,  
To that defended with the old man flew,  
And scorned his blows and him that kept the gap,  
He struck his foe, his blow no blood forth drew,  
But on the front with that he caught a rip,  
Which in a swoon, low in the dust him laid,  
Wide open, trembling, with his arms displayed

43

The Pagans gathered heart at last, though few  
Their courage weak had given to flight but late,  
So that the conquerors repulsed were,  
And beaten back, else slain before the Gate  
The Soldan, mongst the dead beside him ne'er  
That saw Lord Raymond lie in such estray,  
Cried to his men, "Within these bars," quoth he  
"Come draw this night, and let him captive be"

44

Forward they rushed to execute his word,  
But hard and dangerous that enterprise they found  
For none of Raymond's men forsook their lord  
But to their guides' defence they flocked round  
Hence fury fights, hence pity draws the sword.  
Nor strive they for vile cause or on light ground,  
The life and freedom of that champion brave,  
Those spoil, these would preserve, those lull, these gave

45

But yet at last if they had longer sought  
The hardy Soldan would have won the field  
For gainst his thundering mace warld nought  
Or helm of temper fine or sevenfold shield  
But from each side great succour now was brought  
To his weak foes now fit to fight and yield,  
And both at once to aid and help the same  
The sovereign Duke and young Rinaldo came

46

As when a shepherd, riding round about  
That sees a storm with wind, hail, thunder, rain  
When gloomy clouds have day's bright eye put out,  
His tender flock drives from the open plain  
To some thick grove or mountain's shady foot,  
Where Heaven's fierce wrath they may unhurt sustain,  
And with his hook, his whistle and his cries  
Drives forth his fleecy charge and with them flies

47

So fled the Soldan, when he gan descry  
This tempest come from angry war foithcast,  
The armour clashed and lightened against the sky,  
And from each side swords weapons, fire outburst  
He sent his foll up to the fortress high,  
To shun the furious storm, himself stayed last,  
Yet to the danger he gave place at length  
For wit, his courage wisdom ruled his strength

But scant the knight was safe the gate within,  
Scant closed were the doors, when having broke  
The bars, Rinaldo doth assault begin  
Against the port, and on the wicket stroke  
His matchless might, his great desire to win,  
His oath and promise, doth his wrath provoke,  
For he had sworn, nor should his word be vain,  
To kill the man that had Prince Sweno slain

And now his nimed hand that castle great  
Would have assaulted and had shortly won,  
Nor siste pardie the Soldan there i seit  
Had found his fatal foes sharp wrath to shun,  
Had not Godfredo sounded the retreat,  
For now dark shades to shroud the earth begun,  
Within the town the duke would lodge that night,  
And with the morn renew the assault and fight

With cheerful look thus to his foll, he said,  
High God hath holpen well his children dear,  
This work is done, the rest this night deliv'red  
Doth hule labour bring less doubt no fear,  
This tover, our foes wek hope rid latest rid,  
We conquer will when sun shall next appear  
Meanwhile with love and tender ruth go see  
And comfort those which hurt and i ourded b

"Go cure their wounds which boldly ventured  
Their lives, and spilt their bloods to get this hold  
That full more this host for Christ forth led,  
Than thirst of vengeance, or desire of gold,  
Too much the too much blood this day is shed  
In some vs too much hate to st oil beheld  
But I command no more you spot nill kill  
And let them in a bush for b my w"

49

50

51

52

This said he went where Raymond panting lay,  
 Waked from the swoon wherein he late had been  
 Nor Solyman with countenance less gay  
 Bespoke his troops, and kept his grief unseen  
 "My friends, you are unconquer'd this day,  
 In spite of fortune still our hope is green,  
 For underneath great shows of harm and fear,  
 Our dangers small, our losses little were

53

"Burnt are your houses and your people slain,  
 Yet safe your town is, though your walls be gone,  
 For in yourselves and in your sovereign  
 Consists your city not in lime and stone,  
 Your King is safe and safe is all his train  
 In this strong fort defended from their fone,  
 And on this empty conquest let them boast,  
 Till with this town again, their lives be lost,

54

"And on their heads the loss at last will light,  
 For with good fortune proud and insolent,  
 In spoil and murder spend they day and night,  
 In riot drinking lust and ravishment,  
 And may amid their prey with hitle fight  
 At ease be overthrown, killed, slain and spent,  
 If in this carelessness the Egyptian host  
 Upon them fall, which now draws near this const

55

"Meanwhile the highest buildings of this town  
 We may shake down with stones about their ears,  
 And with our darts and spears from engines thrown,  
 Command that hill Christ's sepulchre that bears  
 Thus comforts be their hopes and hearts cast down  
 Awakes their valours, and exiles their fears  
 But while the things hap thus Vifino goes  
 Unknown, 'mid ten thousand arm'd foes

56

The sun nigh set had brought to end the day,  
 When Vafrine went the Pagan host to spy,  
 He passed unknown a close and secret way,  
 A traveller, false cunning crafty, sly,  
 Past Ascalon he saw the morning grey  
 Step o'er the threshold of the eastern sky,  
 And ere bright Titan half his course had run,  
 That camp, that mighty host to show began

57

Tents infinite, and standards broad he spies,  
This red, that white that blue this purple was,  
And hears strange tongues, and stranger humonies  
Of trumpets, clarions and well sounding brass  
The elephant there bruy the camel cries,  
The horses neigh as to and fro they pass  
Which seen and heard, he said within his thought,  
Hither all Asia is, all Afia, brought

He viewed the camp awhile, her site and seat,  
What d<sup>t</sup>ch, what trench it hid what impire strong  
Nor close nor secret w<sup>s</sup>ys to wo<sup>k</sup> hisfeat  
He longer sought nor hid him from the throng,  
But entred through the gates, broad, roial, great,  
And oft he asked, and answered oft among  
In questions wise, in answers short and sly  
Bold w<sup>s</sup>is his look, eyes quick front h<sup>t</sup>ten h<sup>gh</sup>

On every side he prid here and there,  
And markd each wav, e ch passage and each tent  
The knights he notes their steeds and arms they bear  
Their names, their humour and their government  
And greater secrets hopes to leun, and ear  
Their hidden purpose and their close intent  
So long he walkd and wundered till he spied  
The way to approach the great pavilions s de

There as he looked he saw the canvas rent  
Through which the voice sound eth and open w<sup>w</sup>  
From the close lod<sup>gs</sup> of the regal tent  
And i<sup>m</sup>most closet where the captain lay,  
So that if Lmreno spake forth went  
The sound to them that listen what they say,  
There L<sup>r</sup>ifne wite ed and those that saw him thought  
To mend the breach that there he stood and wrought

The captain great within bare headed stood,  
His body arm'd and clad in purple weed,  
Ho piges bore his shield and helmet good,  
He coming on a bending lance gave need  
For a big i<sup>m</sup>age hose looks were fierce and broad,  
With whom he parried of smo hau his deed  
Godfrido's name is L<sup>r</sup>ifne wretched he heard  
When made him, the more heed the more regard

Thus spake the chieftain to that surly sir,  
 "Art thou so sure that Godfrey shall be slain?"  
 "I am," quoth he, "and swear never to retire,  
 Except his first be killed, to court again  
 I will prevent those that with me conspire  
 Nor other guerdon ask I for my pun  
 But that I may hang up his harness brave  
 At Gui, and under them these words engrave

63

"These arms Ormondo took in noble fight  
 From Godfrey proud, that spoiled all Asia's lands,  
 And with them took his life, and here on high,  
 In memory thereof, this trophy stands."  
 The duke replied, "Never shall that deed, bold knight,  
 Pass unrewarded at our sovereign's hands  
 What thou demandest shall be gladly grant,  
 Nor gold nor guerdon shalt thou wish or want

64

"Those counterfeited armours then prepare  
 Because the day of fight approacheth fast"  
 They ready are, quoth he, then both forbore  
 I rom further talk these speeches were the last  
 Vafrine, these great things heard, with grief and care  
 Remained astound, and in his thoughts oft cast  
 What treason false this was, how feign'd were  
 Those arms, but yet that doubt he could not clear

65

From thence he parted, and broad waling lay  
 All that long night, nor slumbered once nor slept  
 But when the camp by peep of springing day  
 Their banner spread, and lights on horseback leapt,  
 With them he march'd forth in meet array,  
 And where they pitch'd lodged, and with them leot,  
 And then from tent to tent he stalked about,  
 To hear and see, and learn this secret out

66

Searching about, on a rich throne he fand  
 Armida set with dames and knights around,  
 Sullen she sat, and sighed, it seemed she scanned  
 Some weighty matters in her thoughts profound,  
 Her rosy cheek leaned on her lily hand,  
 Her eyes, love's twinkling stars she bent to ground,  
 Weep she, or no, he knows not, yet appears  
 Her humid eyes even gfeat with child with tears

67

He saw before her set Adrastus grim,  
That seemed scant to live, move, or respire,  
So was he fix'd on his mistress trim,  
So graz'd he, and fed his fund desire.  
But Tisipern beheld now her now him,  
And quaked sometime for love, sometime for ire,  
And in his cheeks the colour went and came,  
For there wrath's fire now burnt, now shone love's flame

Then from the garland fair of virgins bright,  
Mongst whom he lay enclosed, rose Altamore,  
His hot desire he hid and kept from sight,  
His looks were ruled by Cupid's crafty lore,  
His left eye viewed her hand, her face his right  
Both watched her beauties hid and secret store,  
And entrance found where her thin veil bewrayed  
The milken wiv between her breasts that luid

Her eyes Armida lift from earth at last,  
And cleared again her front and visage sad,  
Midst clouds of woe her locks which overcast  
She lightened forth a smile, sweet, pleasant, glad,  
"My lord," quoth she, "your oath and promise pass'd  
Hath freed my heart of all the gress it ha'v,  
That now in hope of sweet revenge it lives,  
Such joy, such ease, desired vengeance gives "

"Cheer up thy looks," answered the Indian King,  
"And for sweet beauty's sake, appense thy woe,  
C'ist at your feet ere you expect the thing,  
I will present the head of thy strong foe  
Else shall this hand his person captive bring  
And cast in prison deep," he boasted so  
His rival heard him well, yet answered naught,  
But bit his lips, and grieved in secret thought

To Tisipern the damsel turning right,  
"And what say you, my noble lord?" quoth she  
He truntings said, "I that am slow to fight  
Will follow far behind, the worth to see  
Of this your terrible and puissant knight,"  
In scornful words this bitter scoff he he  
"Good reason," quoth the King "thou come behind,  
Nor ever compare thee with the Prince of Inde"

Lord Tisiphernes shook his head, and said,  
 "Oh, had my power free like my courage been,  
 Or had I liberty to use this blade,  
 Who sliw, who weakest is, soon should be seen,  
 Nor thou, nor thy great vaunts make me afraid.  
 But cruel love I fear, and this fair queen."

73

This said, to challenge him the King forth leapt,  
 But up their mistress start, and twixt them stepped

"Will you thus rob me of that gift," quoth she,  
 "Which each hath vowed to give by word and oath?  
 You are my champions, let that title be  
 The bond of love and peace between you both,  
 He that displeased is, is displeased with me,  
 For which of you is grieved, and I not wroth?"

74

Thus warned she them, their hearts, for ire nigh broke,  
 In forced peace and rest thus bore love's yoke"

All this heard Vasrine as he stood beside,  
 And having learned the truth, he left the tent,  
 That treason was against the Christian's guide  
 Contrived, he wist yet west not how it went,  
 By words and questions far off, he tried  
 To find the truth, more difficult, more bent

75

Was he to know it, and resolved to die,  
 Or of that secret close the intent to spy

Of sly intelligence he proved all ways,  
 All crafts, all wiles, that in his thoughts abide,  
 Yet all in vain the man by wit assuvs,  
 To know that false compact and practice hid  
 But chance, what wisdom could not tell, bewrays,  
 Fortune of all his doubt the knots undid,

76

So that prepared for Godfrey's last mishap  
 At ease he found the net, and spied the trap

Hither he turned again where seated was,  
 The angry lover, 'twixt her friends and lords,  
 For in that troop much talk he thought would press,  
 Each great assembly store of news affords,  
 He sided there a lusty loves lass  
 And with some courtly terms the wench he bounds.  
 He feigns acquaintance, and as bold appears  
 As he had known that virgin twenty years

77

He said "Would some sweet lida grace me so,  
To chose me for her champion, friend and knight,  
Proud Godfrey's or Rinaldo's head, I trow,  
Should feel the sharpness of my curlew bright  
Ask me the head, fair mistress, of some foe,  
For to your beauty wold is my might,"  
So he began, and meant in speeches wise  
Further to wade, but thus he broke the ice

Therewith he smiled, and smiling gan to frame  
His looks so to their old and native grace,  
That towards him another virgin came,  
Heard him, beheld him, and with bashful face  
Said "For thy mistress choose no other dame  
But me, on me thy love and service place,  
I take thee for my champion, and apart  
Would reason with thee, if my knight thou art"

Withdrawn, she thus began, "Vastrine, pirdie  
I know thee well, and me thou knowest of old,"  
To his last trump this drove the subtle spi,  
But smiling towards her he turned him bold,  
"Ne'er thit I wot I saw thee erst with eve,  
Yet for thy worth all eyes should thee behold  
Thus much I know right well for from the same  
Which erst you gave me different is my name

"My mother bore me near B sertus wall  
Her name was Lesbune mine is Almansore!"  
I knew long since, quoth she "what men thee call,  
And thine estate, dissenble it no more,  
From me thy friend hide not thyself at all  
If I betray thee let me die therefore,  
I am Erinnia daughter to a prince,  
But Tancred's slave thy fellow scryant since,

"Two happy months within that prison I ind  
Under thy guard rejoic'd I to dwell  
And thee a leper meek and good did find  
The same, the same I am, bel old me well  
The squire her lovely beauti called to mind,  
And malked her visage fair "From thee expel  
All fear," she says, "for me live safe and sure,  
I will thy safety not thy harm procure

"But yet I pray thee, when thou dost return,  
 To my dear prison lead me home again,  
 For in this hateful freedom even and worn  
 I sigh for sorrow, mourn and weep for pain  
 But if to spy perchance thou here sojourn,  
 Great hurt thou hast to know these secrets plain,  
 For I their treasons false, false truants can say,  
 Which few beside can tell, none will betray '

On her he gazed, and silent stood this while, 84  
 Armida's slights he knew, and truants unjust,  
 Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,  
 They will, they will not, fools that on them trust,  
 For in their speech is death, hell in their smile,  
 At last he said, 'If hence depart you lust,  
 I will you guide on this conclude we here,  
 And further speech till fitter time forbear '

Forthwith, ere thence the camp remove, to ride 85  
 They were resolved, their flight that season fits,  
 Vafrine departs, she to the dames beside  
 Returns, and there on thorns awhile she sits,  
 Of her new knight she talks till time and tide  
 To scape unmarked she find, then forth she gets,  
 Thither where Vafrine her unseen abode,  
 There took she horse, and from the camp they rode

And now in deserts waste and wild arrived, 86  
 Far from the camp, far from resort and sight  
 Vafrine began, 'Gainst Godfrey's life contrived  
 The false compacts and truants unfold aright  
 Then she those treasons, from their spring derived,  
 Reports and brings their hid deceits to light,  
 "Eight knights," she says, "all courtiers brave, there we  
 But Ormond strong the rest surpasseth far

"These, whether hate or hope of gain them move, 87  
 Conspired have, and framed their treason so,  
 That day when Emirel by fight shall prove  
 To win lost Asia from his Christain foe,  
 These, with the cross scored on their arms above,  
 And armed like Frenchmen will disguised go,  
 Like Godfrey's guard that gold and white do wear,  
 Such shall their habit be and such their gear

"Yet each will bear a token in his crest,  
That so their friends for Pugnus may them know  
But in close fight when all the soldiers best  
Shall mangled be to give the fatal blow.  
They will keep near, and pierce Godfredo's breast,  
While of his futhful guerd they bear false show,  
And all their swords are dipped in poison strong,  
Because each wound shall bring sad death ere long

"And for their chieftain wist I knew your guise  
What garments, ensigns, and what arms you carry,  
Those singular arms he forced me to devise,  
So that from yours but small or nught they vary,  
But these unjust commands my thoughts despise  
Within their camp therefore I list not tarry,  
My heart abhors I should this land defile  
With spot of treason or with act of guile

"This is the cause, but not the cause alone  
And there she ceased, and blushed and on the main  
Cast down her eyes, these first words scant outgone,  
She would have stopped nor durst pronounce them plain  
The squire what she concealed would know as one  
That from her breast her secret thoughts cou'd strain  
"Of little faith quoth he "why would st thou hide  
Those causes true, from me thy squire and guide?"

With that she fetched a sigh sad, sore and deep  
And from her lips her words slow trembling came,  
"Fruitless, she said, unumely hard to keep,  
Vain modesty farewell, and farewell shame  
Why hope you restless love to bring on sleep?  
Why strive you fires to quench, sweet Cupid's flame?  
No, no such cares and such respects beseem  
Great ladies wandering maids them naught esteem

"That night fatal to me and Antioch town,  
Then made a prey to her commanding foe  
My loss was greater than was seen or known,  
There ended not but thence began my woe  
Light was the loss of friends of realm or crown,  
But with my state I lost myself also  
Never to be found again for then I lost  
My wit, my sense, my heart my soul almost

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 But Ormond strong the rest surpasseth; for

86

"These, whether hate or hope of gain them move,  
 Conspired have, and framed their treason so,  
 That day when Emren by fight shall prove  
 To win lost Asur from his Christian foe,  
 These, with the cross scored on their arms above,  
 And armed like Frenchmen will disguised go,  
 Like Godfrey's guard that gold and white do wear,  
 Such shall their habit be, and such their gear

87

" Yet each will bear a token in his crest,  
 That so their friends for Pagans may them know  
 But in close fight when all the soldiers best  
 Shall mangled be, to give the fatal blow  
 They will keep near, and pierce Godfredo's breast,  
 While of his faithful guard they bear false show,  
 And all their swords are dipped in poison strong,  
 Because each wound shall bring sad death ere long

88

" And for the first I knew your guise,  
 What garments, ensigns, and what arms you carry,  
 Those feigned arms he forced me to devise,  
 So that from yours but small or nought they vary,  
 But these unjust commands my thoughts despise,  
 Within their camp therefore I list not tarry  
 My heart abhors I should this hind desile  
 With spot of treason, or with act of guile

89

" This is the cause but not the cause alone  
 And there she ceas'd, and blushed, and on the main  
 Cast down her eyes, these last words scant outgone,  
 She would have stopped, nor durst pronounce them plain  
 The "quire what she conceiv'd would I now as one  
 That from her breast her secret thoughts could strain  
 " Of little faith " quoth he " why would st thou hide  
 Those causes true, from me thy squire and guide? "

90

With that she fetched a sigh sad, sore and deep,  
 And from her lips her words slow trembling came,  
 " Fruitless, " she said, " unuseful hard to keep,  
 Van modesty farewell, and farewell shame,  
 Why hope you restless love to bring on sleep?  
 Why strive you fires to quench, sweet Cupid's flame?  
 No, no such cares, and such respects be seem  
 Great ladies, wandering minds them nought esteem

91

" That night fatal to me and Antioch town,  
 Then mad' i prey to her commanding foe,  
 My loss was greater than was seen or known,  
 There ended not but thence be in my woe  
 Like as the loss of friends of realm or crown,  
 First with my state I lost myself also,  
 Never to be found again for then I lost  
 i wit by seen in my heart my soul alone.

92

' Through fire and sword through blood and death, Volume 93  
 When all my friends are burnt, and kill, and chase,  
 From now st I run to thy dear Lord and master,  
 When first he entered hid my father's place,  
 And I weeping with salt tears in my swollen eye,  
 'Great price' quoth I 'great mercy given, grace,  
 Give now my fair com no my life I said  
 But save mine honour, let me die a man'

' He left me by the tremblin' hind from ground,  
 Nor staved he till my humble speech was done  
 I it said, 'A friend will keep & trust thou found,  
 Fair virtue, nor to me in vain you run  
 A sweetnes strange soon that sweet voice's sound  
 Pierced my heart, my breast's veril so trees won,  
 Which creeping through my bosom soft became  
 A wo and a sickness, and a quenchless flum...

' He sat me with speeches kind and grave  
 He soon hit to my grief and sorrows smart  
 He said, 'I, ne ther bid my receive  
 All that is thine, and at the will depart  
 Alas, he robbed me when he thou art he, we,  
 These is a thought but captured her heart,  
 'What is he living? tis the soul and mind,  
 He gave the earth but kept the bird behind'

"And caused me ride to seek my lord and knight,  
 For he that made me sick could make me sound  
 But on an ambush I mischanced to light  
 Of cruel men, in armour clothed round,  
 Hardly I scaped their hand by mature flight  
 And fled to wilderness and desert ground,  
 And there I lived in groves and forests wild,  
 With gentle grooms and shepherds' daughters mild

"But when hot love which fear had late suppressed,  
 Revived again, there nould I longer sit,  
 But rode the way I came, nor e'er took rest,  
 Till on like danger, like mishap I hit,  
 A troop to forage and to spoil addressea,  
 Encountred me, nor could I fly from it  
 Thus was I ta'en, and those that had me caught,  
 Egyptians were, and me to Gaza brought,

"And for a present to their captain gave,  
 Whom I entretered and besought so well,  
 That he mine honour had great care to save,  
 And since with fair Aiumida let me dwell  
 Thus taken oft, escaped oft I have,  
 Ah, see what haps I passed, what dangers fell.  
 So often captive, free so oft again,  
 Still my first bands I keep, still my first chain

"And he that did this chain so surely bind  
 About my heart, which none can loose but he  
 Let him not say, 'Go, wandering dimsel, find  
 Some other home, thou shalt not bide with me,'  
 But let him welcome me with speeches kind,  
 And in my wonted prison set me free'  
 Thus spake the princess, thus she and her guide  
 Tilted day and night, and on their journey ride

Through the highways Vafino would not pass,  
 But more secret, safe and short he knew,  
 His now close by the city's wall he w<sup>s</sup>,  
 When sun was set night in the east upidden,  
 With drop of blood be meirea he found the grass,  
 There where in a warrior murdered few.  
 That all beblea the ground his rice to shew  
 He w<sup>s</sup> w<sup>s</sup>, and seems to shew, though he is he lie-

98

99

100

101

102

His harness and his habit both betrayed  
 He was a Pagan, forward went the squire,  
 And saw where's another champion laid  
 Dead on the land, all soiled with blood and mire.  
 ' This was some Christian Knight,' Vifi no said,  
 And marking well his arms and rich attire,  
 He loosed his helm and saw his visage plain,  
 And cried, " Alas, here lies Tancred slain ! "

The woeful virgin tarry'd, and gave heed  
 To the fierce looks of that proud Saracine,  
 Till that high cry full of sad fear and dread,  
 Pierced through her heart with sorrow, grief and pine,  
 At Tancred's name thither she ran with speed  
 Like one half mad, or drunk with too much wine,  
 And when she saw his face, pale, bloodless dead,  
 She lighted, nay, she stumbled from her steed

Her springs of tears she looseth forth, and cries,  
 " Hither why bring'st thou me, oh Fortune blind ?  
 Where dead for whom I lived, my comfort lies,  
 Where war for peace, travail for rest I find,  
 Tancred I have thee see thee, yet thine eyes  
 Looked not upon thy love and handmaid kind,  
 Undo their doors, their lids fast closed sever,  
 Alas, I find thee far to lose thee ever

" I never thought that to mine eyes my dear,  
 Thou couldst have grievous or unpleasant been,  
 But now would blind or rather dead I were,  
 That thy sad plight might be unknown, unseen !  
 Alas ! where is thy mirth and smiling cheer ?  
 Where are thine eyes' clear beams and sparkles sheen ?  
 Of thy fair cheek where is the purple red,  
 And forehead's whiteness ? are all gone, all dead ?

~~" Though gone, though dead I love thee still, behold,~~  
~~Death wounds, but kills not love, yet if thou live,~~  
~~Sweet soul, still in his breast, my follies bold~~  
~~Ah, pardon loves desires and stealths forgive,~~  
~~Grant me from his pale mouth some kisses cold,~~  
~~Since death doth love of just reward deprive,~~  
~~And of thy spoils sad death afford me this,~~  
~~Let me his mouth, pale, cold and bloodless, kiss ,~~

"O gentle mouth! with speeches kind and sweet  
 Thou didst relieve my grief, my woe and pain,  
 Ere my weak soul from this frail body fleet,  
 Ah, comfort me with one dear kiss or twain!  
 Perchance if we alive hir'd happed to meet,  
 They had been given which now are stolen, O vain,  
 O feeble life betwixt his lips out fly,  
 Oh, let me kiss thee first, then let me die!"

108

Receive my yielding spirit, and with thine  
 Guide it to heaven, where all true love hath place  
 This said she sighed, and tore her tresses fine,  
 And from her eyes two streams poured on his face  
 The man reviv'd, with those showers divine  
 Awaked, and opnéd his lips a space,  
 His lips were open, but fast shut his eyes  
 And with her sighs, one sigh from him upflie:

109

The dame perceived that Tancred breathed and sighed  
 Which calmed her grief somedcal and eas'd her fears  
 "Unclose thine eye," she says, "my lord and knight,  
 See my last services my plants and tears,  
 See her that dies to see thy woeful plight,  
 That of thy pain her part and portion bears  
 Once look on me, small is the gift I crave,  
 The last which thou canst give, or I can have

110

Tancred lool ed up and closed his eyes again,  
 Heavy and dum, and she ienew'd her v oe  
 Quoth Vafine, 'Cure him first, and then complain  
 Medicine is life's chief riend plunt her most foe  
 Then plucked his armour off, and she each vein,  
 Each joint and sinew felt, and handled so  
 And searched so wel each thrust each cut and wound  
 That hope of life her love and skill soon found

111

I rom weakness and loss of blood she spied  
 His greatest pains and anguish most p oced,  
 Raught bit her v el mid those deserts wide  
 She had to bind his wond in so great need  
 But love could other binds than strange, p ovid  
 And pax v ept for joy to see that deed  
 I on with her umber socks cut off each v oind  
 She tied O hap' man o cured so bo m

112

For why her veil was short and thin, those deep  
 And cruel hunts to fasten, roll and blind,  
 Nor salve nor simple had she, yet to keep  
 Her knight on bve, strong charms of a indrous kind  
 She said, and from him drove that deadly sleep,  
 That now his eyes he lifted turned and twined,  
 And saw his squire, and saw that courteous dame  
 In habit strange, and wondered whence she came

113

He said, "O Vafine, tell me, whence com'st thou?"  
 And who this gentle surgeon is, disclose,"  
 She smiled, she sighed she looked she wist not how  
 She wept, rejoiced, she blushed is red is rose  
 You shall know all," she says "your surgeon now  
 Commands you silence rest and soft repose,  
 You shall be sound, prepare my gueidon meet"  
 His head then laid she in her bosom sweet

114

Vafine devised this while how he might bear  
 His master home, ere night obscured the land,  
 When lo, a troop of soldiers did appear,  
 Whom he descried to be Tancred's brud,  
 With him when he and Argent met ther were,  
 But when they went to combat hand for hand,  
 He bade them stay behind, and they obeyed,  
 But came to seek him nor, so long he staid

115

Besides them, many followed that enquest,  
 But these alone found out the rightest way,  
 Upon their friendly arms the men addressed  
 A seat v heron he sat he leaned, he lay  
 Quoth Tancred, Shall the strong Circassian rest  
 In this broad field, for wolves and crows a prey?  
 Ah no, defriuid not you that champion brave  
 Of his just pruse, of his due tomb and grave

116

"With his dead bones no longer war have I,  
 Boldly he died and nobly was he slain,  
 Then let us not that honour him deny  
 Which after death aloneh doth remain."  
 The Pagan dead they lifted up on high  
 And after Tancred bore him through the plain  
 Close by the vngin christe did Vafine ride  
 As he that was her squire, her guid and her guide

117

"Not home," quoth Tancred, "to my wonted tent,  
But bear me to this royal town, I pray,  
That if cut short by human accident  
I die, there I may see my latest day,  
The place where Christ upon his cross was rent  
To heaven perchance may easier make the way,  
And ere I yield to Death's and Fortune's rage,  
Performed shall be my vow and pilgrimage"

Thus to the city was Tancred borne, 119  
And fell on sleep, laid on a bed of down  
Vastno where the damsel might sojourn  
A chamber got, close, secret, near his own  
That done he came the mighty duke besorn,  
And entrance found, for till his ne's were known,  
Nought was concluded mongst those knights and lords,  
Their counsel hung on his report and words

Where weak and weary wounded Raymond laid, 120  
Godfrey was set upon his couch's side,  
And round about the man a ring was made  
Of lords and knights that filled the chamber wide,  
There while the squene his late discovery said,  
To break his talk, none answered, none replied,  
"My lord," he said, "at your command I went  
And viewed their camp, each cabin, booth and tent,

"But of that mighty host the number true 121  
Expect not that I can or should descry,  
All covered with their armes might you view  
The fields, the plains, the dales and mountuns high,  
I saw what way so'er they went and diew,  
They spoiled the land, drunk floods and fountains dry,  
For not whole Jordan could have given them drink,  
Nor all the grain in Syria, bread, I think

"But yet amongst them many bane's are found 122  
Both horse and foot, of little force and might,  
That keep no order know no trumpet's sound  
That draw no sword, but fit off shoot and fight  
But yet the Persian army doth abound  
With many a footman strong and hiray knight,  
So do in the king's own troop which all is framed  
Of soldiers old the Immortal Squadron named

" Immortal called is that band of right,  
 For of that number never wanteth one,  
 But in his empty place some other knight  
 Steps in, when thy man is dead or gone.  
 This army's leader Emireno hight,  
 Like whom in wit and strength are few or none,  
 Who bath in charge in plain and pitched field,  
 To fight with you, to make you fly or yield

123

" And well I know their army and their host  
 Within a day or two will here come  
 But thee Rinaldo " beho' ch most  
 To keep thy noble head, for which they strive,  
 For all the chief in arms or courage boast  
 They will the same to Queen Armida give,  
 And for the same she gives herself in price,  
 Such hire will in my hands to work entice

124

" The chief of these that have thy murder sworn  
 Is Altimore, the King of Samarcand  
 Adrastus then, whose realm lies near the morn  
 A brudy giant, bold, and strong of hand,  
 This king upon an elephant is borne,  
 For under him no horse can stir or stand,  
 The third is Tisipherne, as brave a lord  
 As ever put on helm or girt on sword "

125

This said, from young Rinaldo's angry eyes,  
 Flew sparks of wrath flames in his visage shined,  
 He longed to be amid those enemis,  
 Nor rest nor reason in his heart could find  
 But to the Duke Vassune his talk applies,  
 ' The greatest news my lord, are yet behind,  
 For all their thoughts, their crafts and counsels tend  
 By treason false to bring thy life to end "

126

Then all from point to point he gan expose  
 The false compact how it was made and wrought,  
 The arms and ensigns feign'd, poison close  
 Ormondo's vaunt what praise, what chank he sought  
 And what reward and satisfied all those  
 That would demand, inquire or ask of right  
 Silence was made a while, when Godfrey thus,—  
 " Raimondo, say, what counsel givest thou us ?

127

"Not as we purposed hitherto, next morn,' quoth he,  
 'Let us not scale, but round besiege this tower  
 That those within may have no issue free  
 To sally out, and hurt us with their power.  
 Our camp well rested and refreshed see,  
 Provided well gaunt this last storm and shower,  
 And then in pitched field, fight, if you will,  
 If not, delay and keep this fortress still

128

"But lest you be endangered, hurt, or slain  
 Of all your cares take care yourself to save,  
 By you this camp doth live, doth win, doth reign  
 Who else can rule or guide these squadrons brave?  
 And for the traitors shall be noted plain  
 Command your guard to change the arms they have  
 So shall their guile be known, in their own net  
 So shall they fall, caught in the snare they set

129

'As it hath ever, thus the Duke begun  
 'The counsel shows thy wisdom and thy love  
 And what you left in doubt shall thus be done,  
 We will their force in pitched battle prove,  
 Closed in this wall and trench the fight to shun,  
 Doth ill this camp beseem, and worse behave,  
 But we their strength and manhood will assay,  
 And try, in open field and open air

130

"The fame of our great conquests to sustain,  
 Or bide our looks and threats, they are not able,  
 And when this army is subdued and slain  
 Then is our empire settled, firm and stable,  
 The tower shall yield or but resist in vain,  
 For fear her anchor is, despair her cable?

131

Thus he concludes, and rolling down the west  
 Fast set the stars, and called them all to rest

The Twentieth Book  
of  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

---

*THE ARGUMENT*

The Pagan host arrives and cruel fight  
Makes with the Christians and their faithful power  
The Soldier songs in field to prove his might  
With the old King quits the besieged tower,  
Yet both are slain and in eternal night  
A famous hind gives each his fatal hour  
Ronald appeared armed in first the field  
The Christians win then pruse to God their yield

---

THE sun called up the world from idle sleep,  
And of the day ten hours were gone and past  
When the bold troop that had the tower to keep  
Espied a sudden mist, that overcast  
The earth with mirksome clouds and darkness deep,  
And saw it was the Egyptian camp at last  
Which raised the dust, for hills and valleys broad  
That host did overspread and overload

Therewith a merry shout and joyful cry  
The Pagans retired from their besieged hold,  
The cranes from Thrice with such a rumour fly,  
His hoary frost and snow when Hyems old  
Pours down, and fist to warmer regions lie,  
From the sharp winds, fierce storms and tempests cold  
And quick, and ready this new hope and aid  
Their hands to shoot, their tongues to threaten made

From whence their ire, their wrath and hardy threat  
Proceeds, the French well knew, and plain espied,  
For from the walls and ports the army great  
They saw, her strength, her number pomp and pride,  
Swelled their breasts with valour's noble heat,  
Battle and fight they wished, "Arm, arm!" they cried,  
The youth to give the sign of fight all prayed  
Their Duke, and were displeased because delayed

Till morning next, for he refused to fight ,  
Their haste and heat he bridled, but not brake,  
Nor yet with sudden fray or ski mish light  
Of these new foes would he vain trial make  
"After so many wars" he says, "good right  
It is, that one day's rest at least you take,"  
For thus in his vna foes he cherish would  
The hope which in their strength they have and hold

To see Aurora's gentle beam appear,  
The soldiers arm'd, prest and ready lay,  
The skies were never half so fair and clear  
As in the breaking of that blessed day,  
The merry morning smiled, and seemed to wear  
Upon her silver crown sun's golden ray,  
And without cloud heaven his redoubled light  
Bent down to see this field, this tray, this fight

When first he saw the d'ubreak show and shine,  
Godfrey his host in good array brought out,  
And to besiege the w'nt Alidine  
Raymond he left, and all the futhful rout  
That from the towns w're come of Palestine  
To serve and succour their deliverer stout,  
And with them left a hardy troop beside  
Of Gascoigns strong, in arms well proved, oft tried

Such was Godredo's countenance, such his cheer,  
That from his eye sure conquest flames and steams,  
Heaven's gracious favour in his looks appear,  
And great and goodly more than erst he seems,  
His face and torereva full of noble-se w're  
And on his cheeke smilid youth's jocle berries  
And in his gau, his grace lie set his eye  
So newhat fir n ore than mor il lives and leas

He had not marched far ere he espied  
 Of his proud foes the rught host draw nigh  
 A hill at first he took and fortified  
 At his left hand wh ch stood his arm by  
 Broad in the front behind more strait uptied  
 His army ready stood the fght to try,  
 And to the middle wurd well armed he brings  
 His footmen strong his horsemen served for wings

8

To the left wing, spreid underneath the bent  
 Of the steep hill that sived their flank and side,  
 The Robert's twair, two leaders good, he sent,  
 His brot er hid the middle wurd to gude ,  
 To the right wing himself in person went  
 Down, where the plain was dangerous broad and wide  
 And where his foes with their great numbers would  
 Perchance environ round his squadrions bold

9

There all his Lorriners and men of might,  
 All his best armed he placed, and chosen bands,  
 And with those horse some footmen arm'd light,  
 That archers were used to that service stands ,  
 The adventurers then, in battle and in fight  
 Well tried, a squadron famous through all lands,  
 On the right hand he set, somedical aside,  
 Rinaldo was their leader, lord and guide

10

To whom the Duke In thee our hope is laid  
 Of victory tho i must the conquest gain,  
 Behind this mighty wing so far displayed  
 Thou with thy noble squadrion close remain  
 And when the Pagans would our bicks invade  
 Assail them then and make their onset vain ,  
 For if I guess right they have in mind  
 To compass us and charge our troops beh nd

11

Then through his host, that took so large a scope  
 He rode and viewed them all both horse and foot  
 His face was bare his helm unclosed and ope  
 Lightened his eyes, his looks bright fire shot out ,  
 He cheers the fearful, comforts them that hope  
 And to the bold recounts his boasting stout,  
 And to the valiant his adventures hird  
 These bids he look for pruse those for reward

12

At last he staved where of his squadrons bold  
And noblest troops assembled was best part,  
*There from a rising bank his will he told,*  
And all that heard his speech theretook heart  
And as the mountain snow from mountains cold  
Runs down in streams with eloquence and art.

So from his lips his words and speeches fell,  
Small, speedy, pleasant, sweet, and placed well

" My hardy host, you conquerors of the East,  
You scourge wherewith Christ whips his heathen fom,  
Of victory behold the latest test,  
See the last day for which you wished alone,  
Not without cause the Saracens most and least  
Our gracious Lord hath gathered here in one,  
For all your foes and his assembled are,  
That one day's fight may end seven years of war

" This fight shall bring us many victories,  
The danger none, the labour will be small,  
Let not the number of your enemies  
Dismay your hearts, grant fear no place at all,  
For strife and discord through their army flies  
Their bands ill ranked themselves entangle shall,  
And few of them to strike or fight shall come  
For some want strength, some heart, some elbow room

" This host, with whom you must encounter now,  
Are men half nuled, without strength or skill,  
From idleness, or following the plough,  
Late pressed forth to war aginst their will  
Their swords are blunt shields thin soon pierced through  
Their banners shake, their banners shanl, for all  
Then leaders heird, obeyed, or followed be  
Their loss, their flight, their death I will foresee.

Their cap unclad in purple, arm'd in gold  
They come in fierce, so hot, stout and stron ,  
The Moors or weak Arab the vanquish could,  
He can he not resist your valours long  
What can he do though wise through art the i h bala  
In th + confusion trumble thrust and thron ?  
Whichever he is and worse he lna is his hor  
S tirs lotus il' fured we all elrid of most

"But I am captain of this chosen crew,  
 With whom I oft have conquered, triumphed oft,  
 Your lands and lances long since I knew,  
 Each knight obeys my rule mild, easy, soft,  
 I know each sword, each dart, each shaft I view,  
 Although the quarrel fly in skies aloft,  
 Whether the same of Ireland be or France,  
 And from what bow it comes, what hand perchance

"I ask an easy and a usual thing.  
 As you have oft, this day, so win the field,  
 Let zeal and honour be your virtue's sting,  
 Your lives, my fame, Christ's faith defend and shield,  
 To earth these Pagans slain and wounded bring,  
 Tread on their necks, make them all die or yield.—  
 What need I more exhort you? from your eyes  
 I see how victory, how conquest flies"

Upon the captain, when his speech was done,  
 It seemed a lamp and golden light down came,  
 As from night's ure mantle oft doth run  
 Or fall, a sliding star, or shining flame,  
 But from the bosom of the burning sun  
 Proceeded this, and garland-wis the same  
 Godfredo's noble head encompassed round,  
 And, as some thought, foreshowed he should be crowned

Perchance, if man's proud thought or saucy tongue  
 Have leave to judge or guess at heavenly things,  
 This w<sup>s</sup> the angel which had kept him long,  
 That now came down, and hid him with his wings  
 While thus the Duke bespeaks his arnes strong,  
 And every troop and band in order brings  
 Lord Emren his host disposed well,  
 And with bold words whet on their courage fell,

The man brought forth his army great with speed,  
 In order good, his foes at hand he spied,  
 Like the new moon his host two horns did spied,  
 In midst the foot, the horse were on each side,  
 The right wing kept he for himself to lead,  
 Great Altamore received the left to guide,  
 The middle ward led Muleasses proud,  
 And in this battle tan Almida stood

On the right quarter stood the Indian grim,  
With Tispherne and all the king's own band,  
But where the left wing spread her squadrons trim  
Over the large plain, did Altumoro stand,  
With African and Persian kings with him  
And two that came from Meroc's hot sand,  
And all his crossbows and his slings he placed,  
Where room best served to shoot to throw, to cast

Thus Emurem his host put in array,  
And rode from band to band, from rank to rank,  
His truchmen now and now himself, doth say,  
What spoil his folk shall gain what praise, what thank  
To him that feared, 'Look up, ours is the day,'  
He says, "Vile fear to bold hearts never sank,  
How darest one against an hundred fight?  
Our cry, our shade, will put them all to flight'

But to the bold, "Go, hardy knight," he says,  
"His prey out of this lion's paws go tear  
To some before his thou, has the shape he lays,  
And makes theron the image true appear,  
How his sad country him entreats and prays  
His house his loving wife and children dear  
"Suppose," quoth he "thy country doth beseech  
And pray thee thus, suppose this is her speech

Defend my laws, uphold my temples brave,  
My blood from washing of my streets withhold,  
From ravishing my virgins keep, and save  
Thine ancestors dead bones and ashes cold!  
To thee thy fathers dear and pure its grave  
Show their uncovered heads, white, hoary, old  
To thee thy wife—her breasts with tears overspread  
Thy sons, their cradles, shows, thy marriage bed

To all the rest "You for her honour's sake  
Whom Asia makes her champion, by your might  
Upon these thievish weak feeble few, must take  
A sharp revenge yet just deserved and right  
I have many words in several tongues he spake,  
And all his sundry nations to sharp fight  
Encouraged, but now the dukes had done  
Their speeches all, the hosts together run

It was a great a strange and wondrous sight,  
When front to front those noble armies met  
How ever troop, how in each troop each knight  
Stood prest to move, to fight, and praise to get,  
Loose in the wind waved their ensigns light,  
Trembled the plumes that on their crests were set  
Their arms, impresses, colours gold and stone  
Against the sunbeams smiled flamed, sparkled, shone

Of ary topped oals they seemed two forests thic  
So did each host with spears and pikes abound,  
Bent were their bow, in rests their lances stick  
Their hands shook swords, their slings held cobbles rouna  
Each steed to run was ready, prest and quick  
At his commander's spur his hand, his sound,  
He chafes, he stumps career, and turns about  
He foams, snorts, neighs and fire and smoke breathes out

Horror itself in that fair fig it seemed fair,  
And pleasure flew amid sad dread and fear,  
The trumpets shrill that thundered in the air,  
Were music mild and sweet to every ear  
The futhful camp though less, yet seemed more rive  
In that strange no se more warlike, shriek and career,  
In notes more sweet, the Pagan trumpets jar,  
These sung their armours sh ned, these glistered fair

The Christian trumpets give the deadly call  
The Pagans answer and the fight accept  
The godly Frenchmen on their knees down fall  
To pray, and kissed the earth and then up leapt  
To fight the land between was vanished all,  
In combat close each host to other stepped  
For now the wings bid skirmish hot begun,  
And with their bittles forth the footmen run

But who was first of all the Christian train,  
That gave the onset first, first won renown?  
Gideuppes thou wert she foi by thee slain  
The King of Orms Hircano, tumbled down,  
The man's breastbone thou clost and rent in twain,  
So Heaven with honour would thee bless and crown,  
Pierced through he fell, and falling hard withal  
His foe praised for her strength and for his fall

28

29

30

31

32

Her lunce thus broke, the hardy dame forth drew  
 With her strong hand a fine and trenchant blade,  
 And against the Persians fierce and bold she flew,  
 And in their troop wide streets and lanes she made,  
 Even in the girdling-stead divided new  
 In pieces twain, Zopue on earth she lvd,  
 And then Alarco's head she swept off clean,  
 Which like a football tumbled on the green

A blow felled Artaverves, with a thrust  
 W<sup>s</sup> Ar<sub>g</sub>eus slan, the first lay in a trance,  
 Ismael's left hand cut off fell in the dust,  
 For on his wrist her sword fell down by chance  
 The hand let go the bridle where it lust,  
 The blow upon the courser's ears did glance,  
 Who felt the reins at large, ana with the stroke  
 Half mad, the ranks disordcred, troubled, broke

All these, and many mo, by time forgot,  
 She slew and wounded, when against her came  
 The angry Persians all, cast on a knot,  
 For on her person would they purchase fame  
 But her dear spouse and husband wanted not  
 In so great need to aid the noble dame,  
 Thus joined, the haps of war unhurt they prove,  
 Their strength was double, double w<sup>s</sup> their love

The noble lovers use well might you see,  
 A wondrous guise, till then unseen, unheard,  
 To save themselves forgot both he and she  
 Each other's life did keep, defend, and guard  
 The strokes that against her lord discharged<sup>d</sup> be  
 The dame had care to bear, to break, to ward,  
 His shield kept off the blows bent on his deir,  
 Which, if need be, his naked head should bear

So each saved other, erch for other's wrong  
 Would vengeance take, but not revenge their own  
 The valiant Sold<sup>n</sup>in Artabano strong  
 Of Boecin Isle, by her w<sup>s</sup> overthrown,  
 And by his hand, the bodies deid among,  
 Alvante, that durst his mistress wound, fell down  
 And she between the eyes hit Arimont  
 Who hurt her lord, and cleft in twain his front

But Altimore who hid thit wing to lead  
 Far greater slaughter on the Christians made,  
 For where he turned his sword, or twined his steed,  
 He slew, or man and beast on earth down laid,  
 Happy was he that ws it first struck dead,  
 That fell not down on live, for whom his blade  
     Had speared, the same cast in the dusty street  
     His horse tore with his teeth, bruised with his feet

38

By this brave Person's valour, killed and slain  
 Were strong Brunello and Ardona great  
 The first his head and helm had cleft in twain,  
 The last in stranger wise he did intreat,  
 For through his heart he pierced, and through the vein  
 Where laughter hath his fountain and his seat,  
     So that, a dreadful thing believed uneth,  
     He laughed for pain, and laughed himself to death

39

Nor these alone with that accursed knife,  
 Of this sweet light and breath deprived he,  
 But with that cruel weapon lost their life  
 Gentonio, Guascar, Rosimond, and Guy,  
 Who knows how many in that fatal strife  
 He slew? what knights his courser fierce made die?  
     The names and countries of the people slain  
     Who tells? their wounds and deaths who can explain?

40

With this fierce king encounter durst not one,  
 Not one durst combat him in equal field,  
 Gildippe undertook that task alone,  
 No doubt could mle her shrnl, no danger yield,  
 By Thermodont was never Amizone,  
 Who managed steelcd ave, or curied shield,  
     That seemed so bold as she, so strong, so light,  
     When forth she run to meet that dreadful knight

41

She hit him, where with gold and rich armul,  
 His dridem did on his helmet flame,  
 She broke and cleit the crown, and caused him veil  
 His proud and lofty top, his crest down came,  
 Strong seemed her arm that could so well issul  
 The Pagan shook for spite and blushed for shame,  
     Forward he rushed and would at once requite  
     Shame wth disgrace, and with revenge despite

42

Right on the front he gave a sharp stike  
 A blow so huge, so strong so true, so sore  
 That out of sense and feeling down he went  
 But her dear knight his love from wound unbound  
 Were it their fortune, a noble mind  
 He saved his hand and strook the dame no more  
 A blow so full and with proud eyes  
 Beholds her comes to her a man that lie.

This while Ormondo false, whose cruel hand  
 Was armed and bent to give the traitorous blow  
 With all his fellows mostest Goureddo stand  
 Enured unseen disguised that set them know  
 The thievish wolve when night over had the land  
 That seem like faithful dog in shape and show  
 So to the closed folds in secret crev  
 And entrance seek, to kill some harmless sheep

He proued nigh and to Goureddo's side  
 The bloody Pagan now was placed near  
 But when his colours gold and white he spied  
 And saw he other signs that fo ged were  
 ' See see, this traitor filie the captain cried,  
 ' That like a Frenchman would in show appear  
 Behold how near his mates and he are crept !  
 This said upon the villan for he lewt

Dealt he wounded him and that false knight  
 Nor strikes nor wards nor strive he to be gone  
 But as Medusa head ere in his sight  
 Stood like a man new turnea to marble stone,  
 All lances broke unheeded all were past bish  
 All quivers empt ed were on them alone  
 In parts so many were the traitors cleft  
 That those dead men had no dead bodies left

When God was with Pagan blood bespreid  
 He entered then the fight and that was past  
 Where the bold Persian fought and combated  
 Where the close ranks he opened clest and brat  
 Before the night the troops and squadrons fled  
 As Afric dust before the sun born blist  
 The Duke recalled them in array them placed  
 Stayed those that fled and him assailed at chased

The champions s roan, there fought a battle stout,  
Two never saw the like by Xanthus old  
A cuisse sharp the eys meanwhile on foot  
To st Baldwin good and Muleresse bold  
The horsemen also near theountrons rout,  
And in both wights a furious skirmish hold,  
And where the barbarous duke in person stood,  
Twost Thiphernes and Idrius proud

48

With I mitten Roger the Norman strove  
I ong, said the squire, ye' neither lost nor won,  
The other knou its neim the Indian clove  
And wile his arms their fight would soon be done  
From place to place did Thiphernes rove  
And found so much a fight that none durst run,  
But where the press was thickest thither fled  
The knight and each stroke felled hurt or dead

49

I thus fought they ion, yet neither shrank nor yield  
In equal bilance lung their lop and fear  
W full of broken lances in the field,  
All full of arms that clove and shattered were  
There only come to the hole with the red  
They cut mea thro', and some ther bellic i tw  
Of lo'e come up to hit, one, rovelli lae,  
An for vengeche e t takes out of th clo

50

But now the Moors, Arabians, Ethiops black,  
Of the left wing that held the utmost marge,  
Spread forth their troops, and purposed at the back  
And side their heedless foes to assail and charge  
Slingers and archers were not slow nor slack  
To shoot and cast, when with his battle large  
Rinaldo came, whose fury, haste and ire,  
Seemed earthquake, thunder, tempest, storm and fire

The first he met was Asinure, his throne  
That set in Meroc's hot sunburnt land,  
He cut his neck in twain, flesh, skin and bone,  
The noble head down tumbled on the sand,  
But when by death of this black prince alone  
The taste of blood and conquest once he fand,  
Whole squadrons then, whole troops to earth he brought,  
Things wondrous, strange, incredible he wrought

He gave more deaths than strokes, and yet his blows  
Upon his feeble foes fell oft and thick,  
To move three tongues as a fierce serpent shous,  
Which rolls the one she hath swift, speedy, quick,  
So thinks each Pagan, each Arabian trows  
He wields three swords, all in one hilt that stuck,  
His readiness their eyes so blinded hath,  
Their dread that wonder bred, fear gave it futh

The Afric tyrants and the negro kings  
Fall down on heaps, drowned each in others blood,  
Upon their people ran the Knights he brings  
Pricked forward by their guide's example good,  
Killed were the Pagans, broke their bows and slings  
Some died, some fell, some yielded, none withheld  
A massacre was this, no fight, these put  
Their foes to death, those hold their throats to cut

Small while they stood, with heart and hardy face,  
On their bold breasts deep wounds and hurts to bear,  
But fled away, and troubled in the chase  
Their ranks disordered be with too much fear.  
Rinaldo followed them from place to place,  
Till quite discomfit and dispersed they were  
That done he staye, and all his knights recalls,  
And scorns to strike his foe that flies or falls

Now when the Soldan, in these battles past  
 That Antheus like oft fell oft rose again,  
 Evermore fierce, more fell, fell down at last  
 To lie for ever, when this prince was slain,  
 Fortune, that sold is stable, firm or fast,  
 No longer durst resist the Christian train,  
 But ranged herself in row with Godfrey's knights,  
 With them she serves, she runs, she rides, she fights.

The Pagan troops, the king's own squadron fled,  
 Of all the east, the strength, the pride, the flower,  
 Late called Immortal, now discomfited,  
 It lost that title proud, and lost all power,  
 To him that with the royal standard fled,  
 Thus Emireno said, with speeches sour,  
 "Art not thou he to whom to bear I gave  
 My king's great banner, and his standard brave ?

"This ensign, Rimedon, I gave not thee  
 To be the witness of thy fear and flight,  
 Coward, dost thou thy lord and captain see  
 In battle strong, and runn'st thyself from fight ?  
 What seek'st thou ? safety ? come, return with me,  
 The way to death is path to virtue right,  
 Here let him fight that would escape, for this  
 The way to honour, way to safety is "

The man returned and swelled with scorn and shame,  
 The duke with speeches grave exhorts the rest,  
 He threatens, he strikes sometime, till back they came,  
 And rage against force despair against death addressed  
 Thus of his broken armes gan he frame  
 A battle now, some hope dwelt in his breast,  
 But Tisiphernes bold revived him most,  
 Who fought and seemed to win, when all was lost,

Wonders that day wrought noble Tisiphernes,  
 The hardy Normans all he overthrew,  
 The Flemings fled before the champion stern,  
 Gernier, Roger, Getard bold he slew ;  
 His glorious deeds to praise and fame etern  
 His life's short date prolonged, enlarged and drew,  
 And then, as he that set sweet life at nought,  
 The greatest peril, danger, most he sought.

He spied Rinaldo, and although his field  
Of azure purple now and sanguine shows,  
And though the silver bird amid his shield  
Were arm'd gules, yet he the champion knowes  
And says, "Here greatest peril is, heavens yield  
Strength to my courage, fortune to my blosse,  
That fair Armida her revenge may see,  
Help, Macon, for his arms I vo v to thee"

Thus prayed he, but all his woes were vain,  
Mahound was deaf, or slept in heavy sleep,  
And as a lion strikes him with his train.  
His native wrath to quicken and to move,  
So he awaked his fury and disdain  
And sharped his courage on the whetstone loare,  
Himself he sav'd beara his might, turse,  
And forward spurrd his steed and gaue the charge

The Christian in the herd, scatter come,  
And leaped forth to undertake the fight,  
The people round about, the plain and roare,  
And wonder'd on that fierce arm, and "ooh",  
Some prased their strength, their valour, or their force,  
Such was so desperate this, "ooh",  
That a. that can comit such treachery,  
Their world, their birth, from her could not fly

One morn the chieftain of the host  
His arms prepared, and to the field he went,  
First to the camp, then to the field he went,  
His shield was dely, and his spear was strong,  
The darts came fast, and the arrows strong,  
His arm, and his shield, and his spear were strong,  
And all day long he fought, and he won,  
Through the camp, through the field, and he won

But to resist against a knight so bold  
 Too weak his will and power divided were,  
 So that he could not his fair love uphold,  
 Nor kill the cruel man that slew his deit  
 His arm that did his mistress kind enfold,  
 The Turk cut off pale grew his looks and cheer,  
     He let her fall, himself fell by her side  
     And, for he could not save her, with her died

As the high elm, whom his dear vine hath twined  
 First in her hundred arms and holds embraced,  
 Bears down to earth his spouse and darling kind  
 If storm or cruel steel the tree down cast,  
 And her full grapes to nought doth bruise and gound,  
 Spoils his own leaves faints, withers, dies at last,  
     And seems to mourn and die, not for his own,  
     But for her death with him that lies o'erthrown

So fell he mourning, mourning for the dame  
 Whom life and death had made for ever his.  
 They would have spoke, but not one word could frame,  
 Deep sobs their speech sweet sighs their language is  
 Each gazed on other's eyes, and while the same  
 Is lawful, join their hands, embrace and kiss  
     And thus sharp death their knot of life untied,  
     Together fainted they, together died

But now swift fame her nimble wings disprend,  
 And told eachwhere their chance, their fate, their fall  
 Rinaldo heard the case, by one that fled  
 From the fierce Turk and brought him news of all  
 Disdun goodwill, woe, wrath the champion led  
     To take revenge shame grief, for vengeance call,  
     But as he went, Adristus with his blade  
     Forestalled the way, and show of combat made

The giant cried "By surdry signs I note  
 That whom I wish I search, thou, thou art he,  
 I marked each worthy's shield, his helm his coat,  
 And all this day have called and cried for thee,  
 To my sweet saint I have thy head devote  
 Thou must my sacrifice, my offering be  
     Come let us here our strength and courage try,  
     Thou art Armida's foe, her champion I'

Thus he defied him, on his front before,  
And on his throat he struck him, yet the blow  
His helmet neither binséd, cleft nor tore,  
But in his saddle made him bend and bow,  
Rinaldo hit him on the flank so sore,  
That neither art nor herb could help him now.

103

Down fell the giant strong, one blow such power,  
Such puissance had, so falls a thundered tower

With horror, fear, amazéndess and dread,  
Cold were the hearts of all that saw the fray,  
And Solyman, that viewed that noble deed,  
Trembled, his paleness did his fear bewray,  
For in that stroke he did his end areed,  
He wist not what to think, to do, to say,  
A thing in him unused, rare and strange,  
But so doth heaven men's hearts turn alter, change

104

As when the sick or frantic men oft dream  
In their unquiet sleep and slumber short,  
And think they run some speedy course, and seem  
To move their legs and feet in hasty sort,  
Yet feel their limbs far slower than the stream  
Of their vain thoughts that bears them in this sport,  
And oft would speal, would cry, would call or shout,  
Yet neither sound, nor voice, nor word send out

105

So run to fight the angry Soldan would,  
And did enforce his strength, his might, his ire,  
Yet felt not in himself his courage old,  
His wonted force, his rage and hot desire,  
His eyes, that sparkled wrath and fury bold,  
Grew dim and feeble, fear had quenched that fire,  
And in his heart in hundred passions fought,  
Yet none on fear or base retire he thought

106

While unresolved he stood, the victor knight  
Armed, and seemed in quickness, haste and speed,  
In boldness, greatness, goodliness and might,  
Above all princes born of human seed  
The Turk small while resists, not death nor fight  
Makē him forget his state or race, through dierd,  
He fled no stol es, he fethched no groan nor sigh,  
Bold were his motions list proud stately, high

107

The Gascons turn <sup>to</sup> run, their lord in histe  
 To venge their loss his band recorded brings,  
 The troop that durst so much now stood ighist,  
 For where sad fear grew late, now boldness springs,  
 Now followed they that fled, fled they that chased  
 So in one hour altereth the state of things,  
 Raymond requites his loss, shame, hurt and all,  
 And with an hundred deaths revenged one full

Whilst Raymond wreak'd thus his just disdain  
 On the proud heads of captains lords and peers,  
 He spies great Sion's king amid the train,  
 And to him leaps, and high his sword he rears,  
 And on his forehead strikes and strikes again,  
 Till helm and head he breaks, he cleaves, he tears,  
 Down fell the king, the guiltless land he bit  
 That now keeps him, because he kept not it

Their guides one murdered thus, the other gone,  
 The troops divided were in diverse thought  
 Despair made some run headlong gainst their fone  
 To seek sharp death that comes uncalled, unsought  
 And some that lud their hope on flight alone,  
 Fled to their fort again, yet chance so wrought,  
 That with the flyers in the victors pass,  
 And so the fortress won and conquered was

The hold was won, slain were the men that fled,  
 In courts, halls, chambers high above, below  
 Old Raymond fast up to the leads him sped,  
 And there, of victory true sign and show,  
 His glorious standard to the wind he spread  
 That so both armes his success might know  
 But Solyman saw not the town was lost,  
 For fur from thence he was, and near the lost,

Into the field he came the lul ewarm blood  
 Did smoke and flow through all the purple field  
 There of sad death the court and palace stood,  
 There did he triumphs lead, and trophies build,  
 An arméd steed fast by the Soldan stood  
 That had no guide, nor lord the reins to wield,  
 The tyrant took the bridle and bestrode  
 The courser's empty back, and forth he rode

Great, yet but short and sudden was the aid  
 That to the Pagans, faint and weak, he brought,  
 A thunderbolt he was, you would have said,  
 Great, yet that comes and goes as swift as thought  
 And of his coming swift and flight unstayed  
 Eternal signs in hardest rocks hath wrought,  
 For by his hand a hundred knights were slain,  
 But time forgot hath all their names but twain,

93

Gildippe fair, and Edward thy dear lord,  
 Your noble death, sad end, and wo-ful fate,  
 If so much power our vulgar tongue afford,  
 To all strange wits, strange ears let me dilate,  
 That ages all your love and sweet accord,  
 Your virtue, prowess, worth may imitate,  
 And some kind servant of true love that hear,  
 May grace your death, my verses, with some tears

94

The noble lady thither boldly flew,  
 Where first the Soldan fought, and him defied,  
 Two mighty blows she gave the Turk untrue,  
 One cleft his shield, the other pierced his side,  
 The prince the damscl by her habit knew,  
 "See, see this mankind st-umpet, sec," he cri'd,  
 "This shameless whore, for thee fit weapons were  
 Thy needl and spindle, not a sword and spear"

95

This said, full of disdain, rage and desp'ce,  
 A strong, a fierce, a deadly strok e he gave,  
 And pierced her armour, pierced her bosom w i c,  
 Worthy no blows, but blow's of love to have  
 Her dying hand le<sup>t</sup> go the bridle quic,  
 She faints she falls, twixt life and death she fai<sup>s</sup>  
 Her lo d to help her came, but came too late,  
 Yet was not that his fault, it was his fate

96

What should he do to diverse parts him call  
 Just ire ard pity bind, one bids him go  
 And succour his dear lady, like to i ul,  
 The other call, for vengeance on his son,  
 Love bddth bo h, love eat s re rius do all,  
 And with his i e joine gref, i i h di j v o.  
 What did lie there? i i his lsf hand h- i ngl  
 Woold hold her up, re-ange her w i n his mnb-

97

She turns und, ere she knows, her lord she spies,  
 Whose coming was unwished, unthought, until now  
 She shrieks, and twines away her suneful eyes  
 From his sweet face he falls dead in a swoon,  
 Falls as a flower half cut, that bending lies  
 He held her up, and lest she tumble down  
 Under her tender side his arm he placed,  
 His hand her girdle loosed, her gown unlaced,

128

And her fair face fur boso n he bedews  
 With tears, tears of remorse, of ruth, of sorrow  
 As the pale rose her colour lost renewes  
 With the fresh drops fallen from the silver morrow,  
 So she revives, and cheeks empurpled shows  
 Moist with their own tears and with tears they borrow,  
 Thrice looked she up, her eyes thrice closed she,  
 As who say, "Let me die, ere look on thee"

129

And his strong arm, with weak and feeble hand  
 She would have thrust away, loosed and untwined  
 Oft strove she but in vain, to breul that band,  
 For he the hold he got not yet resigned,  
 Herself fast bound in those dear knots she fand,  
 Dear, though she feigned scorn, strove and repined  
 At last she speaks, she weeps, complains and cries,  
 Yet durst not, did not, would not see his eyes

130

"Cruel at thy departure, at return  
 As cruel, say, what chance thee hither guideth,  
 Would st thou prevent her death whose heart forlorn  
 For thee for thee death's strokes each hour divideth?  
 Com'st thou to save my life? alas, what scorn,  
 What torment for Armida poor ab deth?  
 No, no, thy crafts and sleights I well descrie,  
 But she can little do that cannot die

131

"Thy triumph is not great nor well arrived  
 Unless in chains thou leyd a captive come  
 A dame no v ta'en by force before bewred,  
 Thus is thy greatest glory, greatest fame  
 Time was that ther of love and life I praved,  
 Let death now end my love, my life, my shame,  
 Let Jet not thy false hand bereue this breath,  
 For if it were thy gift, hateful were death

132

"Cruel myself in hundred ways can find,  
To rid me from thy malice, from thy hate,  
If weapons sharp, if poisons of all kind,  
If fire, if strangling ful in that estate,  
Yet wits enough I know to stop this wind  
A thousand entries hath the house of fate  
Ah, leave these fitteries, leave work hope to move,  
Cease, cease, my hope is dead, dead is my love

Thus mourn'd she, and from her watery eyes 134  
Disdun and love dropped down, rolled up in tears,  
From his pure fountains ran two streams likewise,  
Wherein chaste pity and mild ruth appears  
Thus with sweet words the queen he pacifies,  
"Madam, appease your grief, your wrath, your fears,  
For to be crowned not scorned, your life I save,  
Your foe may, but your friend, your knight, your slave

"But if you trust no speech, no oath, no word.  
Yet in mine eyes, my zeal, my truth behold  
For to that throne, whereof thy sire was lord,  
I will restore thee, crown thee with that gold,  
And if high Heaven would so much grace afford  
As from thy heart this cloud this veil unfold  
Of Iugurth, in all the earth no dame  
Should equalise thy fortune, state and fane

Thus pluneth he thus prays and his desire 136  
Endeirs with sighs that fly and tears that fall,  
That as against the warmth of Titan's fire  
Snowdrifts consume on tops of mountains tall,  
So melts her wrath, but love remains entire  
"Behold," she says "your handmaid and your thrall  
My life my crown, my wealth use it your pleasure  
Thus dearth her life became, so s proved her treasure

Thuswhile the captain of the Egyptian host,—  
That saw his royal standard laid on ground,  
Saw Rimdon that ensign's prop and post,  
By Godfrey's noble hand killed with one wound,  
And all his folk discomfit slain and lost,—  
No coward was in this last battle found  
But rode about and sought, nor sought in vain  
Some famous hand of which he might be slain

138

Against Lord Godfrey boldly out he flew,  
 For nobler foe he wished not, could not spy,  
 Of desperate courage showed he tokens true,  
 Where'er he joined, or staved, or passed by,  
 And came to the Duke as near he drew,  
 "Behold of thy strong hand I come to die,  
   Yet trust to overthrow thee with my fall,  
   My castle's ruins shall break down thy wall."

This sud, forth spurred they both, both high romance  
 Their swords lost, both struck it once, both hit,  
 His left arm wounded hid the knight of France,  
 His shield was pierced his vambrace chest and split,  
 The Pagan black ward fell half in a trance  
 On his left ear his foe so hugely smit  
   And as he sought to rise, Godfredo's sword  
    Pierced him through so died that army's lord

139

Of his great host, when Emiren was dead,  
 Flea the small remnant that alive remained ;  
 Godfrey espied as he turned his steed,  
 Great Altamore on foot with blood all stained,  
 With half a sword, half helm upon his head,  
 Gunst whom a hundred fought, yet not one gained  
   "Cease, cease this strife," he cried "and thou brave knight,  
   Yield, I am Godfrey yield thee to my might!"

140

He that till then his proud and haughty heart  
 To act of humbleness did never bend,  
 When that gre ~~g~~ name he heard from the north part  
 Of our wide world renowned to Athop's end,  
 Answered "I yield to thee, thou worthy art,  
 I am the prisoner so long as thy friend  
   On Altamore great thy conquest bold  
   Of glories half be rich, and rich of gold

141

"My loving queen, my wife and lady kind  
 Be all ransom me with jewels, gold and treasure!"  
 "I hold, quoth Godfrey, if it is my noble mind  
 That you a good wife to by to set me free  
 All in you have from Persia, and from Ind  
 I am in ill terrain I take no pleasure,  
   I do not eat nor lie nor rise out of blood  
   It is not selfe that for all or bad"

142

This said, he gave him to his knights to keep  
And after those that fled his course he bent,  
They to their rampiers fled and trenches deep,  
Yet could not so death's cruel stroke prevent  
The camp was won, and all in blood doth steep  
The blood in rivers stremmed from tent to tent,  
It soiled, defiled, defaced all the prey,  
Shields, helmets, armours, plumes and feathers gav

Thus conquered Godfrey, and as yet the sun  
Dived not in silver wanes his golden wain,  
But daylight served him to the fortress won  
With his victorious host to turn again,  
His bloody coat he put not off, but run  
To the high temple with his noble train,  
And there hung up his arms, and there he bows  
His knees, there prayed, and there performed his vows,

TASSO'S ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
ALLEGORY OF THE POEM.

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HEROICAL Poetry, as a living creature, wherein two natures are conjoined, is compounded of Imitation and Allegory with the one she allureth unto her the minds and ears of men, and marvellously delighteth them, with the other, either in virtue or knowledge, she instructeth them And is the heroically written Imitation of another is nothing else but the pattern and image of human action, so the Allegory of an Heroical Poem is none other than the glass and figure of Human Life

But Imitation regardeth the actions of man subjected to the outward senses, and about them being principally employed, seeketh to represent them with effectual and expressive phrases, such as lively set before our corporeal eyes the things represented It doth not consider the customs, affections, or discourses of the mind, as they be inward, but only as they come forth thence, and being manifested in words, in deeds or working, do accompany the action On the other side, Allegory respecteth the passions, the opinions and customs, not only as they do appear, but principally in their being hidden and inward, and more obscurely doth express them with notes, as a man may wry, mystical, such as only the understanders of the nature of things can fully comprehend

Now, leaving Imitation apart, we will according to our purpose, speak of Allegory, which, as the Life of Man is com

ound so it represents to us sometime the figure of the one, sometime the figure of the other Yet because that commonly by Man, we understand this compound of the body soul or mind, Mans Life is said to be that which of such compound is proper, in the operations whereof every part thereof concurs and by working gets that perfection, of the which by her nature she is capable Sometime although more seldom, by Man is understood, not the compound, but the most noble part, namely the mind According to this last signification, it may be said, that the Life of Man is contemplative, and to work simply with the understanding, forasmuch as this life doth seem much to participate of heaven and as it were changed from humanity, to become angelical Of the life of the contemplative man, the Comedy of Dante and the Odyssey, are, as it were, in every part thereof a figure, but the civil life is seen to be shadowed throughout the Iliad and Aeneid also although in this there be rather set out a mixture of action and contemplation But since the contemplative man is solitary, and the man of action liveth in civil company thence it cometh that Dante and Ulysses in their departure from Calypso are feigned not to be accompanied of the army, or of a multitude of soldiers, but to depart alone whereas Agamemnon and Achilles are described, the one general of the Grecian army, the other leader of many troops of Myrmidons And Aeneas is seen to be accompanied when he fighteth, or doth other civil acts but when he goeth to hell and the Elysian fields, he leaves his followers, accompanied only with his most faithful friend Achates who never departed from his side Neither doth the poet at random feign that he went alone for that in his voyage there is signified this only contemplation of these puns and rewards which in another world are reserved for good or guilty souls Moreover the operation of the understanding speculative which is the working of one only power, is commodiously figured unto us by the action of one alone, but the operation political which proceedeth together from the other powers of the mind, which are as citizens united in one commonwealth cannot so commodiously

be shadowed of action wherein intent together and to one end working do not concur To these reasons, and to these examples I having regard, have made the allegory of my poem such, as now shall be manifested

The army compounded of divers princes, and of other Christian soldiers, signifieth Man, compounded of soul and body, and of a soul not simple, but divided into many and diverse powers Jerusalem the strong city placed in a rough and hilly country, wherunto is to the last end are directed all the enterprises of the faithful army, doth here signify the civil happiness which may come to a Christian Man (as heretofore shall be declared) which is a good very difficult to attain unto, and situated upon the top of the alpine and wearisome hill of Virtue, and unto this are turned, is unto the last mark, all the actions of the Politic Man Godfrey which of all the assembly is chosen chieftain, stands for Understanding and particularly for that understandin., which considereth not the things necessary but the mutable and which may diversly happen, and those by the will of God And of princes he is chosen Captain of this enterprise, because Understanding is of God, and of nature made lord over the other virtues of the soul and body, and commands these one with civil power, the other with royal command Rinaldo, Tancredi, and the other princes are in lieu of the other powers of the Soul, and the Body here becomes notified by the soldiers less noble And because that, through the imperfection of human nature and by the deceits of his enemy, Man attains not this felicity without many inward difficulties, and without finding by the way many outward impediments, all these are noted unto us by poetical figures As the death of Sirenes and his companions, not being joined to the camp but shun fit off, may here show the losses which a civil man hath of his friends, followers, and other external goods instruments of virtue and aids to the attaining of true felicity The armies of Africa, Asia, and unlucky battles, are none other than his enemies, his losses, and the accidents of contrary fortune But coming to the inward impediments, love, which maketh Tancredi and the

other worthies to dote, and disjoins them from Godfrey, and the disdain which enticeth Rinaldo from the enterprise do signify the conflict and rebellion which the concupiscent and iresful powers do make with the reasonable. The devils which do consult to hinder the conquest of Jerusalem are both a figure and a thing figured, and do here represent the very same evils which do oppose themselves aginst our civil happiness, so that it may not be to us a ladder of Christian blessedness. The two magicians Ismen and Armida, servants of the devil, which endeavour to remove the Christians from making war, are two devilish temptations which do lay snares for two Powers of the Soul, from whence all other sins do proceed. Ismen doth signify that temptation which seeketh to deceive with false belief the virtue, as a man may call it, opinitive. Armida is that temptation which layeth siege to the power of our desires so from that proceed the Errors of Opinion, from this, those of the Appetite. The enchantments of Ismen in the wood deceiving with illusions, signify no other thing than the falsity of the reasons and persuasions which are engendered in the wood, that is, in the variety and multitude of opinions and discourses of men. And since that Man followeth vice and flieth virtue, either thinking that travails and dangers are evils most grievous and insupportable, or judging, as did the Epicure and his followers, that in pleasure and idleness consisted chiefest felicity, by this, double is the enchantment and illusion. The fire, the whirlwind, the darkness the monsters and other feigned semblances, are the deceiving allurements which do show us honest travail and honourable danger under the shape of evil. The flowers, the fountains, the rivers the musical instruments the nymphs are the deceitful enticements, which do here set down before us the pleasures and delights of the Sense, under the show of good.

Let it suffice to have said thus much of the impediments which a man finds as well within as without himself if the allegory of anything be untold, with these beginnings every man may find it out. Now let us pass to the outward and inward helps, with which the civil man, overcoming all

difici lty, is brought to this desired happiness The Target of Diamond which Raymond recovereth, and afterwards is shewed ready in the defence of Godfrey, ought to be understood for the special safeguard of the Lord God The angels do signify sometime heavenly help and sometime inspiration the which are here shadowed in the dream of Godfrey and in the records of the Hermit. The Hermit who for the deliverance of Rinaldo did send the two messengers to the Wise Man doth show unto us the supernaturall knowledge received by Gods grace, as the Wise Man doth human wisdom, for as much as of human wisdom and of the knowledge of the works of nature, and the mysteries thereof is bred and established in our minds, justice temperance desp sing of death, and mortal pleasures, magna nimity and every other moral virtue And great aid may a civil man receive in every action he attempteth by Contemplation It is feigned that this Wise Man was by birth a Pagan but being by the Hermit converted to the true faith becometh a Christian, and despising his first arrogancy he doth not much presume of his own wisdom, but yieldeth himself to the judgment of his master Albeit that philosophy be born and nourished amongst the Gentiles in Egypt and Greece and from thence hath passed over unto us, presumptuous of herself a miscreant bold and proud above measure yet of St Thomas and the other holy doctors she is made the disciple and handmaid of divinity, and is become by their endeavour more modest, and more religious nothing daring rashly to affirm against that which is revealed to her mistress Neither in vain is the person of the Wise Man brought in, Rinaldo being able by the only counsel of the Hermit to be found and brought back again for that it is brought in show, that the grace of God doth not work always in men immediately or by extraordinary ways, but many times worketh by natural means And it is very reasonable that Godfrey which in holiness and religion doth excel all other, and is as hath been said the figure of Understanding be specially graced and privileged with favours not communicated to any other This human wisdom, when it is directed of the superior, or more high virtue doth deliver

the sensible soul from vice, and therein placeth moral virtue  
But because this sufficeth not, Peter the Hermit first confesseth  
Godfrey and Rinaldo, and converted Tincredi

Godfrey and Rinaldo being two persons which in our poem  
do hold the principal place it cannot be but pleasing to the  
reader that I, repeating some of the already spoken things  
do particularly lay open the allegorical sense, which under  
the veil of their actions, lie hidden Godfrey, which holdeth  
the principal place in this story, is no other in the allegory  
but the Understanding which is signified in many places of  
the poem as in that verse,

"By thee the counsel given is, by thee the sceptre ruled "

And more plainly in that other

"Thy soul is of the camp both mind and life

And life is added, because in the powers more noble the  
less noble are contained therefore Rinaldo, which in Action  
is in the second degree of honour, ought also to be placed in  
the Allegory in the inanswerable degree But what this power of  
the mind holding the second degree of dignity is shall be  
now manifested The Ireful Virtue is that which amongst all  
the powers of the mind, is less estranged from the nobility of  
the soul, insomuch that Plato doubting seeketh whether it  
differeth from reason or no And such is it in the mind, as  
the chieftain in an assembly of soldiers for as of these the  
office is to obey their princes, which do give directions and  
commandments to fight against their enemies so is it the  
duty of the ireful, warlike and sovereign part of the mind, to  
be armed with reason against concupiscence and with that  
venemey and fierceness which is proper unto it, to resist and  
drive away whatsoever impediment to felicity But when it  
doth not obey reason but suffers itself to be carried of her  
own violence it falleth out, that it fighteth not against con-  
cupiscence but by concupiscence, like a dog that biteth not  
the thieves, but the cattle committed to his keeping This  
violent, fierce and unbridled fury, as it cannot be fully noted

## GLOSSARY.

[Roman figures indicate the B.C. Arabic figures the star a or  $\alpha$  and  
are rd numbers]

- Abrahd* (viii 50, xii 31) armed and  
duly  
*Abrites* (iii 42, vi 60) by all means  
*Ameth* (viii 12) below  
*Armail* (viii 17) armor  
*Asasted* (ix 5) studded  
*Armar* (ix 93) behind  
  
*Ba'er* (i 48) the lower part of the  
helmet, in front  
*Bear* (i 20 and frequent throughout)  
    age  
*Resplent* (viii 50) besprinkled  
*Bearis* (ii 10 vi 95 vii 31) disclose  
*Bield* (viii 49) shelter  
*Brast* (ii 77) } burst,  
*Burst* (viii 44) } burst,  
*Brot* (ii 53) burst  
*Bukid their* (ix 20) made themselves  
ready *Bukid him* (ix 49) made  
himself ready [The old Scandi-  
navian reflexive was already in the  
suffix -sk ]  
  
*Carket* (iv 5) carbuncle collar of  
jewels  
*Coast* (ii 50 viii 11 202) side  
*Cob'les* (iv 20) small round stones  
*Cog* (viii 58) small boat cock boat  
*Corse to take* (ii 98, viii 4-) to take  
alive  
*Cors et* (viii 68) a troop of horse [the  
cavalcade accompanied with a bugle]  
*Courtlier* (vi 38) [cavalier ass, no one  
but second] *Ital collieaccio* cavalier.  
  
*De I* (ix 72) first division  
*Defiled* (viii 60), defiled

- Difert* (ii 31) due de  
*Dicke plant* (x 72) the herb dittany  
*Dight* (ii 5 32 vi 3, vi 14, vi 2  
viii 26) turned dressed prepared  
*Dreant* (viii 80), a large fixed beam  
in the large beam across a room  
*Driple* (xx 121) by little drops drip-  
pling with  
*Dux* (throughout) for Dux Leader  
  
*Fareed* (i 18) raised  
*Fath* (ii 16, iii 83 vi 53 viii 6  
viii 3, vii 73 viii 61 xx 128) age  
easily  
*Fissours* (xi 63) immediatly  
*Frid* (ii 44 viii 6 viii 11) age  
*Imprise* (ii 77 83) enterprise  
*Eire* (x 73) eyes  
  
*Find* (viii 8) found  
*Forced* (v 77) went  
*Fleet* (x 64) float  
*Forced not* (ix 76) cared not about  
*Forlorn* (iii 1) lost  
*Torrent* (xi 15) opposite to  
*Forth* (xi 28) for that therefore  
*Frusted* (viii 23 48 49) bruised bat-  
tered to pieces [French *frousser*]  
  
*Gan* (i 1 20 57 and throughout the  
poem) began in one way that gave  
an inceptive sense to verbs  
*Gararranti* (viii 14) a people of Africa  
named by Herodotus. The Gar-  
rantes were probably in the parts  
now called Fezzan  
*Girding-stead* (ix 31) part of the body  
round which the girdle is fastened

<i>Gite</i> (vii 54) gown	<i>Nalp</i> (viii 50) know not for not ne wot with the <i>I</i> inserted by false analogy
<i>Glove</i> and <i>glaive</i> (i 50, vi 8) sword	<i>Would</i> (x 6x vi 55 vii 17 41 70) would not
<i>Greaves</i> (iii 6) groves	
<i>Greet</i> (xi 94) stones with reference to their grain or texture Fairfax's valediction of Sparta's diriche pietre elette	<i>Object</i> (v 22) put forward
<i>Guide</i> (x 9 33) guide	<i>On fire</i> (v 23) alive
<i>Hags</i> (vii 41) small woods originally divis one of a forest marked out to be cut	<i>On sleep</i> (iv 90) asleep
<i>Hent</i> (vi 102 vi 74 vii 18 34 viii 42) seized	<i>One</i> (i 73) own
<i>Hight</i> (i 16) was named	
<i>Holt</i> (ii 6 vi 12) wood	<i>Pentice pentice</i> (x 13 viii 71 74) an overhanging shelter built against the wall as appendage in appendage
<i>Impeach</i> (vii 52) bunder	The old word <i>pettee</i> has been corrupted into <i>platehouse</i> <i>Pentice</i> (avii 74) diminutive of <i>pentee</i>
<i>Impight</i> (i 48) pitched fixed	<i>Portis</i> (ii 10) gables
<i>Keep take keep</i> (xv 60 vii 12) take held	<i>Prise</i> (v 13 vi 17 vii 40 viii 1 x xx 5 28 29 207) ready [French <i>prise</i> ]
<i>Kest</i> (ii 17 vi 1) cast	<i>Prudelous</i> (viii 43) large creeks
<i>Kind</i> (vii 42 48 64 vi 46 viii 69 viii 35) the old English word for Nature	<i>Quarrel g arry</i> (i 51 vi 18) the square bolt(s) of from a crossbow
<i>Lede</i> (vii 13) speech	<i>Quare</i> (ii 36) requires pay
<i>Lere</i> (x 40) teach	
<i>Let</i> (i 9) hindrance (xi 37, 60) bunder hundreded	<i>Railed</i> (ii 30) rolled
<i>Lie</i> (x 16) little	<i>Reare</i> (viii 12) recover
<i>Me</i> or throughout is like Mahound an old English form for Mahomet	<i>Rew</i> (viii 75) row
<i>Me</i> (vii 61) strength	<i>Holt</i> (viii 63 vi 81 86) a company or large number of people
<i>Met</i> (xi 30) meted measured	<i>Rory</i> (ii 73) dew
<i>Me</i> (i 42) my close place Or grail, the place in which we were shut up; helter were meeting or clustering the plain are <i>Mers</i> (30)	<i>Scaldred</i> (viii 8,) scorched
<i>Me</i> or (i 48) Landes [French <i>les terres</i> ] but nister right but kind of bene	<i>Sib</i> (vi 33 78) simple innocent
<i>Mer</i> (83) never so spenser—	<i>Sell</i> (vi 32) saddle
<i>Tol</i> the art from God more far It be named and n	<i>Sifflot</i> (vi 6) sloop light boat
<i>Mer</i> (83) never so spenser—	<i>Sled</i> silent (i 6 vii 30) put to silence
<i>Tol</i> the art from God more far It be named and n	<i>Simmers</i> (v 1 53) bold hardy
<i>Mer</i> (83) never so spenser—	<i>Srol</i> (i 22) smoky smoke or perhaps smoke & pour
<i>Tol</i> the art from God more far It be named and n	<i>Sow</i> (i 73) sow
<i>Mer</i> (83) never so spenser—	<i>Sot</i> (i 47) a cat
<i>Tol</i> the art from God more far It be named and n	<i>String</i> (i 52) spr a sprt th: not ing returned n sprnith
<i>Mer</i> (83) never so spenser—	<i>Sow</i> (i 1 17 i 36) a wood
<i>Tol</i> the art from God more far It be named and n	<i>Sot</i> (i 17) a cat
<i>Mer</i> (83) never so spenser—	<i>Sow</i> (i 3) i 2 x 15 and 11 multicotic

by one man of war, is nevertheless principally signified by Rinaldo, where it is said of him, that being

“A right wulde I night  
Did scorn by reason's rule to fight”

Wherein, whilst fighting against Gernando, he did pass the bounds of civil revenge and whilst he served Armida may be noted unto us anger not governed by reason whilst he disenchanteth the wood, entereth the city, breaketh the enemy's array, anger directed by reason His return and reconciliation to Godfrey noteth obedience, crusing the iresful power to yield to the reasonable In these reconciliations two things are signified first, Godfrey, with civil moderation, is acknowledged to be superior to Rinaldo, teaching us that reason commandeth anger, not imperiously, but courteously and civilly contrariwise in that, by imprisoning Argillanus imperiously, the sedition is quieted, it is given us to understand the power of the mind to be over the body regal and predominant Secondly, that as the reasonable part ought not — for herein the Stoicks were very much deceived,—to exclude the iresful from actions, nor usurp the offices thereof, for this usurpation should be against nature and justice, but it ought to make her her companion and handmaid, so ought not Godfrey to attempt the adventure of the wood himself, thereby arrogating to himself the other offices belonging to Rinaldo Less skill should then be showed, and less regard had to the profit which the poet as subjected to the policy, ought to have for his aim, if it had been feigned, that by Godfrey only all was wrought which was necessary for the conquering of Jerusalem Neither is there contrariety or difference from that which hath been said, in putting down Rinaldo and Godfrey for that figure of the Reasonable and of the Iresful Virtue, which Hugo speaks of in his dream, whereas he compareth the one to the head the other to the right hand of the army because the head if we believe Pluto is the seat of reason and the right hand, if it be not the seat of wrath, it is at least her most principal instrument

Finally, to come to the conclusion, the Army wherein Rinaldo

and the other worthies by the grace of God and advice of Man, are returned and obedient to their Chieftain, signifieth Man brought again into the state of natural justice and heavenly obedience where the superior powers do command as they ought, and the inferior do obey as they should. Then the wood is easily disenchanted the city vanquished, the enemy's army discomfited, that is, all external impediments being easily overcome, man attaineth the politic happiness. But for that this politic blessedness ought not to be the last mark of a Christian man, but he ought to look more high, that is, to everlasting felicity, for this cause Godfrey does not desire to win the earthly Jerusalem to have therein only temporal dominion but because herein will be celebrated the worship of God and that the holy sepulchre may be the more freely visited by godly strangers and devout pilgrims. And the poem is closed with the prayers of Godfrey whereby it is showed that the Understanding being triuailed and weated in civil actions, ought in the end to rest in devotion and in the contemplation of the eternal blessedness of the other most happy and immortal life.

*stroting* (v. 8) spreading out. Said by Furst of moutches is Ciriuer said of a man's han that it strouted as a fanne large and brode.

*St ds* (viii. 43) the timber uprights between wh ch stones or plaster were used in making walls

*Top shed* (vi. 2) hidden [a hunting term]

*Tur* (v. 68) revision

*Then* (viii. 3) then

*Tout toot* (v. 59 v. 66) look search  
egly Nurusus tooting in his  
spring

*To vard* (viii. 31 and elsewhere)  
is to the heavens vard for to  
ward the heavens

*Trigons* (i. 52) triangular format ons  
*Tru / trey* (v. 24) interpreters. Tra  
cheman was a French corrupt on of  
dragoman

*Uroouth* (v. 28) unknown

*Urmuth* (i. 80 v. 57 v. 39), not  
eas lv

*Uz wroke* (v. 60) unavenged

*Ure* (i. 32) bull ure or [Latn. *urus*]

*Vail* (ii. 48) lower

*Va run* (ii. 64) for avantmure the  
outwork for defence of a wall  
*Varterace* (v. 139) for avantbras  
armour to protect the arm  
*Vertal* (vi. 7) the movable front to the  
helmet which covered the face and  
enabled the wearer to breathe.

*Wantea* (viii. 53) was wanting

*Warraid* (i. 6) made war upon

*Weed* (iv. 94) dress

*Weed* (vi. 309) for weened supposed  
thought

*Wirdlays* (xii. 31) sudden turns and  
windings of a shaler

*Wist* (v. 85 ix. 2) knew

*Won / wona* (i. 44 vi. 33 vii. 67)  
inhabit *Womed* (vii. 20)

*Wone* (xvi. 28) custom

*Worts* (vi. 20) is accustomed

*Wod* (viii. 24 83) mad

*Wat* (i. 48 vii. 50) know *Watess*  
(v. 45)

*Y* (or *i*) a prefix representing the old  
ge before past participles

*Ybore* (v. 23 30) born.

*Yode* (v. 23) *yood* (xix. 31) went  
from First English *eode*.

*Ypend / pert* (vi. 5, x. 40) penned in